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Modern Screen

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Shirley Temple

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NOW THAT I HAVE YOU...THERE'LL BE *No More Ladies*



An airy love bandit "swears off" the ladies when he meets his heart's desire—only to forget all about his promise the minute her back is turned! He's permanently cured of his roving eye—and the way it's done makes "No More Ladies" the season's gayest romance! Joan and Bob are at their very best in roles perfectly suited to them—while Charlie Ruggles, Franchot Tone and Edna May Oliver add to the merriment Another delightful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, perfectly adapted from New York's laughing stage hit.

Joan *Robert*

CRAWFORD · MONTGOMERY

in # NO MORE LADIES

with **CHARLIE RUGGLES....FRANCHOT TONE....EDNA MAY OLIVER**

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture.... Directed by EDWARD H. GRIFFITH



Between You 'n' Me

Has your letter appeared in this Corner? Get busy!

On the Downpath?



Can't something be done about the situation in which Ann Harding, Barbara Stanwyck and Kay Francis find themselves right now? They are heading for the last round-up rapidly because of poor stories and poor everything. Aren't they worthy of as much attention as Shearer and Crawford? And is Ruth Chatterton (pictured) too far gone to make a comeback? She was a real actress, but those awful stories she had in her latter days were enough to kill any star.—W. P. H., Manchester, Tenn.

To Tom-Tom



Although I am a true motion picture fan, I have never had an actor or actress impress me to the point where I was overanxious to hear more about him as well as to see him get his share of publicity.

The actor of whom I am writing is Felix Knight. I believe his portrayal of Tom-Tom in "Babes in Toyland" was as nearly perfect as it could be. And what a voice!—Carole B., Chicopee, Mass.

A Toast to Youth



Here's a toast to that up-and-coming young screen team, Dixie Lee and Joe Morrison, who sing their blithe way through "Love in Bloom." We are charmed by their sincere acting. And how they can sing! Another point is their genuine youth. After all, we're getting tired of middle-aged heroes singing to not-so-young heroines. But Dixie and Joe sing with the zest of youth and put over their love scenes beautifully. —Lillian Johnson, Burlingame, Calif.

Bob Montgomery's "Biography"



"The Divorcee" who had a "Hideout" on "The Easiest Way" was "Made on Broadway" by "The Man in Possession," who knew that "Strangers May Kiss" and that "When Ladies Meet" they speak "Another Language."

"The War Nurses" in their "Private Lives" are "Faithless" to their "Fugitive Lovers," "But the Flesh Is Weak," so "Forsaking All Others," they follow "Their Own Desire" and are caught in a "Riptide" as "Lovers Courageous."

"Shipmates" find "Love in the Rough" by "Hell Below," and "Blondie of the Follies" becomes "Our Blushing Bride."

"So This Is College" exclaimed "Vanessa," when "Letty Lynton" through an "Inspiration" solved "The Mystery of Mr. X."—Katherine Skemp, La Crosse, Wis.

One Fan to Another



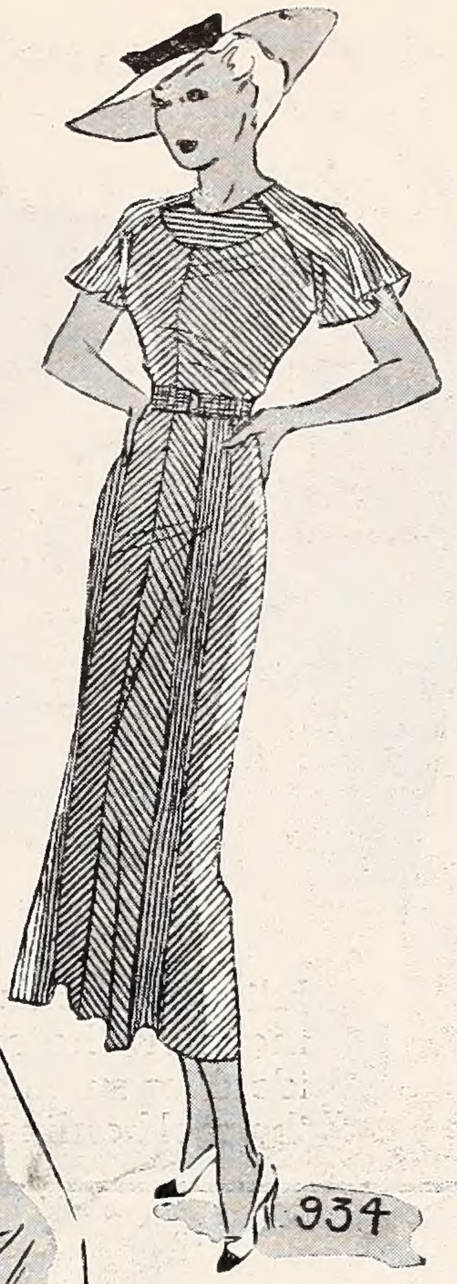
Few fans have regard for standards of beauty. Geneva Miller, you are wrong! Jean Harlow is not beautiful. Her eyes, eyebrows, nose and chin contradict her supposed beauty. In fact, I think her entire face is unattractive. If it were not for expert lighting she would be very homely.

Another damsel whose picture would never be hung in a picture gallery for sheer beauty is Constance Bennett. Her bony, starved-looking face, chilly expression and ill-proportioned body are so repulsive that I can't pay any attention to her acting. Ditto for Hepburn.

(*Continued on page 9*)

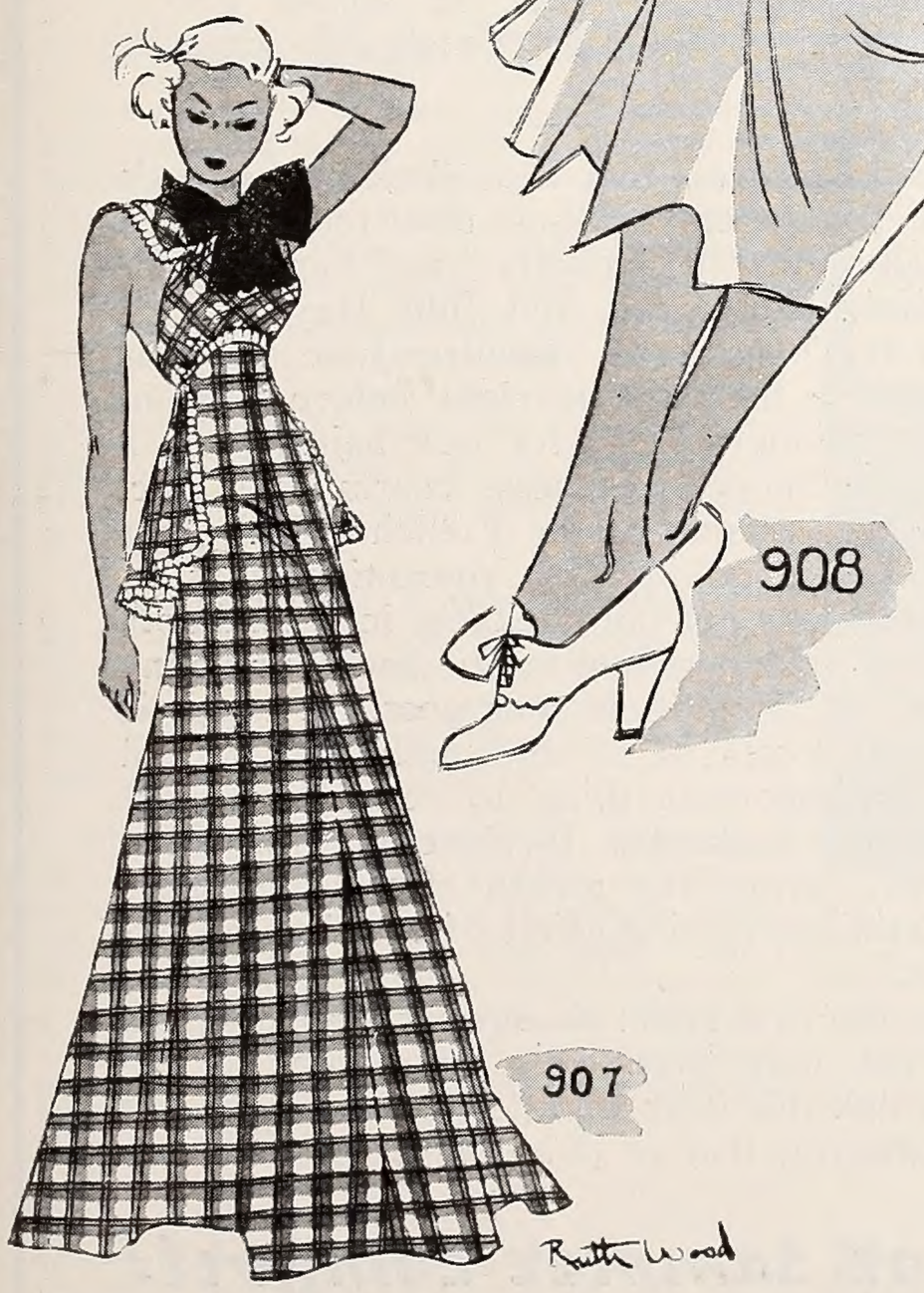
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MODERN SCREEN *Patterns*

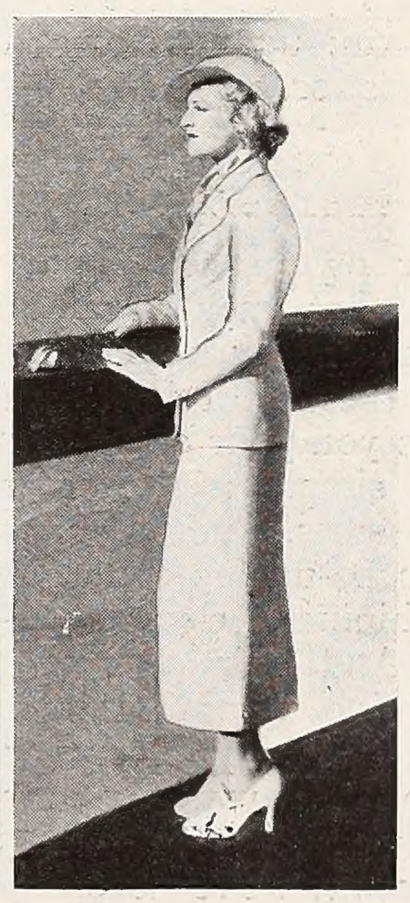




COTTONS ARE the fabrics for your cool summer clothes and you have never seen such a variety of unusual textures and patterns as are available in the stores. And so inexpensive, too! You can have all three of these attractive costumes shown this month for a mere fraction of what it would cost to buy them. Pattern 907 is Bette Davis' darling gingham evening dress trimmed with perky flutings of white piqué. The peplum is a youthful detail as is the big contrasting bow. Then you can't do without a white linen suit like Pattern 908. It's Claire Trevor's favorite because of its trim jacket, fitted through the waist and buttoning with three center buttons. The skirt is slim. One of the uncrushable linens will make this a practical all-summer suit. Then we have copied Rosemary Ames' striped lawn dress, Pattern 934, because it is the essence of cool smartness. The high, yoke neckline and short full sleeves give a nice bodice detail. The skirt is made with panels in which the stripes are used both vertically and in diagonal effect. Rosemary's wide-brimmed hat has the same banding as her belt.
All patterns in sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.









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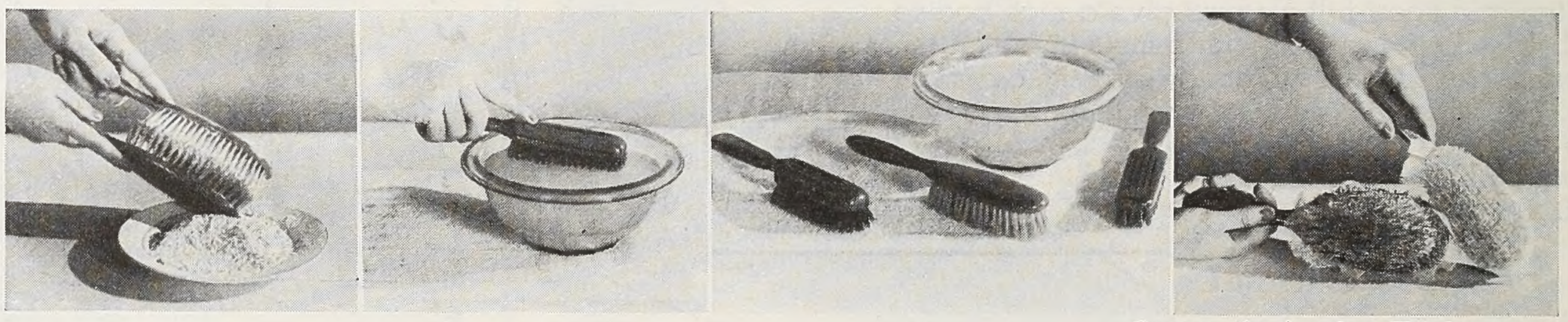
(Please print in pencil)



Julie Haydon's charming new hairdress is ideal for summer. Note the cool hairline in back.

By Mary Biddle

beauty ADVICE



Courtesy the American Hairdresser.

How to keep your hairbrush clean: use flour on bristles.

Rule 2. Never soak a brush—immerse the bristles only.

Rule 3. Place your brush with bristles down to dry.

Rule 4. When your hair is soiled protect brush with gauze.

HERE'S your chance to shine! Oh, not just in your own special hobby or activity, although that may come indirectly, but to shine in the one thing in which all of you want most to shine . . . the art of being radiantly attractive. Summer offers you your opportunity. Summer and sunshine, the simple magic of soap and water, shampoos, brushes, new coiffures, miraculous creams, new make-up . . . result, new girl!

Radiance, shininess, cleanliness—how they all fit in together! And we're going at this business of making you shine, clear from the crown of your topknot to the tips of your toes, with a vengeance. We'll have to keep you on your toes until next month before we really get much below your neck, because this month we're devoting ourselves mostly to "the tops" in beauty . . . the coiffure and the face . . . but we won't forget the business of pedicures in August.

First, let's think of the shining heads we most admire in Hollywood. Think of Norma Shearer's lustrous, glossy hair that always looks as if it had been brushed and brushed *and* brushed—and Kay Francis' dark hairdress that is as sleek as a raven's wing; Ginger Rogers' tresses that took such a sophisticated upturn in "Roberta," and Carole Lombard's smooth, blonde cap, and Julie Haydon . . . Well, you don't have to visualize Julie in your mind's eye, for here she is right before you, in three lovely photographs. Her new hairdress is a triumph in coolness, freshness, charm and chic. It is a glorified version of the French twist.

But before we go into the romantic trends of new coiffures, let's get our topknots into condition. If we were to take a ribbon to "tie back our bonny brown hair," as the old, old song goes, we could tie exactly seven knots in it, and each knot would represent an important thing to remember about our summertime topknots. Incidentally, Hollywood this summer favors the girlish effect, and more practically, the restraining effect of a ribbon on fly-away locks.

Now for the first knot: shampoo your hair often enough. You may wrinkle up your noses in disdain, and think this is an unnecessary reminder, but I can assure you that it (*Continued on page 94*)

It's wise to keep a cool head for summer comfort!

Between You'n'Me

(*Continued from page 6*)

There are few beautiful women on the screen. Among these are Garbo, Dietrich, Crawford, Colbert, Shearer and Sten.—"Just Me."

Recognition!



People are continually arguing and debating as to who is the greatest screen actress. Granted there are many publicized stars and talented ladies, little has been said in praise of one deserving young woman who has worked to establish herself as a favorite. My hat is off to Myrna Loy. She is a fine comedienne, has loads of charm, turns in flawless performances and, above all, possesses wholesomeness. What more could one ask? Good luck, Miss Loy!—L. G. R., San Pedro, Calif.

Neil Hamilton Admirer



Have you ever stopped to think what a great actor Neil Hamilton is? Anyone who is honest enough to admit the truth will agree with me in saying that he has done more than any actor on the screen to give sure-fire entertainment. What is more he has always fought his way alone. True enough some of his pictures were a flop, but through no fault of his. "Here Comes the Groom" was perhaps the weakest story he ever did. The ones I enjoyed most were "Two Heads on a Pillow," "Blind Date," "Fugitive Lady," and "Once to Every Bachelor." People are still raving about his fine performances in these films.—Marie Hughes, New York, N. Y.

What's Your Opinion?

It's about time some movie magazine did something for us movie fans and I'm glad MODERN SCREEN (my favorite magazine) was the one to do it. What am I talking about? Why your "Movie Scoreboard," of course. All we have to do now is look up the rating of any picture to see if it is suitable enough to visit. You just can't miss this way. Not only does it save us money but also time. Yes, sir, it takes MODERN SCREEN to think up something sensible like that.—Marie Bonafide, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I wouldn't miss a copy of MODERN SCREEN for worlds, but I did miss "The Report Card" in the last two issues. Whatsamatter? Your magazine is the best movie publication I've found so far and I read every page in it.

The "Movie Scoreboard" is good but give us "The Report Card." I enjoy comparing my rating with yours and usually I agree, but I did think "The Most Precious Thing in Life" deserved a far better rating, and as for "Crime Without Passion," it was a crime to have to sit through it.—Evelyn Taplett, Tyndall, South Dakota.

I purchased your March issue and found the customary directory of pictures missing. This was a department I found of much use and your comments quite dependable, i.e., your judgments were about

(*Continued on page 13*)



Do a little cheering of your own next washday! Change to Fels-Naptha Soap—and see what a gorgeous wash you get!

For Fels-Naptha doesn't skip over dirt as "trick" soaps do. It speeds out ALL the dirt—even the deep-down kind.

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Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

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Take a movie star's beauty advice



JOAN BLONDELL, Warner Bros.' Star, see her now in TRAVELING SALESLADY

WHEN you get a **DUART** Permanent Wave you will see the operator break open a **SEALED** individual package of Duart pads for your personal wave. No question then—you know they are genuine Duart and have **NEVER BEEN USED.** You know also that your hair will be waved with exactly the same kind of materials used to create the beautiful waves worn by the Hollywood stars. Look for the beauty shop near you that features Duart Waves. Get the vital protection of the sealed package of Duart Pads. Prices may vary with the style of coiffure desired and the artistic reputation of the operator.

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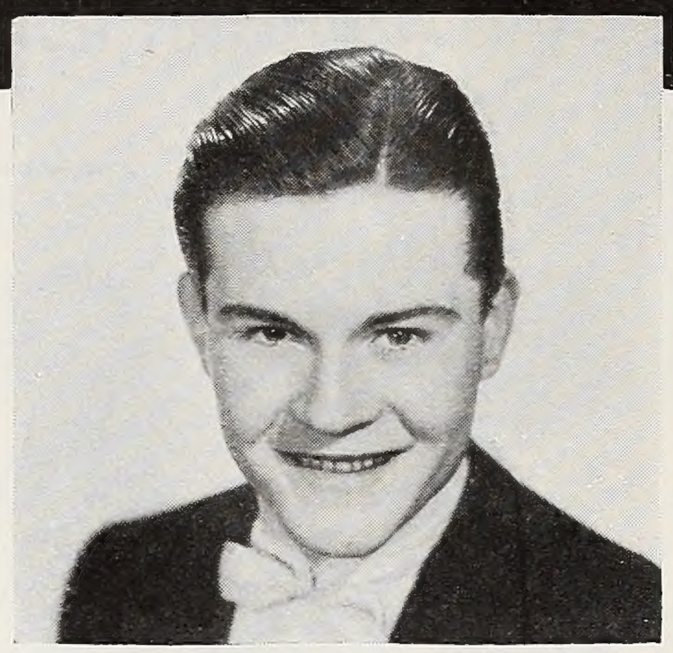
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INFORMATION DESK



Tom Brown grins back at you.

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 74. General questions, of course, will be answered here, too. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

CARLOTTA DALE, Buffalo, N. Y.; FRANCES HARRITY, Philadelphia, Pa.; BEVERLY PARTRIDGE, New York, N. Y.; BILL, Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.; J. R. NORTON, San Diego, Cal.; M. M., Louisville, Ky.; DOROTHY McKEE; LILLIAN WITKOWSKI—Tom Brown, whose smiling face graces our page this month, is now up for inspection as per your requests. No matter how you look at it, he is still Tom Brown—for that is his real name—and his ancestors came from Dublin, Ireland. Born in New York City on January 6, 1913, he is the son of Harry Brown, stage actor and producer, and Marie Francis, musical comedy star. At the age of 6 months he was presented to the general public in the arms of his mother before the footlights, and has been appearing off and on either on stage or screen ever since. The New York Professional Children's School is proud to number him among its alumni, and Brown University very nearly could have done the same, except that Tom decided to concentrate all his efforts on an acting career. He was a well known child actor in the days of silent films and was prominently cast in more than 50 stage plays both on Broadway and on the road, to say nothing of appearing on three different radio programs. In December, 1931, this popular juvenile arrived in Hollywood, desirous of concentrating entirely on screen work—and has been there ever since. To many, Tom typifies American youth. He is modest and unassuming about his success, likes to tinker with automobiles and play practical jokes, is an ardent devotee of all outdoor sports but is especially enthusiastic about swimming and hiking. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, has blue eyes and medium brown hair. His next picture will be "Black Sheep" which he is making for the Fox Studios, Movietone City, Hollywood, Cal., where you may write him.

G. A. H., Waterville, Me.—The movies are working overtime on dual role pictures. Carl Brisson played both the part of the king and that of Carlo Rocco in "All the King's Horses." Maurice Chevalier played two parts in "Folies Bergere" and Edward G. Robinson in "The Whole Town's Talking." Go to the movies and see double! You may write Mr. Brisson at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

MARGARET THOMSON, Washington, D. C.; CATHERINE ARMSTRONG, Binghamton, N. Y.; BETTY HALL, Rahway, N. J.; MARION JUNE LEE, Tooele, Utah—Dawn Paris (O'Day), known better to you as Anne Shirley, was born in New York City on April 17, 1918. She began her career modeling for baby's clothes almost as soon as she could walk, and shortly before her third birthday was given an important role in the film, "The Miracle Child." So in 1922 her mother decided to brave Hollywood with her talented offspring. This step was never regretted insomuch as Anne secured parts in scores of pictures. All was not easy sailing, though, for there came a time when there were no suitable parts for a child of her age. But that time has passed and gone. Anne fairly skipped over the "awkward age" which spells finis to so many youthful careers, and came into her own as a "sweet young thing" in "Finishing School," "Anne of Greene Gables" and is to be seen next in "Chasing Yesterday" in which she will appear with Trent Durkin. She is under contract to RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal. Her favorite sports are Ping Pong and swimming and her hobbies crocheting and collecting dolls and china dogs. She has red hair and amber eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. She is not married yet.

NOEL H. TILLETT, Essex, England—Eric Linden was born July 12, 1911, in New York City. I cannot find any record of his having been in a picture called "Damaged Lives." You may be interested to know that he is now working on a picture entitled "Let 'Em Have It," for United Artists.

VIRGINIA and ALICE WILLIAMS, Archbald, Pa.; BEATRICE TAFT; TESSIE HARVEY, Toledo, Ohio; BETTY JONES, Woonsocket, R. I.—Imagine the stately Kay Francis ever being called Katie! But she must have been because her name was originally Katharine Gibbs. She was born in Oklahoma City, on a Friday the 13th in the year 1899. Before she was four she had lived in Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denver and finally New York. And here's another incongruous thing. Imagine Kay doing the 100-yard dash in 12 seconds! But she did, and when she was in school. In fact she was very proficient in athletics and still enjoys a good round of tennis. Upon leaving college she entered a secretarial school and then traveled through Europe for eight months. Eventually she decided to take a fling at the stage and what's more was very successful and appeared in a number of New York hits. Then Hollywood, her first picture being "Gentlemen of the Press" with Walter Huston. She has been married three times, most recently to Kenneth MacKenna. Her hobby is sailing, she lives in a rented house and has two servants. She has black hair and blue-gray eyes, is 5 feet 6½ inches tall in her stocking feet and weighs 125 pounds. After "The Goose and the Gander" she will be in "Stranded."

ELIZABETH B. BROWN, Bronx, N. Y.; DOLLY, New Britain, Conn.; HELEN EVANS, Montclair, N. J.; MISS S. M. SPARKS—Gary Cooper was born in Helena, Montana on May 7, 1901. That is his real name. He is 6 feet 2½ inches tall and weighs 175 pounds. He has light blue eyes and brown hair. As nearly as I can remember, he has only sung in one picture and that was "The Virginian." He is married to Sandra Shaw, his first and only wife to date. His next picture is rather indefinite as yet, but it may be "Peter Ibbetson." He is under contract to Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

PEGGY INGRAM, Norwalk, Conn.—It is a little indefinite whether Carl Brisson will make "Waikiki Wedding" or not. Mary Ellis is tentatively scheduled as his leading lady. Irene Dunne is a brunette with blue-gray eyes. Yes, Fredric March is playing the lead opposite Garbo in "Anna Karenina."

PATRICIA PARMENTER, Syracuse, N. Y.; JEAN GRUBBS, Houston, Tex.; HELEN MATTESON, St. Paul, Minn; MRS. L. V. WIMMER, Christiansburg, Va.; JUNE G., Albany, N. Y.; FRANCES REILLY, Mount Vernon, N. Y.; VERNA KIRBY and HILDA BUHL—Thanks so much for asking about Nelson Eddy. This department has been in a perfect twitch to tell all about him. So here goes. Providence, R. I., is his birthplace and 1901 the year of the great event. Both his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. William Darius Eddy, were excellent singers and young Nelson began his vocal career as boy soprano in two Providence churches. His education, begun in grammar school at Rhode Island Normal, was completed in night school and correspondence courses. His first job was as a telephone operator in Mott Iron Works, after which he worked in the shipping department. Then he started on another job in the art department of a Philadelphia newspaper, after which he was a reporter for 5 years, copy reader, etc. He wrote advertising copy for two companies. Meanwhile he kept up his music, studying with different teachers and learning operatic arias from phonograph records, and made his first stage appearance in a society show, "The Marriage Tax," in 1922. Later he joined the Savoy Opera Company, then the Philadelphia Operatic Society and finally the Philadelphia Civic Opera. His New York debut was in 1924 as "Pagliacci." Eddy sings thirty-two operatic roles: He sings in English, French, Italian, Spanish, Russian and Yiddish. He has been to Europe three times—studied in Dresden and in Paris. He has made successful national concert tours for the last three years. He came to Los Angeles in 1933 and took the town by storm. A contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer resulted, and his first picture was "Dancing Lady" in which he had a minute part. His favorite sports are swimming, riding and tennis, and he collects pictures of people with striking heads. Mr. Eddy and Miss MacDonald will be teamed again in another M-G-M musical tentatively entitled "Americans Can Sing."

MISS J. A., Cincinnati, Ohio—Yes, Dick Powell played with an orchestra in Indianapolis. Sorry I don't have the name. He has brown hair and blue eyes. James Cagney's latest are "G Men" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Pat O'Brien's are "In Caliente," "Oil for the Lamps of China" and "Page Miss Glory" with Marion Davies. Frankie Darro was the jockey in "Broadway Bill." Shirley Temple's latest is "Our Little Girl" and the next will be "Curly Top." Clark Gable's next after "Call of the Wild" will be "China Seas," with Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery and (Continued on page 74)

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Claudette has a keen taste for good food, inherited from her sturdy French ancestors. The tasty salad below is just one of her culinary pets in store for you in this month's recipe leaflet.

THE MODERN HOSTESS





Courtesy Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corp.

By Marjorie Deen

IT happened one day—that I was having lunch with Claudette Colbert in New York. Claudette was radiant! Behind her was the triumph of the Academy Award for her splendid performance in the best picture of the year—"It Happened One Night." Ahead of her was a New York vacation with all that such a vacation means to a Hollywood star—theatres and shops to be visited, interviews to be given and affectionate admiration to be received on all sides. And for more immediate enjoyment there was before us the prospect of a truly delicious lunch in the Netherland Restaurant of the Sherry-Netherland Hotel. This towering structure, where Claudette was stopping during her metropolitan sojourn, stands on Fifth Avenue at the very entrance to Central Park, providing a lovely background as viewed from the large plate glass windows of the balcony on which our table was situated. From time to time, we glanced out at the passing cars and hurrying children, parkward bound. But the greater part of *my* attention was given to Claudette's sparkling conversation and to the delicious foods we were eating with great relish.

"It's my French ancestry, no doubt, which makes me appreciate good things to eat," Claudette was saying as dainty and unusual canapés were being passed with our cocktails. "Not elaborate foods," she hastened to assure us. "No, for I think it is an error (though a very common one) to think that French foods are always complicated to cook and ornate to behold. Certainly the French chef or *maitre de cuisine* as he prefers to be called, can create masterpieces with spun sugar and a pastry tube. But he may (and probably does) prefer to be known for the lightness of his omelette, for the smooth consistency of his Hollandaise and for the flavor of the sauces he uses with seafoods.

"Then, too, the true Frenchman brings to the table the kind of appreciation for fine foods which makes the cook's heart rejoice. Breakfast is 'of a simplicity'—to translate the phrase literally. Lunch consists generally of but one main dish, often some special egg combination, followed by a compote of fruit. But dinner—ah! That is an event—lovingly prepared and planned for in advance, whether the scene of its preparation is the hearth of the simplest Normandy cottage or the mammoth kitchens of some renowned Parisian restaurant. This meal is eaten with an air of elegance considered to be suitable for the occasion.

"MY MOTHER," continued Claudette, as the main luncheon course was being brought in, "my mother abides by these traditions. I can remember that as a child when we were poor, mother had to do the housework. During the day she went about her tasks in simple house dresses but when dinner time (*Continued on page 76*)

Let Claudette Colbert put a French fillip to your menus

Between You'n'Me

(*Continued from page 9*)

as I might make in most cases. It is possible that this enterprise is quite costly and is not profitable to your general patronage, but it was a division useful to us.—Cecil Hahn, Denver, Colorado. (*How many of you really prefer "The Report Card" to "The Movie Scoreboard"? Or don't you care? Well, if you have any feelings one way or t'other, don't keep them a secret.*—EDITOR).



Honest Homage

I would like to say a few words in your column about two stars who appeal to me greatly for very special reasons — Jean Harlow and Franchot Tone.

So much has been written about Jean Harlow's beauty and her sex appeal, her so-called vulgarity and cheapness, that the very mention of these things will call forth arguments. But there is something for which Harlow "boosters" and "booers" alike must give this beauty credit. This is her loyalty to the fans who made her a star, and her sportsmanship, her ability to "take it" which she has been displaying in these last hard months. So to you, Jean Harlow, we pay homage and say, "You *can* take it, and we're for you, one and all."

To this second star, I should like to pay homage for another reason. To Franchot Tone, for his ability to make up his mind not to talk about himself and his private affairs and to stick to his decision, goes the very largest orchid from Winchell's hot house. There may be better actors and handsomer men, but never will there be a more sincere one or a better sport.

May the gods of the studios give these two stars the breaks they so deserve!—Ena Grassman, Riverside, Calif.



More of Maurice

In your February issue I noticed that, according to box office receipts, Maurice Chevalier is no longer numbered among the elect of screen favorites. Perhaps in some places this is true but I am glad to be able to state that in our city his pictures fill the theatres. It is the opinion of my friends and myself that the diminishing popularity of this exceptional star is due to the nature of the films in which he is cast, rather than to any failing on the part of the actor.

Chevalier certainly possesses rare charm, an abundance of marvelous personality, acting ability—which he has proven—and an excellent appearance, though not handsome. And, believe me, his age is an asset, nothing less. One gets completely disgusted with this infantile sophistication in daily contacts, without paying to see it on the screen.

Please, producers and directors, give this delightful star an opportunity of displaying his talents in better films. Take him out of the everlasting boudoir scenes and give him a real part that is not reeking with suggestiveness. We are not calling for the role of a saint—just that of a decent, real man!—Marie Callaghan, San Antonio, Texas.

(*Continued on page 17*)



A fear every woman knows —ended by the new

"CERTAIN-SAFE" MODESS

A THOUSAND times you've wondered, as every woman has . . .

"Is the sanitary napkin I'm wearing really protecting me *completely* from the hideous embarrassment of an 'accident'?"

Now, you can put that worry out of your mind forever! For a new type napkin has recently been perfected, which combines three special protective features—yours *only* in the new Modess. You can actually see and feel the three new features that bring you dependable protection against (1) striking through (2) tearing away (3) incomplete absorption.

Get a box of the new "Certain-Safe" Modess. (You won't be risking a penny . . . see Money Back Guarantee below.) Read the printed slip inside. Look at the diagrams and compare them with the napkin itself. Even before you test out the new Modess in use, you'll understand exactly how and why it offers *complete protection from embarrassing accidents.*



SPECIAL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you've been buying another brand of napkin just from habit...here's a challenge! *We'll refund your money if you try the new Modess and don't like it!* Get a box. Wear enough napkins to make a thorough test. If you aren't completely satisfied, return box and remaining napkins to Modess Corporation, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. We'll send you every penny you paid, plus postage!

MODESS — STAYS SOFT — STAYS SAFE

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
After Office Hours (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	0	2½★	3★
All the King's Horses (Paramount)	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	0	3★	2★	2★
Anne of Green Gables (RKO)	4★	4★	2★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Baboona (Martin Johnsons)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	0	4★	3★
Behind the Evidence (Columbia)	2★	1★	1★	2★	1★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1★	0	2★	1★	2★
Behold My Wife (Paramount)	3★	1★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	1★	2★	2★	1★	3★	3★	2½★	2★
The Best Man Wins (Columbia)	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	0	2½★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★
Big-Hearted Herbert (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★
Biography of a Bachelor Girl (M-G-M)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	1★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	0	3★	3★	2★
Black Fury (Warners)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	0	4★	4★	4★
Bordertown (Warners)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2★	0	4★	4★	3★
Bright Eyes (Fox)	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★
Brewsters Millions (United Artists)	2★	2★	3★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	0	0	2½★	2★
The Captain Hates the Sea (Columbia)	4★	2★	3★	4★	4★	4★	2★	3½★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Cardinal Richelieu (United Artists)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	0	4★	3★	4★
Car 99 (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	0	2½★	3★	3★	0	0	3★	3★
Carnival (Columbia)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	0	2★	3★	2★
The Case of the Curious Bride (First National)	3★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	3★	3★	0	0	2½★	3★
The Casino Murder Case (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	0	3★	3★	0	0	2½★	3★
Charlie Chan in Paris (Fox)	3★	2★	2★	3★	4★	4★	3★	2½★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Clive of India (20th Century)	4★	4½★	4★	4★	4★	4½★	4½★	3½★	4★	4½★	4½★	4★	4½★	4★
College Rhythm (Paramount)	2★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	0	2★	3★	0	4★	3★
The County Chairman (Fox)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★
David Copperfield (M-G-M)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Devil Dogs of the Air (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★	2½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Enchanted April (RKO)	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2½★	2★	2★	0	2★	2★
Enter Madame (Paramount)	3★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	0	0	3★	2★
Evelyn Prentice (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Evensong (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2★	4★	3★	3★	2★	0	4★	4★	3★

Read famous critics' ratings of current pictures—5★, extraordinary; 4★,

Modern Screen
Regina Cannon

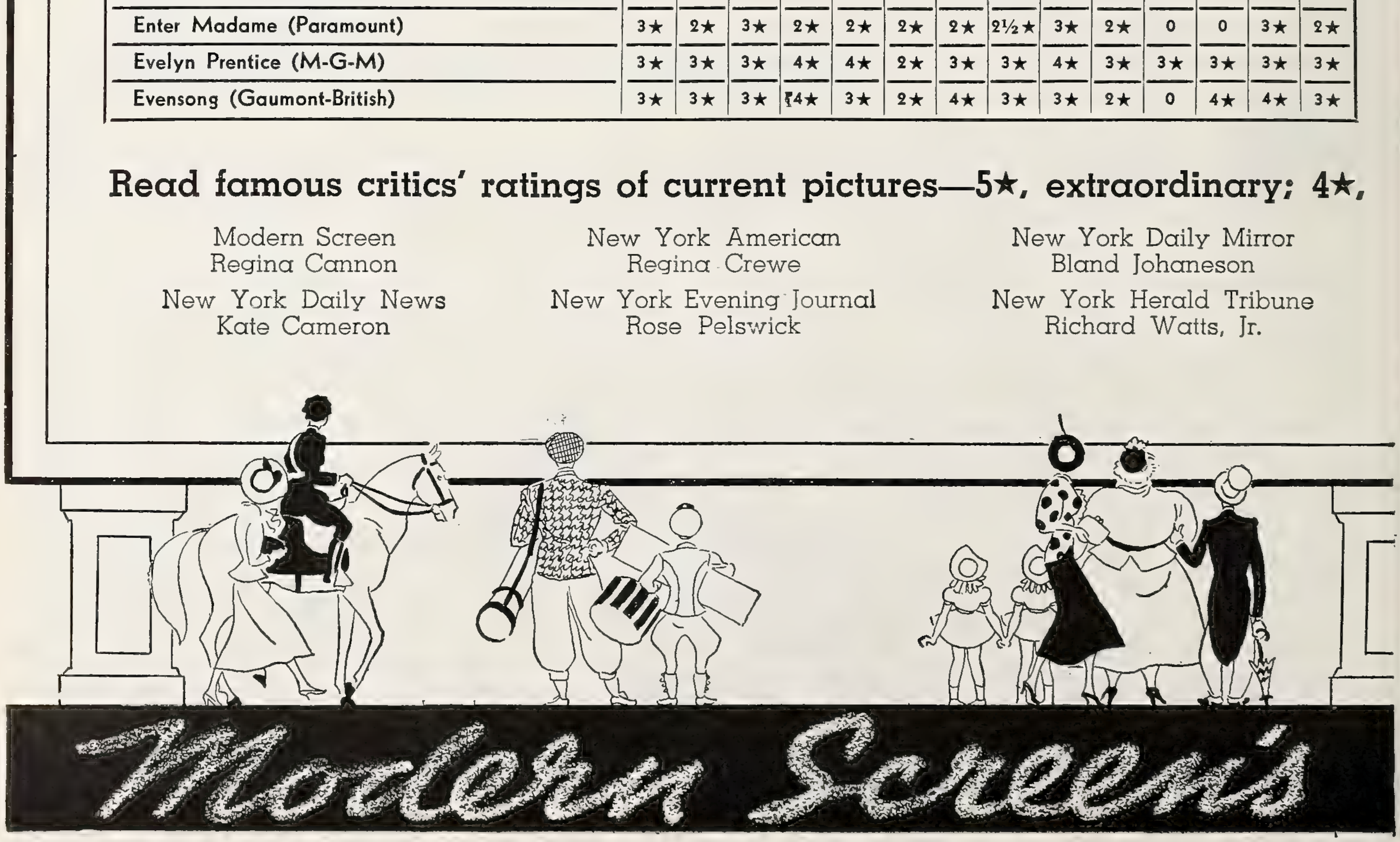
New York Daily News
Kate Cameron

New York American
Regina Crewe

New York Evening Journal
Rose Pelswick

New York Daily Mirror
Bland Johaneson

New York Herald Tribune
Richard Watts, Jr.



Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
Evergreen (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Father Brown, Detective (Paramount)	2★	0	0	2★	0	0	0	2★	2★	0	0	3★	2★	2★
Flirtation Walk (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★
Folies Bergere (20th Century)	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	0	0	3★	3★
Forsaking All Others (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Four Hours to Kill (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★	0	0	2½★	3★
The Gay Divorcee (RKO)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
George White's Scandals (Fox)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	0	2★	3★
G Men (Warners)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	0	0	4★
The Gilded Lily (Paramount)	4★	3½★	3★	4★	3½★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	3★
Gold Diggers of 1935 (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3½★	0	0	3★	3★
Grand Old Girl (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★
The Great Hotel Murder (Fox)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	1★	0	0	2★	2★
The Good Fairy (Universal)	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3½★	4★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★
Great Expectations (Universal)	4★	0	0	4★	0	0	0	3★	0	0	3★	0	3★	3★
Here Is My Heart (Paramount)	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★
High School Girl (Foy)	1★	1★	1★	1★	0	1★	1★	2★	2★	1★	2★	0	1★	1★
Hold 'Em Yale (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	0	0	3★	3★	3★	0	0	2½★	3★
I'll Love You Always (Columbia)	2★	2½★	2★	1★	2★	1★	2½★	1½★	1★	1★	0	0	2★	2★
Imitation of Life (Universal)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	4★	2★	3★	0	4★	3★
In a Monastery Garden (Julius Hagen)	1★	1★	1★	2★	0	1★	2★	2½★	1★	0	0	0	2★	1★
In Old Santa Fe (Mascot)	2★	0	0	2½★	0	2½★	0	2★	2½★	2★	0	0	2½★	2★
The Iron Duke (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	0	0	3★	3★
I Sell Anything (First National)	3★	2½★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	0	2★	2★
It Happened In New York (Universal)	3★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2★	0	2½★	3★
Lady by Choice (Columbia)	4★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2★	3★	3★
Les Miserables (20th Century)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	0	5★	5★	5★
Let's Live Tonight (Columbia)	2★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1★	1★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	0	2★	2★
Life Begins at Forty (Fox)	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★

(*Continued on page 78*)

very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor; 0, no review or review unavailable

New York Post
Thornton Delehanty

New York Sun
Eileen Creelman

New York Times
Andre Sennwald

New York World-Telegram
William Boehnel

Chicago Herald-Examiner
Carol Frink

Los Angeles Examiner
Louella Parsons



picture news



(Top) Mary Carlisle pins a posy on Richard Cromwell at the opening of the Brothers Westmore salon (see page 36 for an account of this). (Center) It's Fredric March, though you might not guess it, at the Westmore party. The haircut is for "Anna Karenina" in which Fred is Garbo's leading man.

(Below) Also Westmore party. The Westmore twins—Ern on the left and Perc on the right—are shown with Kay Francis and Charles Laughton. Laughton's "Les Miserables" haircut is growing out.

(Below) Don't blame Henry Wilcoxon for that long bob. He has to wear it for "The Crusades" and he's pretty sick of it, too. Claudette Colbert, all fresh from a New York vacation, looks swell.

All pictures by Scott

Between You 'n' Me

(*Continued from page 13*)

Crosby-Ross Fans vs. Marie Rippel

I'm always ready to be "up in arms" for the defense of Bing Crosby, and Marie Rippel's letter in the April issue of MODERN SCREEN made me boil. The writer praised Dick Powell to the skies and dragged Bing and Lanny Ross away down below the dumps. While I agree with her in what she said about Dick, her comments on Lanny and Bing were very unjust. For me, Bing is the tops . . . —Estelle Myers, Camden, S. C. I don't care what Marie Rippel has to say about Lanny Ross, but when she has the nerve to compare Dick Powell with Our Bing, I've got to protest. I saw Dick Powell in one picture and once was enough. All I could think of was a monkey on a string. I'd rather hear a crow caw than hear him sing. But Bing is so breath-takingly handsome and his acting so real and convincing . . . all these great gifts combined with the most thrilling romantic voice in the world makes Bing what he is today, the very tops in the entertainment world . . . —Janice Bronson, Watervliet, N. Y. When Bing Crosby sings it just turns one's heart and soul aflutter. He has the swellest voice and manners of any male singer I've ever heard. As for Lanny Ross, I'd term him just as bad as Dick Powell, who bores me to death. His singing isn't even fit for the sea gulls to listen to. He has no expression or emotion . . .—Romaine Fox, Santa Barbara, Calif. "A couple of hundred thousand girls can't be wrong when they say that Bing, the most popular screen crooner, is "swell," "marvelous" . . . —Sue Albizati, Bayonne, N. J. Why compare Dick Powell with Lanny Ross? It's just like comparing a piece of Limburger cheese to a big, delicious Strawberry Short Cake . . . —Evelyn Sachs and Estelle Bob, Brooklyn, N. Y. Dick Powell, Bing Crosby and Lanny Ross are grand and I am for them one hundred per cent . . .—Betsy Seipel, Chicago Heights, Ill. Surely if Bing's voice is stale and his acting no good, why does he rank seventh among the big box-office stars? Dick Powell is somewhere around 16th . . .—Doris Wildermut, University City, Mo. I'm surprised at Marie's opinion of two of the nicest young men on the screen—Bing Crosby and Lanny Ross . . .—Lillian Ohr, New York, N. Y. I cannot think of anything that would improve Lanny Ross's voice or his acting . . .—L. Nicholls, Birmingham, Ala. Dick Powell should get the frog out of his throat and put some expression into his singing. Lanny Ross is one of the ugliest and most dissipated-looking actors on the screen. He looks as if he went out on a binge every night. His singing is like Powell's, only worse. But God be blessed for giving us Bing Crosby. He'll stay King of Crooners until he dies . . .—Loretta Thompson. (*These are excerpts from just a few of the letters which indignant Bing Crosby and Lanny Ross fans have been hurling at Miss Rippel since her "attack" appeared in the April issue.*)

(*Continued on page 106*)

Hush!

Grace Moore is singing!

Millions sigh . . . dream . . . live anew . . . when the divine star of "One Night of Love" bursts into glorious song . . . as melodrama, romance, music are brilliantly blended in a grand story!



Divine Grace Moore

in her new picture

LOVE ME FOREVER

with

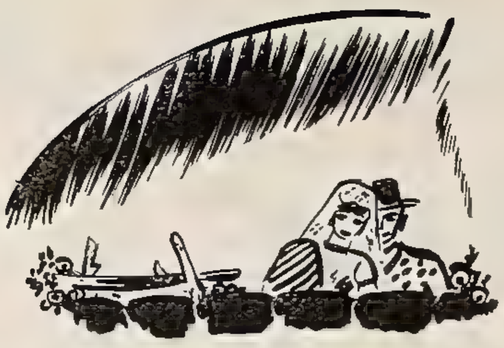
LEO CARRILLO • ROBERT ALLEN

Screen play by Jo Swerling and Sidney Buchman

Directed by Victor Schertzinger

A Columbia Picture

Preview Flashes



FROM 'UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON'

BY JERRY HALLIDAY



He rides like the wind and loves like the whirlwind!

Carramba, but this is one grandioso picture! And as for Warner Baxter . . . ah, be still, fluttering heart. What a man! What a lover! He's even more tempestuous than as "The Cisco Kid". So prepare for fireworks when Baxter, a gallant gaucho with the swiftest horse, the smoothest line, the stunningest senoritas on the pampas, meets a gay m'amselle from the Boulevards of Paree! And to add to the excitement, there's a feud, a stirring horse race, a glamorous cabaret scene in romantic Buenos Aires.

If your blood tingles to the tinkle of guitars . . . if your heart thrills to the throbbing rhythms of the rhumba, to the passionate songs of the gauchos, to the sinuous tempo of the tango, then rush to see this picture — *and take the "love interest" with you!*



Warner BAXTER

and

Ketti GALLIAN

in a fiery romance

'UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON'

A B. G. DeSYLVA PRODUCTION

with

TITO GUIZAR

Radio's Troubadour of Love

VELOZ and YOLANDA

internationally renowned Artists of the Dance

Directed by James Tinling

ACCLAIMED BY SOCIETY ON TWO CONTINENTS, VELOZ and YOLANDA bring their superb talent to the screen in a breath-taking creation, the exotic COBRA TANGO.

HOLLYWOOD NOTES

FLASH! The cinema capital is playing a new game called the "Triple S" Test . . . studio, star, story. Fans rate a picture on these three counts *before* they see it. Then they check their judgment *after* the performance. And it's *amazing* how high Fox Films rank! • But then, that's to be expected. For Fox Studios have the ace directors, the leading writers, the biggest headline names. • So take a tip from Hollywood . . . when you look for entertainment, look for the name

FOX

Joan Crawford

Behold the beautiful Crawford as you will see her in "No More Ladies." This picture is an adaptation of the great stage hit and gives both Joan and her popular side-kick, Bob Montgomery, another breezy, gayly sophisticated hit to follow "Forsaking All Others." Joan's stand-in, you'll be interested to know, is none other than her own sister-in-law. And brother Hal Le Sueur is an extra in another picture on the same lot. Quite a clan reunion!

"Blazer Bodice"
Streamline grace in a two-piece suit - solid color trunks and blazer striped upper — $5.95

"Bib Front"
"Gulf Stream" stitch with fashioned uplift and contrasting straps adjusting to new high-neck "bib" front — $6.95

"Accordion Rib"
B.V.D. new accordion stitch in smart bell-fashioned Maillot model with adjustable neckline — $10.95

"Sea Satin"
A shimmery satin-like Laster fabric that shapes and holds the figure perfectly — $9.95 — Also in skirted mo

"Builder Upper"
the self-service uplift brassiere makes you the sculptor of your own silhouette — $8.95

Beauty reigns on the modern beach!

Casteel Beach on the Modern Beach by B.V.D.

Beauty reigns on the modern beach! And from every sea breeze, every swooping gull and every bronzed goddess you'll hear the credit line, "*Thanks to the Swim Suits of B. V. D.*" ● Their lovely colors flash against sun-tanned arms and legs like jewels. They're as much a part of their owner's anatomy as her eyelashes. And from their evening gown backs to their fashioned bodices, they know every dressmaker art and artifice to streamline, to shape and to silhouette. ● From Nassau, from Bermuda, and from all the swimming South come tidings of their triumphs. Wherever you go this Summer you'll find the seas and sands decked and adorned by B.V.D. The B. V. D. Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York. Also made and sold in Canada.

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George Brent

Since George Brent has been known as Garbo's best beau, he hasn't been able to have a private thought! However, 'tis said Old Favorite John Gilbert is now muscling in on La Garbo's attentions. Kay Francis takes Brent's screen time with both "Goose and the Gander" and "Stranded" planned for them.

Phillip Reed

Pippo, the cat, and Skippy, the Scot, share this spotlight with their increasingly popular master, Phillip Reed. Phil is in "The Girl from 10th Avenue" with Bette Davis.



Janet Gaynor

Romantic rumors are whizzing around Janet's pretty head but she keeps discreetly quiet. 'Tis said her real heart is a doctor. Meanwhile "The Farmer Takes a Wife" keeps her busy.



Star Stuff

Rosalind Russell and Robert Taylor—write their names down now on your future star list because you are going to hear from them both. Although both Rosalind and Bob have had only small parts in several M-G-M hits, they have registered that certain something that it takes to click; they're already personalities to their audiences. Rosalind, dark, slim and aristocratic, was very good in "Reckless" and she'll feature next in "China Seas." Bob Taylor steps out in front after "Times Square Lady" and you'll think he's swell in "Broadway Melody of 1935." Watch them climb the cinema ladder!



Comeback Bets

Two grand troupers you have been hoping to see again are Bruce Cabot and Dixie Lee. Both are on their way back to stardom. Bruce became discouraged with the uninteresting parts doled out to him so he took a prolonged vacation in Europe until holidaying palled. Then he made "Let 'Em Have It!" and his career picked up. M-G-M has him slated for a bright future. Dixie, of course, had to get the Crosby twins and Gary Leon well set on a robust schedule before she could think about anything but a mother role. Now she's leading the "Redheads on Parade," a Fox production.

Mae West

"How'm I doin', boys, without the bustles?" asks Mae, switching an odd Paradise feather or two on one of the modern creations she wears in "Goin' to Town." The West contours will be even more come-hither in modern dress—not to mention the inimitable Westian repartee which is streamlined!



Look . . .

before you heap curls upon your head!

EUGÈNE SACHETS
The Heart of a Eugène Wave



"Hope my permanent comes out all right . . ."

"Wish I could be sure my hair wouldn't get frizzy . . ."

"If my hair only came out like the pictures . . ."

If these are the thoughts running through your head before you get a wave, it's good to know that you can *help yourself*. There's a definite guide for soft, lovely, lustrous waves and curls. See that Eugene Sachets are wrapped on *your* hair when you sit for a permanent. You can trust your hairdresser to *set* the wave becomingly . . . but see for yourself what actually goes on your hair *to wave it*.

Each Sachet contains the exact amount of pure waving lotion needed to turn out one perfect wave or ringlet. Each is filled by Eugene as carefully as a chemist fills a prescription. No guesswork, as in the home-made wrappers that often go with a "bargain wave." No harsh ingredients to eat the life out of your hair. No hazard!

So, if you would heap pretty curls on your head, look for Eugene trade-marked Sachets! Trust to their proved safety . . . not to luck!

One Eugène Sachet Sent You Free. Examine this sachet. Acquaint yourself with the trade-mark by which it can always be identified. Take it with you to your hairdresser's. We will also send you a copy of "Here's How!" a booklet of new hair styles, with instructions about keeping your Eugene wave in condition. Mail a postal to Eugene, Ltd., 521 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Eugène Permanent Waves

Stars WHO BROKE THEIR WORD

Proving that they change their minds like other mortals

By DeWitt Campbell

MIND you—I don't always blame them, but why does it always happen to me? Not once in my arduous career of bumping my head against stars have I attempted to wheedle or extract information from an actor or actress who preferred to remain silent.

Never once if, during an interview, these luminaries prefaced a statement with: "Now, please don't quote me—but . . ." did I divulge the confidence in print. And some of those parenthetical remarks would have made Walter Winchell wake up and scream, "Gimme, gimme!"

In spite of or perhaps *because of* my professional politeness and sympathy, I am forever running into true confessions or wonderful yarns which your favorite stars confidentially tell me although they are fully aware that I come to see them solely to get a story, and not exactly to pass the time of day.

After pouring out their hearts and a cup of tea, they permit me to depart, grateful for their frankness and good sense, and anticipating how much you, dear reader, will enjoy reading it all.

Yet, it seems no sooner has the front door shut behind me, than said star, or said star's press agent, or adviser, or studio, or mother-in-law, or best girl friend, decides that said star must have been out of his (or her) mind to have divulged what he (or she) did. Although what was said probably was no more harmful to anyone than a screen murder.

WHEREUPON THE campaign begins—to persuade me not to print the story—or to put me on the spot if I do. Sometimes the story goes to press before it is suggested that it never should have been—which makes the situation even more tense. Sometimes . . . But suppose you decide for yourself whether or not to pity a poor, struggling fan writer!

A certain famous star and her husband were about to spend a belated honeymoon in Europe. They were looking forward to the holiday with the excitement of

Can you recognize the beautiful, exotic Marlene Dietrich as one of the stars who went back on her word in this very intriguing tale?

Charles Butterworth doesn't look as if he would break his promise to anyone, does he? But he did, and you can try to identify him!







Three more who said things they didn't want printed! Top to bottom: Clara Bow, Clark Gable and Margaret Sullavan. It takes some good sleuthing to pin the related incidents to the personalities. Try it.

a pair of kids. It was to be their first jaunt abroad.

At the jolly farewell party on shipboard I jokingly suggested to the tune of clinking ice that she keep a diary of her travel impressions and that I edit them and have them published. Laughingly, she agreed.

After three months the newlyweds returned. Tea-ing with the star, at a smart New York hotel one afternoon, I playfully demanded my spoils—the diary. Well, she admitted, she hadn't exactly kept a diary—but she had the most complete mental notes. The trip was so vivid in her mind that she could reproduce every incident chronologically and visualize every picturesque scene.

And she proceeded to do so—talking steadily for three hours on the highlights of her stay in France, England and St. Moritz. I took notes as she chattered brightly on for she had her own inimitable way of stating things, plus a refreshing sense of humor.

"You know," I said, "I am going to print this as your diary, and I want your permission to write it in the first person—actually as if you, yourself, had written it instead of telling me."

"If my permission is all you want, here it is, honey," and she wrote her name across a blank sheet of white paper and handed it to me.

"Look out," I said, "that's dangerous, you may be signing your life away."

"I trust you," was her answer.

"But," I cautioned, "you'll certainly want to read what your proxy has written before it's published."

"Oh, that won't be necessary," she answered. "Don't bother about sending it all the way to Hollywood. Just write what I've told you, and everything will be hunky-dory."

"WHAT NAIVE trust!" thought I, amazed, but nevertheless, touched by her faith in me. I determined to edit the story carefully, even to eliminating certain expressions which might not exactly redound to the lady's credit. She had a reputation for startling frankness which she never failed to live up to.

So I wrote the story, using her exact words except when it was necessary to trim, edit, delete, or dress up a remark. Her singular manner of expressing herself was all there, and I patted myself on the back for adhering so faithfully to the original and adding nothing of my own.

The story was duly published, and brought shrieks of delight from the lady's thousands of ardent fans.

Came the dawn—and a telephone call from a frantic editor. The world was coming to an end—war would be declared—what should he do? "About what?" I asked innocently.

"About *that diary!*" he groaned. "Oh, why did we ever print it?"

"I don't know," said I trying to be helpful, but still in the dark, "Why did we?"

"She now insists," the editor moaned, paying no attention to my query, "That she has been grossly misquoted. Not in her wildest moments would she have said, that the ladies in that certain country dressed without taste, that the climate was unbearable, that the houses were unheated, that she preferred living in America!"

"The —— she didn't!" I yelled, for the moment forgetting Emily Post. "But why (*Continued on page 82*)



Garbo, Cobb's nemesis!

Garbo fans send gifts!

"GARBO IS DRIVING ME NUTS"

HER FORMER schoolmates have eulogized the girl they had forgotten till she became famous. Fellow-actors have discussed her artistry. Doormen have praised her technique in slipping through doors. Photographers have written treatises on Garbo's back. Sound men have penned odes to her vast silences.

In fact, Garbo has been so analyzed, psychoanalyzed, psychiatrized in public print that she couldn't be interviewed without making someone out a liar.

Only one angle hasn't been covered. And I might do that. Not that I've seen Garbo. I've found it just as difficult to get a glimpse of the elusive beauty as Louis B. Mayer, head of her studio, who, so they say, has managed to get her in his office only once.

Neither was I lucky enough to have a reservation at the Trocadero on that famous night when Garbo made her first public appearance. You see, the Trocadero serves straws in its mint juleps, and Yankees putting straws in mint juleps is what started the Civil War.

In fact, Hollywood just doesn't have the knack of conjuring up a good mint julep. To be good, mint leaves must be grown on the grave of a Confederate brigadier. And it seems as if so many Iowans moved to California they didn't leave any room for retired Confederate brigadiers.

But speaking of Iowans brings me back to Garbo. In my life they are synonymous. It may seem a long way from Stockholm to Oscaloosa, but the road to each crosses my back yard.

And my back yard, not to mention my front yard, is why I am one of the greatest authorities on Garbo-ana.

Believe it or not, I am the head of the family who live in Garbo's house. And I have slept in Garbo's bed—alone.

INCIDENTALLY, it was some bed. It would have to be to hold a man of my girth and poundage. It was a huge, mahogany four-poster bed with a very hard mattress, but, of course, I like a hard mattress. Women usually don't. But being ascetic and Nordic, Garbo apparently didn't go in for the feathered luxuries of a temperate clime.

Sleeping in Garbo's bed did something to me—that and gazing out of her old bedroom over the arroyo, forming Santa Monica canyon, to the green hills in the distance. When the bed went the way of all antiques—and, anyhow, it didn't belong to us—I thought Garbo had gone out of my life forever. But fate didn't ordain it that way. Her life crossed mine again just this morning. As I was rummaging through some drawers, I dug out another rare treasure.

It's simply priceless. I'm going to will it to the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences to preserve as an eternal souvenir of the Great Garbo. No, perhaps that would be wrong; it would be unfair to my grandchildren. I may decide to leave it to them so they can bring it out on state occasions—this thing with fancy trimmings of lace and doo-dads, and tell their breathless friends how their venerable granddad's aches and pains were soothed and alleviated by Greta Garbo's hot water bottle.

Garbo's hot water bottle will (*Continued on page 112*)



Hollywood mint juleps.

COBB, POOR MAN, BOUGHT GARBO'S FORMER HOME-SINCE THEN—BUT READ HIS PATHETIC STORY!

ILLUSTRATED BY RIVERÓN

Visiting firemen and Iowans peer glassily at Mr. Cobb's siesta.

THERE'S TOO MUCH HOOEY

Jeanette MacDonald spiritedly debunks all the so-called

By Harry T. Brundidge

JEANETTE MacDONALD'S rare beauty isn't her only refreshing quality. This lovely girl, with the golden voice and the figure Herr Lubitsch loved to undress (in every picture) and the exquisite hair, also has unusual intelligence, a keen wit, a swell sense of humor and an ability for biting and withering sarcasm. Knowing all this, it was with anticipatory pleasure that your correspondent hied away to Beverly Hills and the MacDonald homestead, to discuss with this particular soprano all the sacrifices—from love to food—which, according to the best tradition, must be made by all singers who attain importance.

The servant, who admitted me, led me to the drawing room to behold the rare picture of a prima donna who can be looked upon, as well as heard, with pleasure. She was standing there, framed in the doorway, a gorgeous picture in black and burnished gold; the black of a tea-gown, the burnished gold of what old-fashioned folks used to call a crown of glory. There was that eternal twinkling in her eyes, too—orbits sometimes gray, sometimes green, but always bright and merry. She led the way to a yellow settee of doubtful value as an antique, and after the preliminary skirmish I asked my leading question.

"What sacrifices have you had to make in order to cultivate your lovely voice and also to become a famous star?"

"SACRIFICES?" she questioned, puckering her pretty lips. "Baloney! The sacrifices singers are supposed to make are virtually 100 per cent hooey! It's mostly a lot of bunk formulated by singers who sought to legitimatize as 'sacrifices' all the things they did not like and did not want to do. And such alleged 'sacrifices' became tradition. I understand this perfectly, for I too have aided and abetted in the perpetuation of some of the old traditions, and in originating new ones. I'll tell you how and why.

"When I first came to Hollywood, a greenhorn, I was taken advantage of, no end. On one occasion, at Paramount, I was worked eighteen consecutive hours and, while I was a willing worker, I might have done irreparable damage to my voice. So, realizing I was being abused, I announced I would never again work more than ten hours in one day. What happened? I regularly got a call to report for work at 9 A.M. and for days and days I leaped out of bed at 7 A.M. and began getting the old pipes in tune for 9 A.M. Usually, by 8:30 o'clock, the voice was hitting on all six and I arrived at the studio, pepped up, 'in voice' and a-rarin' to go to work. And, day after day, I stood around for one, two, three or more hours before the pipes were called upon to start piping, and by the time I got the 'go' signal I was so weary of waiting, so tired physically,



ABOUT "SACRIFICE"..!

eccentricities good singers seem to delight in

that I couldn't do my stuff as it is supposed to be done. I was, of course, upset, and believe me there is no bunk about it when I say that a singer can't sing when she is emotionally upset. The old cords tighten up and the muscles in the throat refuse to relax.

"THAT WAS an experience which led me to formulate some new bunk. Miss MacDonald made an iron-clad rule: she could not sing before noon, regardless! She not only could not sing before noon, but she would not. She made another rule: When Miss MacDonald was tired, whether it be 1 P.M. or 5 A.M., Miss MacDonald would take her voice home! Now, all this is hooey. I can get out of bed at any hour of the day or night and, after giving my voice a brief warming up, I can sing. As well at 3 A.M., if not tired, of course, as at 3 P.M. But, after my early experiences on sound stages, I decided not to loaf around sets and get upset, and, besides, I simply adore that before-noon sleep! So, you can see by my own admission, the truth of my statement that the 'sacrifice' stuff is mostly hokum. But we're only scratching the surface. Let's get serious and dig considerably deeper."



"Naughty Marietta" MacDonald who jeers gayly at fellow singers who give "all" to their art. She lives and loves—and even eats —as well as sings.

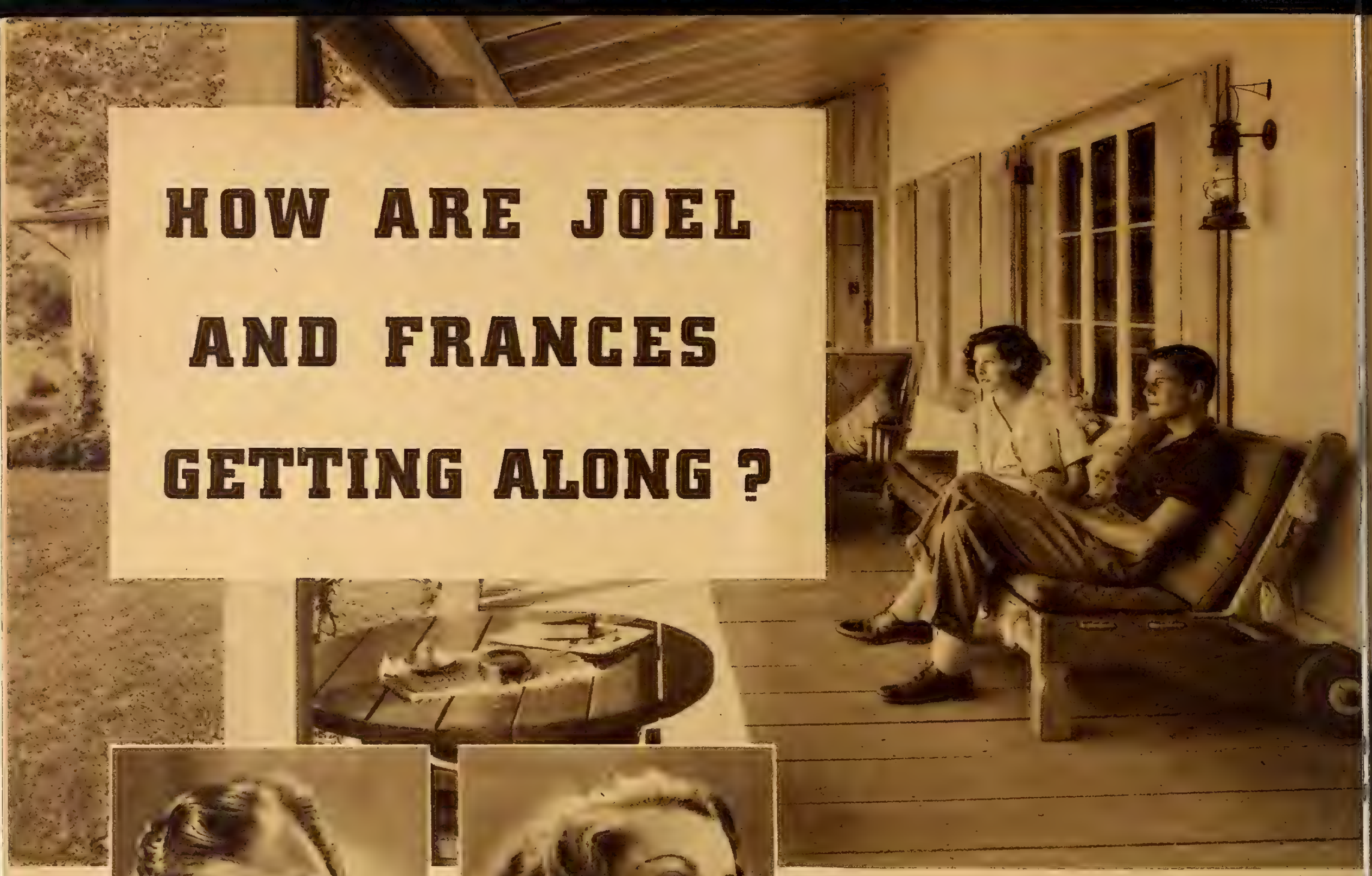
MISS MacDONALD leaned back in the settee and continued:

"Much of the hooey about the sacrifices of singers can be traced back to childhood training. I was the only one of the three daughters of Daniel MacDonald who showed any promise of developing into a singer, and because of this fact my dad watched my every movement, and viewed with alarm my every cough and sneeze. If I blew my nose, he was at my side, inquiring if I was catching cold. Elsie and Blossom, my sisters, were much more susceptible to colds than me, but he never paid any attention to their sneezes. I was the singer! What happened? Because of the power of suggestion, plus the fact that I was very conscious of this added attention, I became the recipient for any cold that was on the loose in Philadelphia.

"So it was that my 'sacrifices' to my voice began very, very early. I was guarded against draughts, warned against wet feet, and went around day and night with my throat wrapped up. I was constantly having atomizers and all manner of patented what-nots shoved into my throat and nostrils, and was forever sputtering and gargling. All of which was a lot of bunk I had to outgrow. I suspected as much quite early in my career and immediately set out to harden myself against the elements. Soon I was defying the elements instead of guarding against them, and it worked.

"Today I have nothing in common with the tenors, sopranos and baritones who talk about being slaves to their vocal cords and who stroll about with their throats muffled up and their pockets full of lozenges and gargles. I do not go in for gargles, special foods, special exercises and deep breathing, and as for mufflers—bah! I'm a firm believer in the open-throated, open-chested school of thought. And I'm not the slave of my vocal cords. True, I take precautions against abusing them; a piano player doesn't fool around with doors and windows to see if these will pinch his fingers. I will not sing after having spent most of the night dancing. I won't sing when I'm tired or sleepy. *(Continued on page 103)*

HOW ARE JOEL AND FRANCES GETTING ALONG ?







(Above) Frances Dee and Joel McCrea at home on their thousand-acre ranch, The Circle M, forty miles from Hollywood, where they spend their between-picture time. (Left) Both Frances and Joel wear the smile of contentment, for since their marriage they have made amazing strides in their careers. Rehearsing scripts and discussing stories together has proven invaluable to them.

The ideal Hollywood couple has a happiness formula

By Franc Dillon

IF Joel can't do it, it can't be done," said Frances Dee with a finality that gave no doubt as to her opinion of her husband Joel McCrea's ability to do anything. The particular task that elicited this remark was milking the family cow. It seems that Joel, the big, outdoor man, who can ride a horse, rope a steer and brand a calf with the best of them, had never before attempted to milk a cow. But, for the benefit of his press agent and a cameraman, he tried. First, to the astonishment of those who knew better, he placed the stool on the wrong side of the cow. That slight but bewildering (to the cow) mistake having been remedied, Joel started milking. To the amazement of Mr. and Mrs. McCrea nothing happened.

"How do you work this?" he asked and, having received further instructions, made another attempt without success, which brought forth the declaration of confidence from his pretty wife.

Such sublime faith in his ability to perform even so specialized a task as milking a cow is an indication of Frances Dee's feelings toward her handsome husband and he reciprocates to the fullest extent. These young people, after being married for a year and a half, are repeatedly referred to as Hollywood's ideal couple.

They don't wish to be held up as shining examples, having, no doubt, a superstition that talking too much about it might mar their present contentment, and insist they simply want to be themselves. But the fact that during this eighteen-month period they have had a baby and have made rapid and surprising strides in their screen careers would seem to justify reasonable satisfaction with themselves and their method of mixing movies and marriage.

Each gives the other credit for this happy state of affairs and, with no definite plan in mind for the coördination of their various interests, they have apparently worked out a successful solution.

"Joel has done everything for my career," Frances said simply.

Which seemed strange to me, inasmuch as she had more than once told me that when she was married she would give up her career immediately and make marriage her business. Instead, she kept right on working and even the interruption of having a baby has not interfered with her progress. With her appearance in "Becky Sharp," the first all-color feature ever made, Frances will burst upon the public as an actress of unexpected ability and breathtaking beauty. Even her (*Continued on page 86*)





fanfotos

(Above, left) Anne ("of Green Gables") Shirley had her seventeenth birthday recently. RKO renewed her contract and gave her a Chevrolet. She's shown with young Bob Hoover at her Vendome birthday party. (Above, right) Dick Powell and Joan Blondell at the Hollywood opening of "Golddiggers." (Right) Tom Brown and Anita Louise, together again after a tiff, attend "As Thousands Cheer." (Right, below) Jimmie Gleason's breakfast party. The host, with Karloff, Erwin, O'Brien and Armstrong. (Left, below) Will Rogers and Joe E. Brown chat at the Temple Israel Benefit.







More grand Scott shots of the Hollywood goings-on



Editor Burgum throws a party in the M-G-M executive bungalow to give Modern Screen's award to the "Copperfield" cast. All comers were welcome, so Ann Harding, Bob Montgomery and young Louis Hayward dropped in.



Young David and his mother (Freddie Bartholomew and Elizabeth Allan) with Herbert Marshall at the "Copperfield" party. Bart Marshall is working in "The Flame Within" with Ann Harding. Freddie looks properly dignified.

The Westmore boys—kings of the marcel and permanent—went very social recently and threw a big party on the opening night of their brand new beauty emporium. Everybody and Everybody's Wife—though occasionally in oddly assorted pairs—turned up to make merry. Kay Francis, looking very sleek, officially opened the famous wig-makers' new shop with a big gold key and Claudette Colbert, handsome in a brown and tan striped creation, vied with Kay for sartorial honors. Henry Wilcoxon sported a bob not executed by the Westmores. It was a snappy little shoulder-length coiffeur, which he is wearing in "The Crusades."

Speaking of hair—which is what one invariably speaks of in connection with the Westmores—Charles Laughton wandered around with a close clipped pate—souvenir of "Les Miserables." Anita Louise turned up with Tom Brown (yep, it's on again), Sally Blane with Norman Foster—and they do say he cares—Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton, Margaret Lindsay and Dick Powell, Marlene Dietrich, Anna Sten and a host of others. There was champagne and music and many more beeootiful flowers than you'd meet up with at a gangster's funeral, and—an enjoyable time was had by all.

■ ■ ■

Kay Francis surely doesn't seem to be out to win any popularity contests. Probably the only person she'd even care about making a hit with is Chevalier and, those in the know claim that Monsieur isn't too impressionable. At any rate, when it comes to friendliness and cooperation, the young woman is among those absent. At Countess Dorothy Di

By Regina Cannon



Our couriers ride in breathlessly with the



Freddie Bartholomew, all done up in Nat Pendleton's sailor cap, salutes Nat and a blonde beauty whom you may not recognize as Maureen O'Sullivan. It's only a wig worn for a picture. Also "Copperfield" party.



Carole Lombard goes to the Trac with one of Kay Francis' current escorts, David Nevins. Scotty didn't find out where either Kay or Bob Riskin (Carole's pet beau) were this particular evening. It's a good old Hollywood custom!

Frasso's party recently, La Francis wouldn't pose for pictures and advised her friends against it. However, now she's in Paris looking around for Maurice and the Eiffel Tower and other interesting places and nobody, it seems, recognizes her to be the American scream star—which surely has a tendency to gratify the Garbo in one.

■ ■ ■

It happened on the "Anna Karenina" set, where Greta Garbo is languishing these days. Director Clarence Brown wanted a certain effect in a scene which Greta was playing. They went over it three times. It still wasn't right. The director called out in desperation to someone on the sidelines, "Hey, bring us a pancake!"

Miss Garbo stopped short in amazement, "I am not hungry," she said. "I vould rather vork some longer."

When Mr. Brown recovered sufficiently, he explained to the Swedish Siren that a "pancake" is a mechanical contrivance used on cameras for special shots.

■ ■ ■

When the Robert Montgomerys built their Beverly Hills mansion, they insisted on a large attic. Friends who were slightly bewildered at such a waste of space are surprised no longer. For winding through its several rooms are fifty miles of toy train track, with switches, sidings, depots and all. Three passenger trains and two freights can run on it all at once, without colliding. Officially, it belongs to his



Photos by Scott

latest notes from our Hollywood reporter

two-year-old daughter, Elizabeth Ann, but Bob can be found up there at all and any hours of the day or night. "Just the little boy in me," he retorted when Joan Crawford teased him about his pastime, "just a lovable little boy at heart—don't *you* think I'm awfully lovable?" Rumor has it that Joan does.

■ ■ ■

Johnny Barrymore has cut loose and flown the coop—leaving family, home and studio in the lurch. His first move was ordering his wife, Dolores Costello, to vacate the home which they've shared for many a year—plus bag, baggage and children. The next was to thumb his Grecian nose at his studio where he was scheduled to do an important picture, and his final move was a fast one via plane to New York. The only one who's being honored by Mr. Barrymore's profile in the big city is his former wife, Michael Strange. Even Sister Ethel, abed with a shattered ankle, has seen neither hide nor hair of the gentleman.

■ ■ ■

Billie Burke's mantel in her drawing room is decorated with an unusually fine collection of elephants—all sizes, shapes and colors; of ivory, jade and semi-precious stones. But all that's to be seen of them is their posterior view!

Flo Ziegfeld collected them and was very superstitious about their power to bring good or bad luck on his household. To bring the best of luck, an elephant must face the East. Now, Miss Burke's mantel faces West—so what could she do but?

■ ■ ■

Score another for the Amurrican language! Tullio Carminati, as loyally Latin as spaghetti, admitted recently that he believes our native lingo is one of the most beautiful in the world—and that our slanguage beats every other form of expression ever invented. Although adept in five other tongues, Tullio had never become familiar with English until he was forced to learn it when talkies came in. It's rather sad, though, to think of all those years he was deprived of the pleasure of slinging slang.

■ ■ ■

Flash! Mary Brian and Dick Powell are thataway *again*. Seems those happy days when the Brian gal was selecting everything from grand pianos to tooth-brush holders for the new Powell mansion, were just a lull before the storm. For suddenly Dick announced that settling down was the last thought in his head, and Mary was heard to pass a coupla sneering remarks on domesticity in general. Mary picked up and packed off for a personal appearance tour through the country and—well, y'know what absence does to the hardest hearts! Dick moped and bit his finger-nails in solitary confinement, while Mary gave nary a tumble to the collitch lads who swarmed about her. So what?

■ ■ ■

What Joel McCrea has often wondered, but won't know 'til he reads this, is how Frances Dee knew so much about milking

The Mowbray party brought out both stair sitters and standees! Right, upstairs and down, Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien, the Alan Mowbrays, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Owen.



Right, Isabel Jewell sits on the stairs with Bill Tannen at the Alan Mowbray party but rumor says she still sees Lee Tracy, despite all words to the contrary.



Right, Mickey Rooney, Alice Faye and Phil Regan at the Temple Israel Benefit. Below, Phil Berg, Mrs. Gable, Leila Hyams and Clark (shut-eye) Gable at opening.



Below, Janet Gaynor with Dr. Veblin, who is her frequent escort.



Marlene Dietrich, below, as she left New York after a long vacation there.











Above left, Virginia Pine (sans G. Raft) poses with Jean Hersholt at Colony Club. Left, Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald at "Les Miserables" opening.

Above, the Charles Boyers (Pat Patterson) during intermission at opening.

Above, Eddie Lowe, Merle Oberon and Joe Schenck at the Trocadero.





Dick Barthelmess and Mrs. Barthelmess stride into "Les Miserables" opening. Mrs. B. doesn't look very delighted about it all.



Left, Joan Bennett and husband Gene Markey arrive for same opening, too. A few days later, Joan flew East to read some play scripts, she may do one. It will be her first stage play since "Jarnegan."

a cow! When "the perfect pair," as Hollywood has so named them since their marriage, moved to live on their three-thousand-acre ranch, and Frances who had lived in the city all of her life knew more about milking a cow than did Joel, the latter was curious. But shhh—the secret of Frances' success has just reached our ears. She hired a neighboring farmer at fifty cents an hour to teach her the "art."

■ ■ ■

New York's most glorified penthouse is going to charm you in "Accent on Youth." And the most glorified view of Manhattan from the penthouse balcony high above the roaring city. But—shhh, studio secrets—it's a cardboard view! We'll swear to the penthouse being real stuff, but that panorama of gay Gotham is just twenty-five feet of "blown up" snapshots! Actual buildings in New York were photographed, then "blown up" or enlarged hundreds of times their original size, and carefully fitted together until it looks more like the metropolitan skyline than the real thing. Some fun—the studio prop men claim it beats cross-word puzzles.

■ ■ ■

Do you know what Cary Grant misses more'n anything else in the world? Nope, not Virginia Cherrill, the former Mrs. G., but a tattered old sweater that's been waylaid somewhere in the Hollywood scuffle. This sweater represents all the happiest moments of Cary's boyhood in England, for it was an award of merit to him from the Sea Scouts—an organization like our Boy Scouts. He even wore it in lieu of p. j.'s sometimes, he was that proud of it! "The thing that breaks my heart," mourns Cary, "is that someone is no doubt using my pride and glory for a mop-rag!"

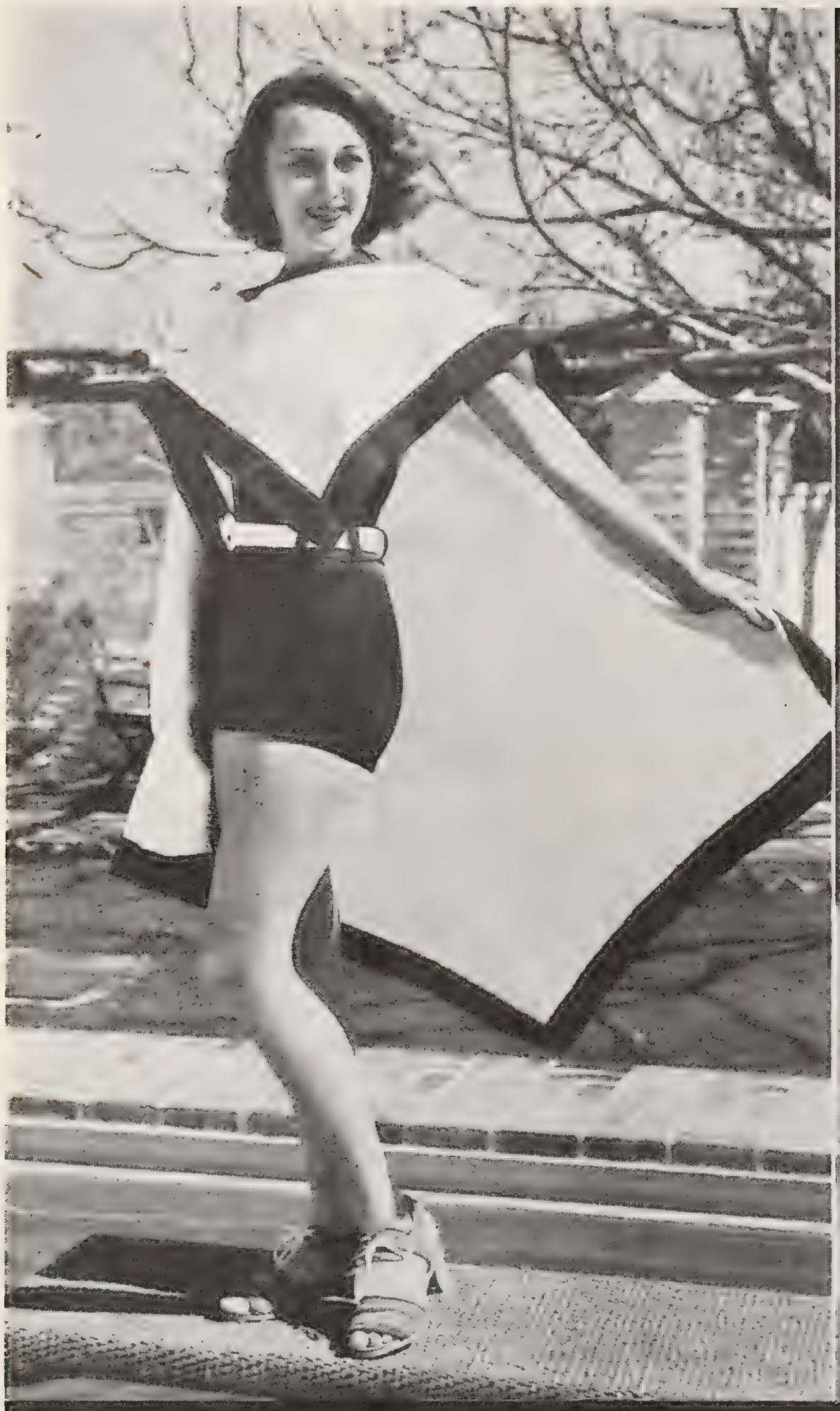
■ ■ ■

Here's a tip on fashion, girls! Dolores Del Rio, reputable best-dresser, has *seven* suits in her wardrobe, all of them strictly tailored in varying designs and fabrics. She admits also to what she terms an insane array of new chapeaux. From the looks of the top piece we spied her under at the Victor Hugo recently, she's quite right. It was an exact miniature of a man's straw sailor, tipped precariously on the side of her glossy locks. But Del Rio could wear a mustache and look elegant.

■ ■ ■

What with summer doing things to young men's fancies and young girls' wardrobes, there's been some high stepping around town lately. At the Brown Derby you can see the same couples lunching almost every day—so engrossed at looking into one another's eyes that they can hardly tear 'em away to study the menu. There's the glamorous Lili Damita escorted by that dashing Irishman, Erroll Flynn; Hoot Gibson and blonde June Gale, and lovely Virginia Bruce with Pinky Tomlin. Eddie Lowe seems cuh-razy about *two* blondes—for you'll find him buying soup and salad for Mary Carlisle or Marian Marsh, and sometimes both.

(*Continued on page 114*)



Up early, Ann dashes out for a quick dip before breakfast. Over a skin-tight satin suit, she wraps a tricky white and blue toweling beach wrap of unique cut.



Ready for a dash into the studio, Ann wears a printed silk jacket costume. The print is bright flowers on a navy background. The dress has suede trim at belt and neckline.

ANN *dresses* FOR A SUMMER DAY



Resting on her ranch porch with her pet spaniel, Ann wears a cool, striped cotton shirtmaker dress. Ann loves this type of dress for the ranch because it tubs easily.

Varied and smart clothes for ranch life compose Ann Dvorak Fenton's personal wardrobe this season





Above are two more ranch favorites, a candlewick cotton jacket costume in pale yellow. And a gardening outfit of checked pants, white blouse and 'kerchief.

SHE CAN TAKE IT!

By Elizabeth Ellis

Hollywood's snubbing Merle Oberon didn't faze her a bit

LA OBERON hustled into her hotel living-room, swishing a Hattie Carnegie hostess gown as if it were a toweling wrapper. She looked elegant, smooth and very sophisticated in the Continental manner—just as you would expect her to—but she had the sniffles!

It seems it was this way. She had been dancing and dining at the Central Park Casino the night before, and just before departing for home, the idea occurred to her that it would be fun to walk through the park in the snow. Mr. Joseph Schenck, her escort and former fiancé, protested vehemently but gave in and loaned his galoshes. Mink-coated, with the Schenck galoshes providing a tent-like protection for her thin evening sandals, Oberon did the Park with glee. Result, Miss Merle Oberon unmistakably was blowing her nose as signal for our talk to get under way!

She looks so exotic on the screen that I was expecting to have a very bad hour with an orchidacious, slightly la-de-da beauty whose British accent would have to be cut with a knife. I certainly was pleasantly disillusioned in the first five minutes of play. She looks like she does on the screen, only less the pampered beauty—much more natural and decidedly more human. There's a twinkle in the Oberon hazel eyes that puts you on your guard; you have an uneasy feeling that you may be taken for a slight ride. Especially if you pry too personally into her own private thoughts.



Above, Merle Oberon in an exotic pose. Below, with Maurice Chevalier in "Folies Bergère."

WE STARTED out with the good old chestnut about how-did-you-get-to-be-a-star? Oberon's succinct reply was, "I needed money and it was the only way I could think of to get it quickly!"

What! No burning desire from childhood to be a second Bernhardt—no vision to whisper to her? It couldn't be. I couldn't imagine finding a successful film star who had worked because she needed money, not because she burned with the divine fire. But it seems that was what she meant and, furthermore, she was none too sure that acting was a God-given talent, by any means.

You see, Merle Oberon, a few years ago, was Estelle Merle O'Brien-Thompson, who, being given a trip to England from India by a kind uncle, decided that India was pretty provincial and (*Continued on page 102*)

"I HAVE SAID *Good-bye* TO YOUTH"





Above, Dick Barthelmess, still a star after sixteen years. Left, a tense scene with Helen Mack and Joe Morrison from his new picture, "Four Hours to Kill."

By Gladys Hall

"I HAVE said good-bye to youth," Dick said to me. And those astounding words fell upon my ears with a reverberation of incredible thunder. I thought, I must be dreaming! For never before in a long experience of interviewing actors, of hearing astonishing statements and confessions have I ever heard an actor admit that youth is gone.

They may confess that their hearts are broken, that they have murdered their wives, that they are financially ruined, anything . . . everything . . . but never, never that they are not Ponce de Leons who have discovered the secret of perpetual youth.

And so as Dick made this sensational and unprecedented statement, I thought, Here is a man who would face a firing squad with a smile and a flip of the hand!

Dick was saying, "I am no longer young and I know it. I have stood at the crossroads. I've looked behind me and I've seen, down that long bright road the figures of 'Tol'able David,' of the boys who were in 'Broken Blossoms' and ''Way Down East' and others, retreating into the past. I've waved good-bye to 'Tol'able David.' I know that he is gone forever. . . ."

And Dick smiled the famous Barthelmess smile and there were admiring ladies of all ages gazing at him with warm appreciative eyes as we sat at lunch in the Victor Hugo café. And I thought of the time when D. W. Griffith said of him, "He has the most beautiful male face in the world." Just then three girls came over to our table and asked for his autograph . . . and I knew that neither they nor I could see any appreciable difference in the face that has been framed by a star for more than sixteen years.

DICK WAS saying, as I mentioned this fact to him, "But it isn't only a question of *looks,* you know. You say the real good-bye to youth when you stand at the crossroads and realize that you are faced with a decision. I have stood at those crossroads and I have made my decision. . . ." Dick laughed and added, "From this time forth I shall hope to (*Continued on page 80*)

Richard Barthelmess is brave enough to face maturity

$2500.00 CASH

1 Gabriel offers to lead the peasants in defense of their lives and faith.



2 The peasants before leaving their village forever bury the Church bells.



3 An avalanche comes down the mountainside and forces Turkish invaders to flee.

4 A child leads Gabriel to a spot where he finds his wife in the arms of another man.

5 Gabriel's son at night drives a platoon of Turks away and captures their howitzers.







ONE HUNDRED PRIZES	
First	$1,000.00
Second	500.00
Third	200.00
Seven at $50.00 each	350.00
Ninety at $5.00 each	450.00
TOTAL — 100 PRIZES	$2,500.00

100 Prizes for the 100 Best Letters

MODERN SCREEN offers $2,500.00 in prizes for the best 100 letters submitted during the months of June, July, August and September, 1935. This great contest gives everyone an opportunity to claim one of these magnificent prizes and also a chance to express an opinion on the greatest moment in the book of the century, "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh," which is being made into a tremendous picture of adventure and romance by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company.

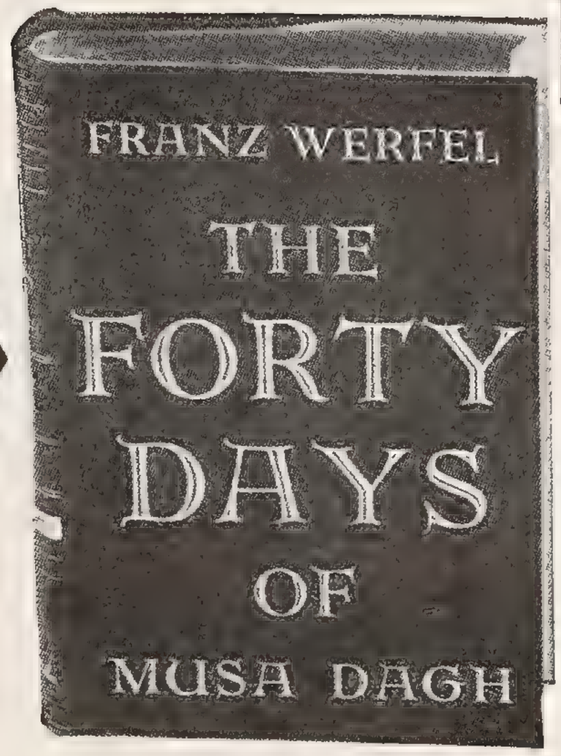
If your letter is selected as one of the 100 prize winners, you are assured of at least $5.00 or possibly $1,000.00. Isn't this a simple way for you to earn some extra money? Think what you could do with one thousand dollars!

Surely you have a definite opinion on this subject and as you will see this is a simple contest to enter, there being nothing to do except write your letter of no more than 150 words. You may select any situation pictured alongside or, if you prefer, you may write about some other "great moment" from the story. Sit down now and send your letter while this contest is fresh in your mind. Many men and women just like yourself are entering this contest daily and everyone has an equal chance to win. You may win top prize.

Don't waste a minute! Turn to page 113 for the contest rules.

PRIZE CONTEST

Here's all you have to do Write a short letter answering this question: "What do you consider the greatest moment of this story?" Selection of one of the scenes pictured alongside will qualify. Whatever your selection, give your reasons why.



About the Book

Written by Franz Werfel, "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh" is the fastest selling book of the year and is creating tremendous interest all over the world. If you should desire to read this great adventure story you will find it on sale at all leading book stores. It is a moving, historical record of 5,000 Armenian men and women who heroically dared for forty days to withstand the oppressive might of the entire Turkish Empire.

For his hero the author took Gabriel Bagradian, Armenian by birth, Parisian by education and inclination, who, as the story opens, returns to his native land and, with annihilation threatening his race, leads these 5,000 peaceful villagers up the slopes of Musa Dagh (The Mountain of Moses) prepared to resist until death the Turks who were bent on carrying out the fatal decree of their war lord, Enver Pasha.

Simply, clearly, Werfel tells how the courageous little band dug themselves in, organized for battle, arranged a strange communal life, and, from a rock jutting out over the sea, flung a banner: "Christians in Need."

In prose which keeps pace with the excitement of the story, there is described the mounting suspense of those forty days of constant struggle against the repeated thrusts of the Turks, against starvation and internal strife. (*Cont. on page 113*)

10 The Turks attack and are driven back in a fierce battle in which many lives are lost.



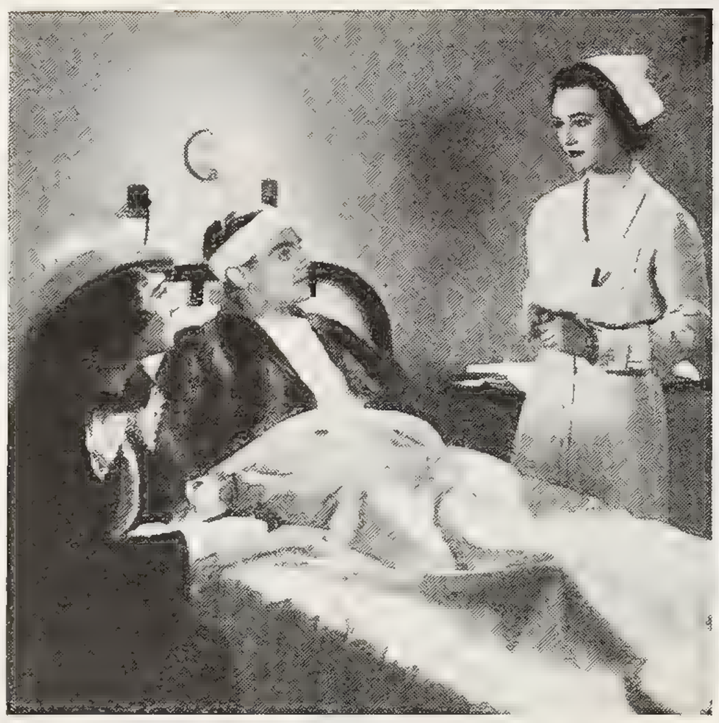
9 **Turkish forces lead a little group of Armenian peasants into unwilling exile.**

8 **Gabriel and a peasant girl fall in love, think they'll be killed, agree to die together.**

6 **Gabriel's wife refuses freedom, stays with her husband on the mountain.**

7 **In Constantinople the Turkish war-lord refuses mercy to the Armenians.**





Ann Dvorak, James Cagney and Margaret Lindsay in a new thriller, "G-Men." Deals with the federal war on gangs.



Here she is, at last, the only Mae West in "Goin' To Town." Paul Cavanagh is the ardent swain pictured with her.



A great classic becomes a film masterpiece. Fredric March and Charles Laughton in "Les Miserables."

Variety, from great drama to light comedy, is

★★★ G-Men
(Warners)

They would have had a superb picture here if someone had just used a little restraint. As it is, "G-Men" is a long, long way from poor. It's the story of the Department of Justice boys who always get their man—even better than the Northwest Mounted of affectionate legend. James Cagney is excellent as the ex-East Side boy who puts his training in the law at the service of the government and comes through one hundred percent. Robert Armstrong is likeable in another of his hard-boiled roles. The girls—Ann Dvorak and Margaret Lindsay—don't have a great deal to do, but they do what they must satisfactorily. Our only complaint, to get captious again, was with the lack of restraint. There were just too many gangsters to be bumped off, too much noise of gunfire, too many cars tearing around curves at a high speed. Perhaps we're getting old, but we would like a little peace and quiet.

★★★★ Doubting Thomas
(Fox)

The only thing doubtful about this picture is the title, for it beats all the Will Rogers side-splitters—no mean record, you'll admit. Will makes the best of this opportunity to air a few more choice bits of dry philosophy on life, love and politics in general, but the guffaws are furnished by two capable ladies in the cast—Billie Burke and Alison Skipworth. Miss Burke is the devoted wife and home-maker for Will, a successful sausage magnate. Miss Skipworth is the self-appointed leader of the village intelligentsia and is out to get Culture at any cost. Being a lover of "the drahma," she persuades Billie Burke that she is a second Bernhardt and owes more to the beauty-loving world than to her sausage-loving husband.

Will may be temporarily downed but never out, so his cure for his wife is drastic but effective—with almost fatal results to the audience! As if these three expert comedians were not hilarious enough, there is Sterling Holloway and an excellent supporting cast for good measure. Put this on your list of "hafta sees."

★★★★★ Les Miserables
(20th Century)

Victor Hugo's plea for the unfortunates of the world has been transferred to the screen with great skill, sincerity and —almost—with genius. It isn't a pretty tale, of course, and whether you will like it or not, we can't tell. "Like" is hardly the word, anyway. It is almost unrelieved tragedy from start to finish. You should be greatly stirred by it. You will experience indignation and sorrow and, perhaps, horror. But we think that you will call it great.

Fredric March does the most sincere work we have ever seen him do as Jean Valjean. He has severe histrionic competition—as who has not?—from Charles Laughton. This amazing actor plays the role of Javert, the fanatic, law-driven prefect of police, who pursues Valjean throughout his life and then, when Valjean is at last within his grasp, lets him go free. In lesser roles, Rochelle Hudson, Florence Eldridge March, Frances Drake, John Beal and the splendid English actor, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, are all expert.



Franchot Tone, Jean Harlow and Bill Powell in "Reckless," based on a sensational news story that you'll know.



"Golddiggers of 1935" brings another cut-to-order part for Dick Powell. Gloria Stuart is the heart interest.



"Doubting Thomas" makes a swell title for Will Rogers. Billie Burke shares starring honors with great charm.

this month's movie spice . . . By Regina Cannon

★★★ Reckless
(M-G-M)

The title of this might apply, not only to the Kern-Hammerstein tune written for the picture and to La Harlow's daredevil character in the story, but also to the lavish manner in which money has been spent by the studio. The cast includes Harlow, Bill Powell, Franchot Tone and May Robson. In lesser, but still significant roles, we have Rosalind Russell, Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton. The plot is part musical, part the Libby Holman case, with touches of "It Happened One Night"; "The Thin Man" and "Broadway Bill." All this leaves the reviewer in a pretty delicate predicament. One can't exactly say that the picture is good. And—shucks—one can't say that it's bad either. We ended up thinking that it's pretty good hokum, gave it three stars because of the good that's in it and decided to forget the weak points.

Harlow's acting has improved a little. Her singing and dancing are well enough, but they won't make Ginger Rogers lose any sleep. Powell is somewhat miscast and Tone has such a weak-sister role one feels sorry for him. Rosalind Russell was grand in a smallish part. Watch this girl—she's going places. And see the picture—it's good fun, anyway.

★★★★★ The Scoundrel
(Hecht-MacArthur-Paramount)

Hecht and MacArthur, producers of "Crime Without Passion," have done it again. Done what? Well, they have shown Hollywood how to make a picture. Without spending untold millions, with not a single "big movie name" with which to bless themselves, and without once using the word colossal.

Everyone knows the name of Noel Coward but not everyone has seen him in action. He is the star of this picture and a new personality to reckon with in the cinema world. He plays the role of a philandering unmoral (not to be confused with immoral) publisher of books. He had, we happen to know, quite a bit to do with the writing of the dialogue. The lines make you yearn for a notebook and expert knowledge of shorthand—or a good memory.

Julie Haydon, who had some small experience in Hollywood, does a fine job as the innocent young actress who loves, then hates and at last forgives the devastating Mr. Coward. Alexander Woollcott has a few brief moments for his bland witticisms. The story slides off into the realms of fantasy in the second half—but, even though you may not credit it all, we don't think you'll mind.

★★★ Gold Diggers of 1935
(Warner Bros.)

This "glittering galaxy of stars" is just another roll call by the Warner boys. Not that we're objecting to the antics of Dick Powell, Gloria Stuart, Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh, Hugh Herbert or any of 'em singly; but collectively it's too much of a good thing—and the same thing. Busby Berkely is among those present, of course, and proves that he can make anything on legs dance, by a super-spectacle of grand pianos tripping the light fantastic. (*Continued on page 70*)

HE'S *Naturally* FUNNY





Henry Armetta laughs and the audience rolls in the aisles. Below, the whole family. John, the twins and Mrs. A.

By Kay Osborn

LIFE has just been one bombastic explosion after another for Henry Armetta. Little troubles and big troubles have poured down on his good-natured head . . . which, at those moments, he always thwacks loudly with the flat of his hand. Then he garbles some unintelligible Italian and shuffles off, one shoulder high to the windward. And we—we always roar at his "screen" troubles. We can also laugh at his real troubles now—as Henry himself does—for most of them are a long way off. And today Henry has arrived—arrived at a nice salary of $500 a week, and a comfortable, sure position in the Hollywood ranks. Last year, Henry ranked fourth among the 9,000 thespians in the number of pictures and number of days acting before the cameras.

But 33 years ago, when Henry was fourteen years old, he arrived in this country from Palermo, Italy, as a stowaway. The immigration authorities were going to deny him admittance when an Italian barber, who had had a similar experience when he was a boy, offered to give Henry a home and employment. Henry worked for the barber for several years. Then he graduated to the Lamb's Club in New York, where he became a pants-presser. It was during his second year there that Raymond Hitchcock became attracted by his jovial disposition, and offered him a small part in his production of "Yankee Consul"—thus Henry became an actor. Which meant that his troubles were only just beginning. Those were long, lean, pinch-penny years. If Henry got fifty cents a day for his performances, he considered himself lucky. Some years later he came West to go into pictures. But he was still undiscovered. It wasn't until Henry himself discovered that a few of his natural mannerisms were funny on the screen. He found that people began to laugh every time they saw him. That business of slapping himself on the head, for example. He had done it often in his everyday life but it had never occurred to him to just act natural on the screen, until a doctor called it to his attention. It was this way:

The Armettas were expecting a baby. Their second. They already had one boy, Louis.

"We were broke again, disa time, too," Henry told me. "We wanna da baby, but we don' know how we gonna feed it, unless maybe I get da job. I wait for da doctor to tell me da news. He come out, and he smile, so I know everything is okay. (*Continued on page 111*)

Henry Armetta became famous merely by being himself

She'd Rather Work than Eat . . !



By Charles Darnton

ALL work and no play makes a bright star. Anyway, that's what it threatens to do in this astonishing case.

Do you realize, I wonder, what it means for a humble girl of sixteen to soar to the Hollywood heights in less than two years? Well, it doesn't mean the fitful blaze of glory nor the golden rainbow of reward, but just plain downright hard work.

To be sure, work is nothing new to Jean Parker, who began earning her living before she was seven. What she has done, then, in so remarkably short a time has been wrought out of the toiling pattern of her brief yet eventful life.

Accordingly, I wanted to know about the workaday side of her skyrocketing movie career. And as luck would have it, my appallingly industrious Westwood neighbor was, for once, at home instead of at work.

"Hi!"

An arm shot up, an arm as straight as the arrow-like body itself. There she was, down the road, a slender, vibrant figure in slate-blue slacks and tan sweater, her gypsy hair waving like a plume in the breeze.

"Come on!" she gaily cried. "I've got the whole afternoon off. Let's go some place and have some fun!"

We whirled away to a tree-shaded inn on the far side of green Brentwood. There, I learned, among other things, that little Jean Parker had—

Worked four months without a day off—

Worked sometimes twenty-four hours at a stretch—

Worked until she was so tired she couldn't sleep—

Worked all day, then at night getting supper for a family of four—

Worked until she lost ten pounds—

Worked with dangerous wild animals—

Worked in the face of still more dangerous temptations.

Not a bad record for a good girl, you must agree. But I was amazed even more when I asked what had been the hardest work of all and she said:

"Studying Shakespeare on a P. E. car."

Though I knew "P. E." meant Pacific Electric, I couldn't for the life of me understand what Shakespeare had to do with it.

"That was the first thing I had to do," she explained, "and, as I was going to school at the time, I did it while riding from Pasadena to Culver City. The dramatic coach at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wanted me to learn the potion scene in 'Romeo and Juliet,' then do it for him to see if I was any good."

"You *have* to be good to do that scene," I remarked.

"You're telling me!" she laughed. "I'd read the play, but I simply had no idea what Juliet meant by saying, 'And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth.' I wasn't even sure what a mandrake was—what is it anyhow?"

"It's a kind of wild fruit that isn't very good to eat," I informed her out of my vast intelligence.

"Well," she considered, "I figured it *must* be wild if it shrieked, but how in the world a mandrake could possibly scream had me guessing. I was puzzling over it in that P. E. car when a man next to me got up and left his newspaper on the seat. A fat lady sat down there, then the man came back looking for his paper and was surprised at not seeing it. I wasn't, because the fat lady completely hid it. Like the mandrake I wanted to shriek, but with laughter."

She kicked up her white buckskin heels and keeled over against the wall with a merry yelp. Her head didn't appear above the edge of the table again until I brought it up with:

"What then, after you'd really started working in pictures?"

"Playing Beth in 'Little Women' was the hardest thing I ever did," she solemnly declared. "To begin with, I was scared stiff, for I'd had no real training in acting. I realized I was just an amateur among professionals, and that now for the first time I was in direct competition with them. To make it harder still, I was only sixteen, while the others — Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, a wife and mother, and Frances Dee—were all over twenty-four. I did a lot of thinking about it, and I had plenty of time to do it—my, yes! You see, I had moved to Culver City, and the man with whose family I lived had to be at his work by six in the morning, so he'd drive me over to Hollywood and drop me at the RKO studio. So, while I waited there for three hours every morning, I'd keep saying to myself, 'You've got to be that girl and not let anything else enter your mind.'"

You know how well she succeeded in carrying out that determination. But there was one thing she herself didn't know. Only a day or two before I had read "A Provincial Lady In America,' in which its noted English author, Mrs. Delafield, speaks—and speaks first, if you please—of Miss Parker's performance of Beth as "artistically flawless."

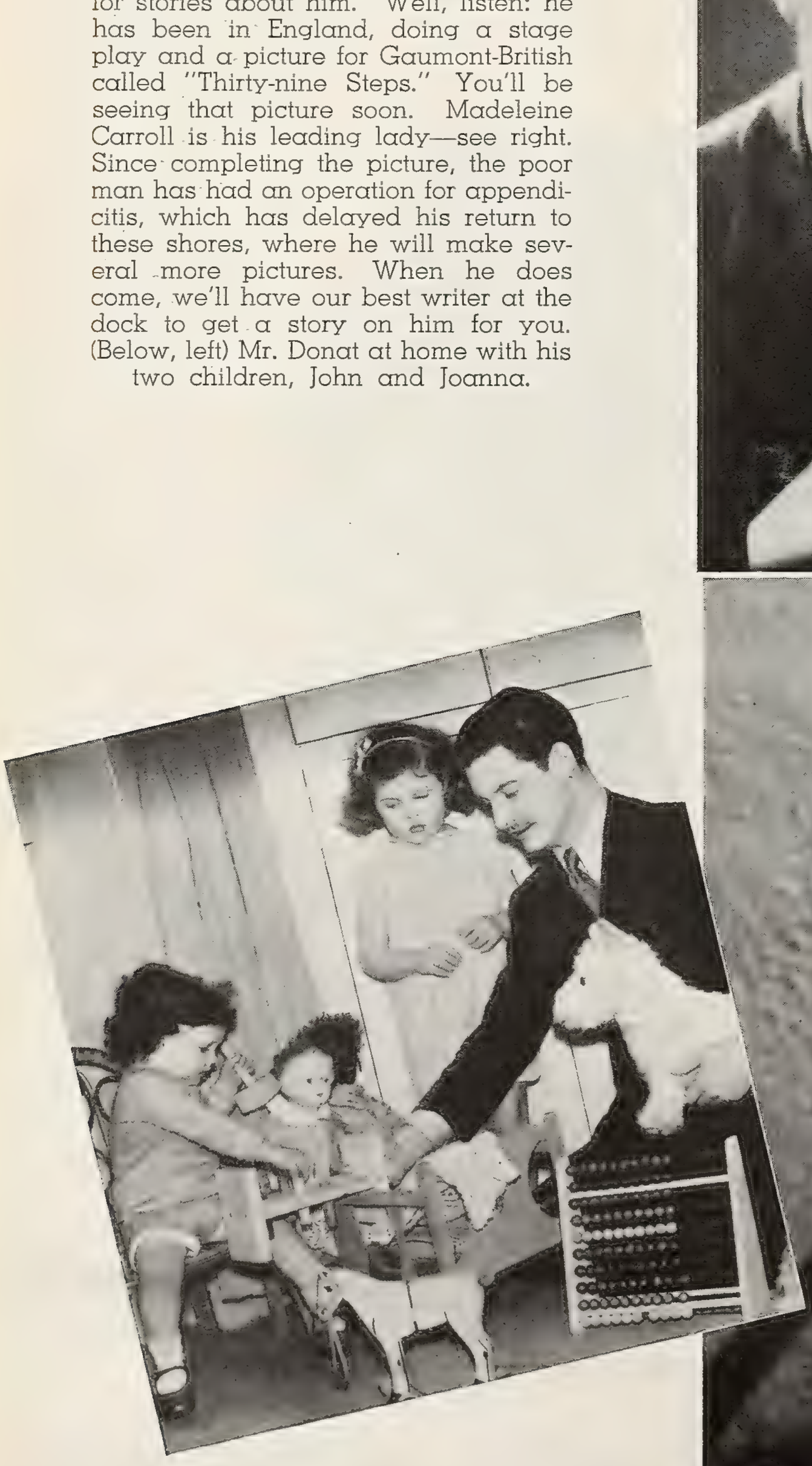
"Oh, that's wonderful!" she delightedly exclaimed, marveling at this high praise from a high source. "I loved Beth myself, but I didn't think (*Continued on page 110*)

Jean Parker's overwhelming ambition will not let her rest

He's coming back to "the States"

Robert Donat fans! Read this and feel a little better. You have been writing this magazine bushels of letters asking about the good-looking English actor who made such a hit in "The Count of Monte Cristo." You have been asking for stories about him. Well, listen: he has been in England, doing a stage play and a picture for Gaumont-British called "Thirty-nine Steps." You'll be seeing that picture soon. Madeleine Carroll is his leading lady—see right. Since completing the picture, the poor man has had an operation for appendicitis, which has delayed his return to these shores, where he will make several more pictures. When he does come, we'll have our best writer at the dock to get a story on him for you. (Below, left) Mr. Donat at home with his two children, John and Joanna.







Don't Call Him Screen Lover!

Charles Boyer tells why he resents "Great Lover tag"

By Carter Bruce

A GREAT lover," said Charles Boyer, "is the most pitiful creature in the world."

That unusual statement, spoken in French, came back to me as I listened to Hollywood gossip. A chorus of excited talk had swirled along the boulevard and through the cafés to label Boyer the latest Don Juan. It was sudden, breathless. The film colony had made a discovery.

It was inevitable, I suppose, that Boyer should be called a great lover. He's always had the reputation, although Hollywood is still ignorant about that. When "Private Worlds" was released, the most hardened critics acclaimed his genius. This Frenchman, they affirmed, had to have a profound understanding of love to deliver such a masterly performance. Then, "Break of Hearts." After the preview the men in the audience swelled the gasping chorus. Here was fascination indeed! Here was subtlety. Here was a penetrating charm which went straight to the heart and left it fatally weak. Here was a new, great lover.

As I listened to this whispered enthusiasm I resolved to finish a conversation which was started, and dropped long ago. When I first met Charles Boyer, in Paris, in 1931.

He was playing, at the time, in "LeVenin." I was present the opening night. The man made such an unusual impression that nothing would do but to make his acquaintance. His reputation, of course, added to my determination. I had heard it mentioned that he was the idol of the Parisian stage. In every salon where smart women foregathered he was an inevitable topic of conversation. I had always wanted to meet an alleged great lover and so, after my unexpected reaction on the opening night, I dropped everything else to search hopefully for a mutual friend. I was surprised. We had several in common.

CHARLES BOYER, it seemed, had a gift for friendship. That, in a sense, was his hobby. Quiet hours spent with stimulating friends were almost his sole recreation. Fortunately for me, he didn't limit his acquaintance to the stage. I was informed, in fact, that he seldom associated with actors. He preferred the company of lawyers, business men, politicians, and particularly writers. It was in the literary circle that I discovered our mutual friends. Paul Hariat, one of the friends, was glad to grant my request.

It was arranged to meet Boyer in his dressing room after the performance. As we waited, back stage, I watched a perspiring call boy hurry back and forth into his room with boxes neatly tied in colored ribbons. "Flowers, cigarettes, candy," grunted Paul, with a look of disdain. Sometimes the boy carried a scented billet-doux which he merely tossed on the table to add to the growing heap. It was fantastic. To my expression of astonishment, Paul merely replied that all women were fools.

He told me, leaning against the wall and sucking his cigarette, a little of Boyer's history. The spasmodic applause we often heard was well deserved, he said. Boyer had earned it. He had labored like a titan. Ever since he was a little boy he had followed his single objective—to become great on the stage. Peasants and artisans always gathered in Figeac whenever he recited in school. But his father was a successful (*Contined on page 92*)





He was France's premier matinee idol for several years and now he promises to become ours. At left, you see Boyer alone and in a romantic close-up with Katharine Hepburn from "Break Of Hearts." It's thrilling!



Ginger and Fred Astaire in one of the swell dance numbers from the now immortal "Roberta." You'll see more fast and clever footwork by them in "Top Hat."



Ginger is one of those frank girls who can admit her mistakes and knows how to go about correcting them, too.

Ginger Rogers con

THIS interview was almost prevented by a horse. That was Ginger Rogers' story and it looked as if I was going to be stuck with it! It happened this way: Ginger and I had a date for lunch. She was late, twenty minutes late. But that wasn't the horse's fault—that's still another story.

I sat at a table in the RKO restaurant and tried to look interested in the menu. I know it by heart. Suddenly Ginger burst in. She sat down breathlessly. She had on blue gabardine slacks, no make-up, a perky brown tam and a gay orange and tan sweater. Ginger grinned, "I'm awfully sorry I was late, but honestly I couldn't help it!" She pointed an accusing finger. "It was all his fault." The guy whose fault it was turned out to be Bernard Newman, the designer of her costumes.

Ginger said, "I tried my darnedest to get here on time, but you know how

DO THAT AGAIN



Too much make-up is one of the youthful mistakes that she never will make again. Above, Ginger at eighteen.



As the predatory young gal in "Star of Midnight," Ginger lifts her glass to Mr. Bill Powell, threatening him with matrimony!

fesses some human frailties she won't be guilty of again

it is when you go shopping. I tried on every hat in the store and looked at every dress sample that they had! Things I need for 'Top Hat.' We start shooting Monday." She scanned the bill of fare eagerly and ordered a small fruit salad and a large orange juice.

While we waited for our orders, I explained to this freckled, frank young lady, "I want to know what mistakes you've made that you'd never make again. You know what I mean. Both professional life and private life miscues. Little things you may have done that hurt someone else or yourself. Things you've learned from those mistakes. We all make them. We're ashamed of them and ourselves afterward. What have you on your conscience, Ginger?"

She crinkled her nose thoughtfully. "I've made plenty of mistakes—I guess we all do. The difficulty is in remembering my worst ones! Number one is that, like everybody else, I've a tendency to tell too many white lies. I'm always so afraid of hurting someone's feelings by telling the truth, no matter how much it should be told.

"But I think that we actually do them greater harm in telling them what they want to hear. I've often fibbed when I knew that I should tell the truth and wake them up. In the end they have a lot of worries they might have been spared if they'd heard the truth when they should have. I'll make stout resolutions never to say anything but the truth and then I'll turn right around the next minute and double-cross myself.

"The trouble with both white lies and the truth, though, is that we carry them to such extremes. I've said things I could bite off my tongue for! Someone asks you to be frank and you get too frank, I imagine. We're all afraid of hurting somebody's feelings and when you realize that you've done just that you're perfectly miserable. I know I am."

JUST THEN Gene Raymond, who had the table across from us, pointed at Ginger and exclaimed, "I know her. She's in pictures. I saw her walk across the screen in 'Roberta'." Ginger grinned back. "I've seen you in pictures, too! You're Clark Gable, aren't you?" Mr. Raymond subsided. I mentioned that I'd preferred "Roberta" to "The Gay Divorcee." Ginger said, "It's pretty hard to do a sequel. And, gosh, in this next picture Fred Astaire and I are making we do one routine like that in 'Roberta' and one similar to a routine from 'The Gay Divorcee'! (*Continued on page 105*)

By Caroline Somers Hoyt



TRY THIS ON YOUR NEIGHBORS

By Gladys Hall

HOLLYWOOD, in case you don't know it, is scavenger-hunt conscious. Or unconscious. It is not surprising, at any hour of the day or night, to find Jean Harlow removing your grand piano or Bing Crosby in your hair abstracting kid curlers.

The Younger Set—Una Merkel and Anita Louise and Tom Brown and Mary Carlisle and Jean Parker and others—seem to make a weekly habit of scavengering the town until the gardens are denuded and the mansions of the humble and exalted are stripped bare.

They remove the food from under the eyes of their fellow stars, they rip babies from their mothers' arms, and the chin out of chinchilla coats, the mortgages off'n the roofs, the very make-up from celebrated faces.

Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls have a very unpleasant definition for the noun known as *scavenger*: "A street-cleaner; an animal that feeds on carrion, as the buzzard" . . . Which really make Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls liable to apologies to the starry scavengers of Hollywood. Not, I am sure, that they ever thought of Jean Harlow in the terms of a buzzard . . .

The potency and penetration of the epidemic is all the more marked when it becomes known that Maureen O'Sullivan has succumbed. For Maureen plays a lone hand in Hollywood. She seldom ever goes around with any of the picture people. She hasn't a girl friend to her Irish name. She never goes to parties. She doesn't more than nod pleasantly even to the people she plays with in pictures. She has no social life. Occasionally she will have a small dinner party for three or four people—on the night before the scavenger hunt she was having the British Consul and his wife, John McCormick, the singer, and, of course, John Farrow to dine with her.

IN FACT, the greatest feat scavenging has ever achieved is the scavenging of Maureen herself. More about that later on.

Did you know that when Maureen or Jean or any of the stars go on these hunts they must be accompanied by another person and are followed by a police escort—an officer astride a motorcycle. It's excellent practice for the police force. It gives them postgraduate courses in sleuthing.

Anyway, I went on a scavenger hunt with Maureen and that night of teasing thievery is not likely to fade from my memory while the brain cells function . . .

We met at Maureen's apartment. Una Merkel and her

husband, Bob Montgomery and wife, Anita Louise and Tom Brown, Jean Parker and Madge Evans and Mary Carlisle and four or five others were there.

I was elected to accompany Maureen. And almost immediately we started forth on our "assignments" pleasantly pursued by an officer of the law. We set forth at seven p. m. We were to join the other hunters again at the hour of midnight.

Our first little commission was to retrieve a five-dollar gold piece which had been dropped at an earlier hour into the bottom of Freddie March's swimming pool. Maureen had consulted her list before leaving. And she is nothing if not thorough. The night being balmy and Maureen a healthy girl she put on a swimming suit under her tweed suit and we set out.

THERE appeared to be a party in progress at Freddie's. We left our car and pussy-footed it around the French-Normandy estate to the pool. Trailing us always—you must bear this in mind—was the officer. Maureen cast off the tweed habiliments. She made a swift and skillful dive. The silver waters were slenderly riven and some three minutes later Maureen appeared on the surface, a bit of gold gleaming between her teeth. She looked like a Nereid rising from magic waters and she had her coin!

There was an electric heater in one of the bath houses. I turned it on and Maureen dried off, while the officer discreetly turned his head the other way. Maureen donned her outer suit and we were on our way again with the officer muttering things about his great-grandmother who had died of pneumonia from such "goings-on" . . .

We sped next to the home of Clark Gable in Brentwood. Maureen's orders were to remove a dinner plate filled with dinner from the Gable table. So skeptical was Bob Montgomery that later when he inspected the dinner plate and contents carefully he called Clark's home and roused Clark from his midnight slumbers to check with him as to what he had had for dinner that night. He implied that he suspected us of having bought a dinner at the Vendôme, the Brown Derby or some such place. Clark said, rather emptily, that he hadn't had any dinner as same had been taken out of his very mouth by one Maureen O'Sullivan. But he added gallantly that starvation at such sweet hands was a paltry price to pay, although Mrs. Gable would like to have her dinner plate returned!

Norma Shearer's house at Santa Monica was our next stop. Our orders there called for the removal of a bath brush and hand towel from the bathroom. Maureen said, "That's because Norma always looks so clean—one associates soap and water and freshness with her." When we arrived at the house Mr. and Mrs. Thalberg were out for the evening. The servants were at home. But not one of them could speak one word of English. We tried the sign-language (*Continued on page 90*)



Scavenger hunting is a favorite Hollywood pastime. It's fun to hear Maureen O'Sullivan tell about it

Illustrated by Hamilton Greene

IT'S THRILLING TO BE AN *Actress*



Kay says, "Independence is the supreme thrill, it is the one I am working for." She says other amazing things in this sincere discussion of her thrilling existence.

By Faith Service

I SAID to Kay, "Isn't it thrilling, *really,* to be an actress?"

Kay's moonstone eyes in the camellia whiteness of her face focused on me in that soft, sometimes unseeing look of hers. She said, "Thrilling to be an actress? Why, I'd never thought about it. But—yes, thrilling. . . ." And the word "thrilling" *seems* thrilling when Kay says it in that velvety, throbbing voice of hers.

She said, "It's thrilling but not, to me at any rate, in the way you probably think. It's thrilling to me, first and foremost, for this reason—because all women love to be loved and a screen actress is loved, not by one or a dozen, but by thousands and even millions all over the world. It is thrilling because all women love to be admired and even envied by other women and a screen actress, deservedly or not, is admired and envied by legions of other women.

"It's thrilling to me to go to sleep at night and feel that all over the world people are seeing me and caring about me. It's being more alive than I've ever been before. It's being more conscious of my own existence. It's so warm, this feeling. All of life is magnified. All of love is multiplied . . . it is truly thrilling."

Just at that moment, Kay was called back to the set.

I had approached that set, where "Living On Velvet" was being made, a few moments before. And I had seen, as I neared the set, the figure of Kay, swathed in mink, and by her side, elegant in evening attire, gone a little gray and the more devastating because of it, sat George Brent.

Ha, I thought, I'll bet it's thrilling to be an actress! Mink—and George Brent—what more do you want? No wonder pretty little stenographers and small-town Susans envy the Kays and the Joans, as they pull on their dollar-ninety-five sweaters, hold hands with the gas-station Galahads and sigh, "There, but for the grace of God, go I!"

I reached the set, all primed to ask my question about the supreme thrillingness of being an actress. Kay and George were perched on teetery stools at what was built to resemble a "Quick Lunch" counter. They were dunking doughnuts in coffee. Back of the counter stood Edgar Kennedy, regarding them with a cold and fishy eye. They themselves wore looks of despair (and dyspepsia) under their studio make-ups. Director Frank. Borzage amiably was enjoining them to remember that

Kay Francis finds her life thrilling, but for different



In this scene from "Living On Velvet" Kay, George Brent and Warren William feed a dog—but there was a scene where sixty-nine doughnuts became a trial!



And here is a scene from "The Goose and the Gander"—the newest Francis and Brent team work. How do you like this pair of brunettes together?

this scene was comedy, not tragedy, as it appeared!

There was a pause in the scene, during which Kay and I had the few words recorded above. Then came another pause while the crew made ready for the next take. Kay and George bolted for the nearest exit there to remove from their mouths the last bite of doughnut. They came back to me, saying weakly, "We have eaten *sixty-nine* doughnuts since morning! We have eaten doughnuts in the silent shots, in the sound shots, in the close-ups, in the process shots. We are still eating doughnuts. We are going to continue to eat doughnuts. . . ."

GEORGE SAID, reflectively, "There was that woman who yawned for eight days—*she* was front page news—"

Kay murmured, "We have eaten doughnuts for eight hours—"

George observed dispassionately and to no one in particular, "Doughnuts to you!" and strolled off to his dressing-room and soda bicarb!

Kay, released from doughnutting for half an hour, took me off to a couple of camp chairs, a glass of water and a pair of companionable cigarettes. She sank down beside me.

I called to her doughnut-distracted mind the question before the house. I said firmly, "But it *is* thrilling to be an actress, isn't it? You know, the old glamor stuff, the back-stage mystery. Lovely ladies who are pulled through the streets in their carriages by human hands . . . gallant gentlemen who die with a white glove crumpled in their hands . . . temperament, freedom, fever . . . that sort of thing?"

Kay regarded me with a jaundiced eye. I am afraid she murmured, "Doughnuts. . . ."

She rallied and said, "I suppose so. The great thrill to me is as I have told you . . . the warm feeling of being cared about by thousands of people. Some few of them have names and identities, most of them have not. But they are there—absent lovers—and I am conscious of them. There is one young girl in England who has written me daily for years. She works and saves too great a part of her money, I am afraid, to send me charming and thoughtful gifts. That is the sort of thing I mean. In the ordinary walks of life, if we have half a dozen real friends and perhaps a dozen 'admirers,' we are very fortunate—and very popular. An actress multiplies these friends and these (*Continued on page 88*)

reasons than you'd imagine a famous star would have

WHEN THEY WERE

Katherine Albert tells you how Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, Margaret Sullavan, and others beat the school of hard knocks



Above, Brock Pemberton, a famous Broadway producer.



Pemberton gave Claudette her first role. He saw her talent.



Walter Huston went from vaudeville to stage via Pemberton.



Above, Margaret Sullavan; below, Fred March—stars today.



JUST OFF the teeming thoroughfare, called Broadway, in a busy theatrical office, sits a man who can point to a dozen of the most glamorous and exciting picture stars and say, "I gave them their first jobs." His name is Brock Pemberton, producer of such hits as "Enter Madame," "Miss Lulu Bett," "Strictly Dishonorable" and now "Personal Appearance" and "Ceiling Zero."

For years bright faced girls and eager boys have gone in and out of his office, each one hoping for the magic words, "You'll do"—and a chance to play a role, no matter how small.

Pemberton is noted for being a discoverer of talent. He takes untried youngsters and trains them because, he says, "It's fun." He has an uncanny instinct for knowing instantly who has undeveloped talent and who is without the magic spark. But how? What did people like Claudette Colbert, Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, Robert Montgomery, George Brent, Margaret Sullavan, Muriel Kirkland, Tullio Carminati and Walter Huston have which got them chosen, while hundreds of others were cooling their heels in Pemberton's office without receiving a glance from the producer?

FOR AT the time Pemberton remembers them, these boys and girls were, in appearance and desire at least, just like thousands of other ambitious ones, padding up and down Broadway looking for jobs. Yet these chosen few rose to the fame they now enjoy. They "got the break." But they had something to begin with, something that Pemberton was able to see when they sat, nervous and eager, before him. This magic spark, whatever it was, needed only a touch to release the flame of their talents.

So let's turn back the clock of Brock Pemberton's memory and look at them when they sat, young and untried, waiting, waiting, waiting in an outer office.

Pemberton was casting a play called "Puppets." The principals were all assigned to their roles but there was still a small woman's part to be filled. An actress Pemberton had used in several successful plays, a Frenchwoman, told him of a cute girl, born in France, but who had lived in this country for a long time and who had great stage possibilities. And so Claudette Colbert was given a ten minute interview with the producer.

Nervous as she was, much as she fidgeted with the end of her handkerchief, the (*Continued on page 108*)

JOB-HUNTING . .

Kay Osborn tells you how Hepburn, Bob Montgomery, Mary Boland and Douglass Montgomery were told, "You'll never be a star!"

"KATHARINE HEPBURN came to me in New York, with an introductory letter from a mutual friend, looking for a career on the stage. That was six or seven years ago, and what I know now, I expected then. It was her first visit to a producer's office. She had all the ear-marks of an amateur." Edwin Knopf, writer, producer, director and actor, now at M-G-M, leaned back and smiled as he reminisced.

"I dislike amateurs," he went on. "I always have disliked them, and there was no doubt about her being one the minute she walked into my office. She really looked about as unimportant as a schoolgirl can be. She was very serious and very intense about wanting to be an actress, but even that didn't impress me. I had seen that kind before! She didn't look as though she had anything and I very quickly told her so. I told her to go back to Bryn Mawr and finish her schooling, and then to marry some nice man and forget about the stage. She said that she would go back and finish her schooling, but she wouldn't forget about the stage. And as for marrying some nice young man! Well, she was very scornful on that subject."

"'I'LL COME back to see you after graduation,' she said, undaunted. I told her not to bother. I'd be in Baltimore by then, preparing for my summer stock company.

"But that didn't seem to discourage her and she went away with the same spirit that brought her in. I shook my head in despair. Why did untalented little things like that always want to go on the stage! That was the trouble with the stage. There were too many of them on it already.

"I had forgotten about her completely until she showed up again in Baltimore. I was rehearsing Mary Boland in "The Czarina."

"'Well, here I am!' she said.

"I could not even remember her name. I just looked at her.

"'I came down to work for you,' she said, with confidence.

"I told her to run along like a good girl. My company was complete. And I couldn't turn it into a school of acting. It was, after all, a professional stock company.

"Then she asked me if she could stay and just watch me rehearse. I told her that I *never* let anybody watch a rehearsal . . . that it disturbed (*Continued on page 109*)



Edwin Knopf, writer, producer and director, now at M-G-M.



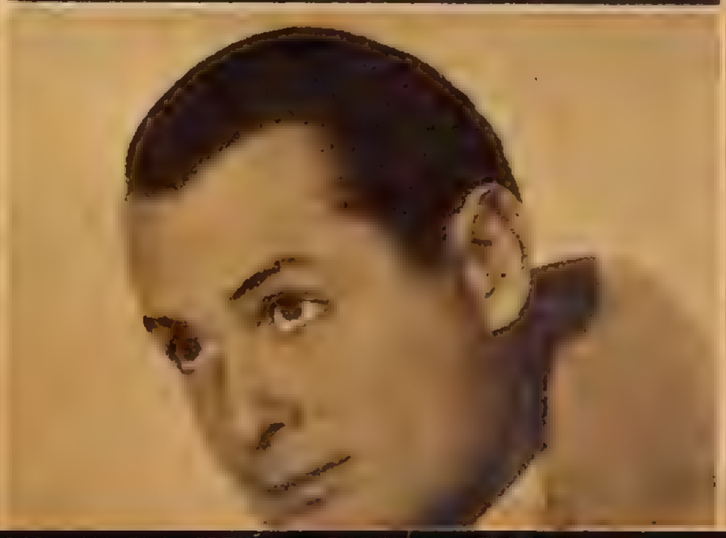
Above, Hepburn, who he said would never, never be a star!



Douglass Montgomery, matinee idol of Knopf's stock troupe.



Above, Mary Boland; below, Bob Montgomery, once in stock.



Alice Faye is an honest rough diamond in a town of polished glass

Hollywood CAN'T CHANGE ME!

By Richard English

"WHAT'S HOLLYWOOD taught me?" Alice Faye lifted a quizzical eyebrow, smiled a half smile and said with the husky voice that does torch songs so well, "First of all, you're a sucker if you let it change you! You notice the build-up on every new player: 'In all the world, never has there been a sensation like this!' Or 'A new, dynamic and different personality.' Sure—but just try and be different in in Hollywood!

"They sign you up because you're a new type of screen personality. You get one picture released and then the remodeling starts. The tearer-downers come in. Then the builder-uppers. They'll remodel you from toe nails to your teeth while you're supposed to grin and bear it."

Hollywood prides itself on being able to change a gal's coiffure, character and disposition with all the ease of the guy on the flying trapeze. Publicity men gayly will furnish you with an exotic past, two ancestors clinging to the rail of the Mayflower and a background that makes O. Henry seem tame. But Alice Faye's been doin' Hollywood wrong! She ain't changed a bit.

I know what I'm talking about, too. I met her through Rudy Vallee the day she stepped into her first leading role, her first day's work in pictures. Lilian Harvey had stepped out of the first "George White's Scandals" the day before and executives had chosen Alice for the role without even the formality of a screen test. One peek at her beauty, another peek at her in an abbreviated chorus costume, a second spent listening to her husky recording of "Oh, You Nasty Man!" and Alice was on her way. But she'd rather have been on her way back to New York and she still feels that way! Just listen to this:

"I think it's all rather silly myself! They tell you to be yourself, to sell your own personality on the screen, not to be an imitator. Then they'll turn around and explain that you ought to quit doing this and start doing that. That your coiffure is perfectly ducky, darling, but let's try it this way. They get in your hair in more ways than one! They'll even want to change your voice, so help me!"

Alice was getting up steam. She shook a Faye finger under the English schnozzle. "You've known me longer than any other writer, haven't you, Dick? You remember how I wanted to go back to New York after my first picture, 'George White's Scandals?' That was a little over a year ago. I'm just finishing my fifth picture now, the second 'George White's Scandals.' I've had a year to think it over. And I still think I'd have been smarter to have gone back to Broadway after that first one."

SHE CURLED her legs under her on the huge divan and waved a pillow at me, menacingly. I was fiddling with the olive in my martini.

"Want another?" Alice inquired.

I shook my head dutifully. "This is business. I'm here to do a story on you, Miss Faye!" Alice took careful aim with the pillow.

"English, will you

(Continued on page 107)

Lovers FOR A DAY

Henry Wilcoxon's greatest emotional experience

By Dell Hogarth

I WAS with her for no more than twelve hours in my life. But I'll remember her always. . . ."

Henry Wilcoxon spoke with a dreamy thoughtfulness which arrested my attention instantly. We were in his apartment. A few hours before we had witnessed the preview of "The Crusades." The thunderous applause of the audience still echoed in Hank's ears as he lolled in an easy chair with his old, blue bathrobe and his slippers providing a welcome comfort. His meerschaum pipe was clamped in his teeth. Somehow, as we idly discussed the picture, our conversation veered to the character of that hard-bitten warrior whom Hank portrayed—Richard the Lion Hearted. When this swashbuckler was swearing, carousing, and conquering in Normandy he fell in love with a simple wench. He was with her but for a day. But, thereafter, some historians affirm, her memory lingered throughout his life.

Could such a thing be? Could such an ephemeral experience endure, when longer relationships are quickly forgotten? Men, notoriously, are swift to forget. It didn't seem possible.

But Hank argued the point doggedly. Of course it was possible. He knew. He had loved someone for one day—and he would never, never forget her.

I stared at him. The argument I was about to fling back died on my lips. It was apparent that he was quite sincere. His mood had altered immediately with that declaration. As he watched a cloud of smoke curl upward into the shadows of the vaulted ceiling, his eyes assumed a far-away look. He was thinking of the past.

I pressed him to go on. To tell me the story.

"PERHAPS it will do me good to tell somebody else about it. I never have before. You see, it is the greatest emotional experience I have ever had in my life. And it will sound fantastic.

"I saw her first in Cardiff, Wales. It was for only an instant. I was walking back to my hotel after the show one night to get some exercise. The night was raw, but I chose a circuitous route which led down by the harbor. Few people were about at that hour. Fog horns tooted dismally as ships crawled up the mouth of the Severn. But, in its way, it was beautiful. Fog blotted out the ugly warehouses. It swirled around lamp posts and made the naked trees seem like twisted gnomes. I turned down a side street. As I passed a lamp post, she went in the opposite direction. In that brief (*Continued on page 96*)



"IF I WERE POOR"—

By Julie Lang Hunt

FOUR Hollywood stars, with clothes to burn and salaries to dream about, inspired this story.

Four Hollywood stars, whose wardrobe worries, if any, can be whittled down to the slight irritation of too numerous fittings, offer four sound and workable plans to the girl who is badgered by the carking problem of dressing well on the weekly remains of a twenty-five-dollar salary, or less. And these four Hollywood stars know what they're talking about.

There is Jeanette MacDonald who hit upon a "way out" of the perennial and cantankerous clothes quandary when she was taking her first insecure steps toward a stage career.

There is Claudette Colbert, who learned from her mother the French woman's deft theorem for dressing with dash as well as with rigid economy.

There is Ginger Rogers who still can recall vividly the time when her mother managed to keep both of them fed, and, Ginger, at least, decently clothed on her stenographer's stipend of nine dollars a week.

And then there is Kay Francis with a plan so subtly skillful that it can be made to work smoothly for the girl with a large or a microscopic income.

Jeanette MacDonald's solution to the twenty-five-dollar-a-week conundrum is simple—so simple it can be summed up in three words—learn to sew.

"SEWING," she says, "is the sharpest and most effective weapon the smart business girl has when she takes on the battle of wresting rent, food and a few good clothes from the average salary of twenty-five dollars a week.

"If I were faced now with a clothes-tight budget, I would rush out and find the nearest city public school that offered a night sewing class. I would enroll immediately and even if I pricked my fingers with clumsiness and loathed the very sight of a threaded needle, I'd stick until I had learned how to copy a Chanel model so that the couturier herself couldn't choose between the original and my handiwork.

"Two or three nights a week devoted to the laborious mysteries of sewing means giving up parties, dancing and fun, and that is not easy, I'll admit. But the joy of a really adequate and smart wardrobe is worth such bitter sacrifice to most of us women."

Jeanette MacDonald would acquire the sewing habit and haunt the bargain sales.





Ginger Rogers offers a share-your-wardrobe plan which worked out for her once.

Now Jeanette ran smack into this sewing solution rather recently when she discovered the magic wrought in the personal wardrobe of a friend who had attended a series of these night classes in costume designing and dressmaking. Jeanette learned from her that within a few lessons, complicated frocks were put into work in these classes and that by the end of a single season, tailored

Any one of the plans offered by these four stars will solve your clothes-budget problem



Kay Francis, one of Hollywood's best-dressed, would do wonders with an accessory wardrobe.



A clever clothes-buying system would keep Claudette Colbert in the well-dressed class.

coats and suits were manageable without supervision.

"More women should know about this opportunity offered by practically every school system in the country and what great happiness this free instruction can bring into the lives of young girls who appreciate the beauty and importance of good clothes.

"IN MY own case, such knowledge would have ironed out a lot of rough going when I was getting my start on the stage. Clothes were almost as important to me as my singing lessons, but most of the family funds went for the latter.

"I still can remember a number of adolescent moments that were black with anguish because I felt the frock I was wearing was too obviously made-over, out-of-style and not up to the occasion.

"No one but the girl who has had to wear a few makeshifts in her life knows the sheer pain such concessions can cause."

Now Jeanette has still another plan that, when coupled with the sewing idea, offers an unlimited field of wardrobe miracles to the budget-harried girl.

Away back in those "getting started" days, she had her few frocks made by an inexpensive seamstress. During her many shopping tours for bargain materials she devised her own clever and money-saving scheme which she called "buying backward."

This plan is also simple. One merely sits tight and waits for the announcement of the early spring sales of all the succulent winter velvets, and lavish mid-January metal cloth and fine woolens. Such materials are always marked below cost just before Easter to make way for the spring and summer silks and cottons.

"It requires some staunch will power," Jeanette admits, "to spend money on yardage that cannot be used for fully six months. But when autumn arrives, your whole winter wardrobe lies waiting in a moth-proof corner, ready for scissors and pins and bastings, and waiting at a tremendous bargain at that."

CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S contribution is not so much a plan as it is a tradition, one that has been handed down through the years from French mothers to their daughters.

The true Parisienne is taught from childhood to practice the gay deception of looking like a million dollars (or is it francs?) but never, never spending the millions, even when and if they are available.

"I was taught to make old clothes do, rather than replace them with anything that was new and cheap," Claudette explained to me. "A winter coat was made to last season after season, with a possible change of fur for the collar. Somehow it never appeared shabby or demoded, because it was an excellent coat to begin with.

"A party dress was made from the best silk obtainable so it would stand up under many cleanings and then a good dye job when it went into its third year. All frocks were safeguarded against the ups and downs of the mode with deep hems, and were made over at least once."

If Claudette should suddenly (*Continued on page 100*)

Vacationing?

HERE'S WHAT TO WEAR







Maureen O'Sullivan's shorts and La Evans' tennis suit.

Elizabeth Allan's comfortable flannel sailing togs.

WHEN it comes to play clothes, we get right down to the favorite subject of most Hollywood stars. Despite all the elegant and glamorous clothes worn on the screen, Hollywood, in its play hours, relaxes in just the sort of knock-about outfits that you and I want to pack into our vacation and week-end bags.

The only way Hollywood can forget its terrific routine of hard work is to get out under the sun—bicycle, swim, play tennis, sail and dash down to Palm Springs or up to Arrowhead Springs for a brief rest. And what the smart Cinema-ites wear in these out-of-role, off-screen interludes is what interests us most right about this time

Time to pack your bags!

by Adelia Bird



Dorothy Tree in a linen crash suit that does not wrinkle.

Maureen's pink linen suspender play suit.

Ann Dvorak's hat and Carole Lombard going "Tahitian!"

of the year when we're vacation-minded.

First of all, let me assure you that our pictures this month represent costumes that you can wear on almost any type of vacation unless, of course, you insist upon going to Alaska! They're all smart and right for you girls who live in every point of the compass.

Maureen O'Sullivan packs her shorts and shirts first, then gets around to more conventional garb afterwards. Actively interested in sport, Maureen puts workman-like, comfortable clothes at the head of her vacation list—that's why she likes shorts so much. Two of these pet outfits are shown here. On page 64 you see her plaid linen crash play suit with matching skirt which converts it into a sleeveless summer sports dress. Blue and red the color scheme, with large white buttons on both the skirt and suit. This is a grand outfit for week-ends because it gives you the much desired two-in-one affair and eliminates the necessity of having to find a place for both shorts and an extra sports dress.

Suspenders add a nice individual detail to the usual shorts-and-shirt combination for another of Maureen's vacation costumes. Pink linen for the full short trousers and the buttoned-on suspenders The plaid gingham blouse combines pink with several other harmonizing shades.

Summer week-ends and holidays are here again



B. V. D. Bathing Suits

Maureen's white canvas sneakers and white socks are worn with her play suits and with slacks.

Madge Evans and I were discussing sports clothes one day and she made several very interesting observations about her preferences.

"If I had my way," she said, "I would have only two types of costumes in my closet—sports and evening things!"

I said that was my idea, too, but that our busy lives never permitted us to specialize quite so strictly.

"Well, fortunately," she continued, "our lives in Hollywood are arranged so that we can nearly have just such a wardrobe, if we wish. You see, I like to relax completely in my off-screen hours and I find that real sports clothes are the best for both lounging and playing. When I have to dress up, it is usually for formal parties where I am forced to wear evening clothes."

I asked her what she thought (*Continued on page 98*)

Smart suits for active swim-nastics and sun basking

We asked Society Women why they Prefer Camels —



No bothered nerves for Mrs. Allston Boyer

"Refreshing," says Mrs. Robert R. Hitt

No "Nerves"!

"Every one is gay now and almost every one is smoking Camels," replied Mrs. Allston Boyer. "I can smoke as many as I want and they never upset my nerves. Lots of people have told me the same thing. And I notice that if I'm tired, smoking a Camel freshens me up."

Flavor!

"In the enjoyment of smoking, Camels certainly make a difference," answered Miss Mary de Mumm (below). "Their flavor is so smooth and mild that you enjoy the last one as much as the first. I'm sure that's one reason they are so extremely popular." More expensive tobaccos!



"Flavor," says Miss Mary de Mumm

Mildness!

"Camels have such a grand, mild flavor, and that's because they have more expensive tobaccos in them," said Miss Dorothy Paine (below). "Every one is smoking them now."

Women do appreciate mildness in a cigarette, and the additional happy fact that Camels never bother the nerves! Camel's more expensive tobaccos make a real difference . . . in mildness, flavor, and pleasure.

So Refreshing!

"Sometimes you are apt to smoke more than usual," said Mrs. Robert R. Hitt, "and I notice that Camels never upset my nerves. In fact, if I'm a bit tired, I find that smoking a Camel rests me—I have a sense of renewed energy."

Camels give you just enough "lift." They contain finer, more expensive tobaccos . . . Turkish and Domestic . . . than any other popular brand. Smoke one and see.

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*

MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*

MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*

MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*

MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*

MRS. BYRD W. DAVENPORT, *New York*

MRS. HENRY FIELD, *Chicago*

MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *New York*

MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, *Chicago*

MRS. LANGDON POST, *New York*

MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE, *New York*



Mildness is what Miss Dorothy Paine prefers in Camels

© 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos — Turkish and Domestic — than any other popular brand



Beautiful

Virginia Bruce one of Hollywood's most beautiful women and one of the screen's most promising young actresses. In a brief year she has emerged as a striking personality. Hollywood swains lose their hearts to her but she shows no favoritism. You'll see her next in "Let 'Em Have It" with Dick Arlen. Also in "Masquerade."

"Doctor, how do Skin Faults first Begin?"

AN INTELLIGENT QUESTION AUTHORITATIVELY ANSWERED—



1 What causes Lines?

Lines result when the *under* tissues grow thin and wasted, and the outer skin does not change correspondingly. It falls into tiny creases—the lines you see. To help this, nutrition of the under tissues must be stimulated.

2 Are Blackheads just Dirt?

Blackheads are due to clogged pores. Most often, this clogging comes from *within the skin*. Overactive glands give off a thickish substance that clogs the pores. The tip dries. Darkens. Collects dirt. Proper cleansing will remove the blackhead. Rousing treatment of the under tissues will prevent further clogging.

3 What makes Blemishes come?

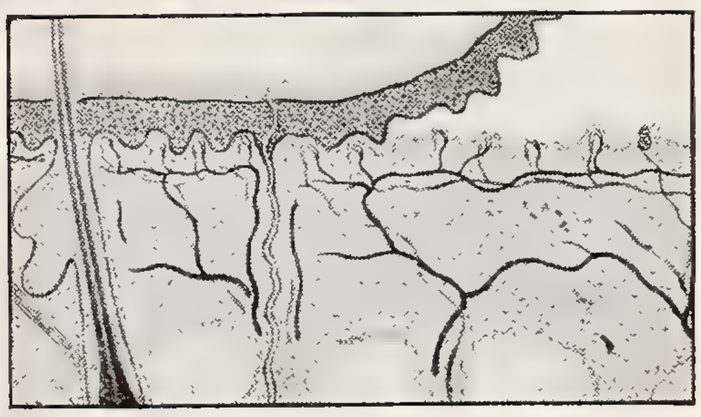
"Blemishes" are the final stage of blackheads. They form when the clogging accumulation in the pores presses on the surrounding *under* tissues and causes inflammation. They are avoided by removing the blackheads that cause them. When blemishes are many and persistent, a physician should be consulted.

4 Can Coarse Pores be reduced?

Pores are naturally smaller in some skins than in others. They become enlarged through being clogged and stretched by secretions from *within the skin*. They can be reduced by removing the clogging matter and keeping the skin free from further clogging.

5 When do Tissues start to Sag?

Sagging is rarely noticeable before 30 to 35. Then the rounded contour is lost—notably in neck, chin and cheek line, and under the eyes. Here the skin sags, due to loss of tone in the fibres *underneath* the skin, to fatty degeneration of the muscles, diminished circulation, failing nutrition of the underskin. To avoid sagging, keep the under tissues toned.



The Underskin—where Skin Faults begin

If you could see through the epidermis into your underskin, you would discover an amazing network of tiny blood vessels, cells, nerves, fat and muscle tissues, oil and sweat glands! On these depends the beauty of your outer skin. When they grow sluggish, look out for blackheads, coarseness, blemishes, lines—wrinkles!

Mrs. Richard Gedney says: "Pond's Cold Cream leaves my skin fresh, smooth. I am never bothered with blackheads or blemishes."



MRS. GEORGE BOLLING LEE of VIRGINIA

beautiful and distinguished wife of the grandson of the illustrious General Robert E. Lee, says: "Pond's Cold Cream completely erases lines, keeps my contour firm. I use it every night. It seems to lift dust and grime right out of my pores."

Keep *Under Skin* Active

to keep Skin faults away

YOU SEE, from the authoritative answers given above, skin faults practically all begin in your *underskin*.

No matter what the fault, its important needs are keeping the *under* tissues vigorous and the skin *clean*.

Through these two means, Pond's Cold Cream has cherished the beauty of the most fastidious women in the world. For Pond's actually softens lines. Wards off blemishes, blackheads. Makes coarse pores less conspicuous. Firms aging tissues. Softens drying skin. It does these things by means of its deep-skin cleansing and its invigorating effect on the *under* layers of the skin.

EVERY NIGHT, cleanse deep with Pond's Cold Cream. Its specially processed light oils sink deep, flush away every particle of dust, make-up, skin impurities. Cleanse a second time, patting the cream in briskly to rouse the circulation, stimulate the oil glands, invigorate the newly cleansed tissues.

IN THE MORNING—during the daytime, freshen with Pond's. You will be rewarded with the satiny texture that holds make-up evenly—the radiance of a skin kept clean and invigorated to its depths!

Try this a few days. The coupon, with 10¢, brings you enough for 9 treatments. Pond's Cold Cream is pure, germ-free.

***Mail this Coupon*— for Generous Package**

POND'S, Dept. G 50 Clinton Conn.

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

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KOOL
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CIGARETTES

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Extra what?..EXTRA GOOD
FOR YOUR THROAT

News flash! "The nation's throats were reported today to feel definitely cooler and refreshed as smokers in every State are swinging more and more to mildly mentholated KOOLS. Sales are at highest point in history. Smokers report instant refreshment from the very first puff and a worthwhile dividend in the B & W coupon in each pack good for a handsome assortment of nationally advertised merchandise." (Offer good in U.S.A. only.) Write for FREE copy of illustrated premium booklet.
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

SAVE COUPONS *for* HANDSOME PREMIUMS



RALEIGH CIGARETTES . . . NOW AT POPULAR PRICES . . . ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

Reviews

(*Continued from page 47*)

Alice Brady gives her usual excellent performance, this time as the harassed widow on the verge of a nervous breakdown. And well she may be, what with a coupla million superfluous dollars, a daughter (Gloria Stuart) who's beautiful bait for fortune seekers, and a son (Frank McHugh) who's enough to drive any woman mad. Adolphe Menjou will really panic you as the wild-eyed dancing director—particularly when he goes into that dance brandishing the meat cleaver.

It's all light-hearted—and headed—entertainment, and if you're in that mood yourself, it should prove well worth a general admission ticket.

★★★ Four Hours to Kill
(Paramount)

In this you will behold the metamorphosis of Tol'able David. In other words, Richard Barthelmess has had the courage to change his type completely. He plays a hunted criminal—a criminal caught with pathetic swiftness by a detective who, for a refreshing change, is neither wooden-headed nor stone-hearted. Charles G. Wilson plays the minion of the law well. Helen Mack, Gertrude Michael, Joe Morrison and Ray Milland do well enough in smaller parts. Roscoe Karns does a surprising serious bit. The story gets unnecessarily mysterious at points. However, it is pretty fair entertainment. And we think you'll like Barthelmess just as well as an actor as you did when he was a hero.

★★ Party Wire
(Columbia)

Familiarity may breed contempt, but you'll find this small town story entertaining even if you happen to be living in such a place. For it deals with the humorous and tragic results of that insidious thing which even your best friend *will* tell you about—gossip. The moral is to tear down your back fence and tear out your telephone if you hope to escape its consequences. Jean Arthur is the gal in question here, who was once the town belle but suddenly finds herself outside the social pale, her job gone and her lover almost gone—all due to the misinterpretation of an innocent remark made via Mr. Bell's handy gadget.

You'll not only feel sorry for Jean, but appreciate her good acting and looks. Victor Jory is not so convincing as her "young man" but Helen Lowell, as his aunt and the town's dictator, gives an excellent performance—particularly when she collects all the village busybodies in the town hall and gives them a liberal piece of her mind. The pay-off comes when all are chastised and repentant as they return home—but each and everyone quietly picks up the receiver for some listenin' in, the minute the phone rings a neighbor's number.

★★ The People's Enemy
(RKO)

The title was well chosen, anyway, for this picture, as any audience would feel antagonistic towards such a yarn. It is the time-worn and tattered tale of the victory of justice. Now, we firmly believe that justice often *does* win out, but our feelings are hurt when it is pointed out so obviously. Here we have a baddie whose nasty disposition has not been sweetened by three years in the state hoosegow. Escaping with a sneer on his lips and a leer in his eye, he plots to wreak vengeance on his lawyer—who in the meantime has been pretty busy wooing and winning the affections of the convict's wife and cheeild.

You may wonder just where the justice comes in, so far, but you see the lawyer is a model of all the virtues and a pillar of society. It all looks pretty bad, though, until they finally decide to clean up on the desperado and get it all done with. Preston Foster does a good job of making himself obnoxious as the convict, while Melvyn Douglas does a poor job of making himself likable as the lawyer. Lila Lee is adequate as the "woman in the case."

★ Mary Jane's Pa
(Warner Bros.)

This picture is just one of those mistakes that *will* happen in the best regulated studios, but why Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee should be the goats again, makes this domestic tale a first class mystery. What laughingly would be called the plot has to do with another of these chronically charming but irresponsible newspapermen, who finally wanders away from his family and stays eleven years. We didn't blame him for that—but then he comes back. It seems that absence makes even such gentlemen's hearts grow fonder, so imagine Mr. Kibbee's surprise to find that his wife, Aline MacMahon, is contemplating marrying another!

Evidently working on the theory that the way to a woman's heart is through her stomach, the poor man becomes the family cook, just to be near his bad-tempered children and win back his wife. For some unknown reason his wife gives up her good job and good man and takes back the plump, bleary-eyed Guy. Not even a "happy ever after" ending, so the whole picture is a complete waste of time.

★ Chasing Yesterday
(RKO)

We were afraid this would happen. After Anne Shirley's surprising success in "Anne of Green Gables," she was bound to be still orphaned and appealingly naïve in her next picture—but the studio didn't have to cook up *quite* such a hasty story to capitalize on her charms.

There's a thread of plot, but it becomes hopelessly tangled by irrelevant situations. The cast does some good acting, but with such a background their efforts are to little avail. O. P. Heggie is lovable as the scholarly old gentleman who is inveigled by Anne to save her from the boarding-school where she is overworked and misunderstood. Helen Westley is humorous as the crochety old maid principal who cherishes hopes of appealing to Mr. Heggie's finer nature—hopes which are guilefully encouraged by Anne for her own ends. Anne herself still shows signs of becoming a capable actress, given good stories and excellent direction.

Better play solitaire the evening this

(*Continued on page 72*)

"I want my sleep to be beauty sleep—so I never let stale cosmetics choke my pores all night"



STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "SHANGHAI"

says CAROLE LOMBARD

"YES, I use cosmetics," says Carole Lombard, "but thanks to Lux Toilet Soap, I'm not afraid of Cosmetic Skin!"

This lovely screen star knows it is when cosmetics are allowed to *choke the pores* that trouble begins — tiny blemishes appear — enlarging pores — even blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin, always remove cosmetics *thoroughly* the Hollywood way. Lux Toilet Soap has an ACTIVE lather that sinks deep into the pores, safely removes every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day —ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use the gentle, white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have made *their* beauty care for years.



BRIGHT EYE IDEAS



by Jane Heath

EYE THE SUN!

LUCKY the girl who can eye the sun—unafraid . . . of his frank remarks about her beauty! But it isn't so difficult. Apply make-up discreetly. (You know how outspoken friend Sol can be about too much powder, rouge, lipstick!) Then curl your eyelashes with KURLASH. Without heat, cosmetics, or practice, this marvelous little implement gives you a natural beauty point that is *more* flattering in strong sunlight. Your lashes will look longer, darker—sun-silhouetted in lovely shadows. KURLASH $1—and you're a sun-proof beauty right away!



Water Witchery

And let me tell you that even in the full glare of beach or tennis court, a wee bit of colorful eye shadow, SHADETTE, will be almost invisible but most flattering! While LASHTINT, the perfumed liquid mascara, will darken your lashes in an amazingly natural way. Water-proof—so you can wear them swimming! Each only $1!



Sun Shine

Another clever trick! Rub a little KURLENE into your lashes before you face the sun. It will set silken rainbows dancing in them . . . while just a film of it over your upper lids will give you a lovely "dewy" look and guard against sun-wrinkles and dryness. Awfully good for lashes! $1 in nearby stores!

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department G7. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, Toronto 3.

(*Continued from page 70*)

little number comes to your neighborhood theatre.

★★ Swell Head
(Columbia)

Whether you're a baseball fiend or have never heard of the Babe, you won't find this yarn of the diamond boring. And unless your heart is as tough as a baseball mitt, you may even find a tear winding its way down your nose when Terry McCall, the Home Run Special, is blinded by a fast ball and tries to "play the game" anyhow. Sure, it's sentimental, with even pretty Barbara Kent angling for some sniffles from the audience, but there's more'n a few good laughs, too, provided by the antics of the team and Mr. Dickie Moore strutting his stuff.

Wallace Ford as Terry, gives a far better performance than we've come to expect from that gentleman. In fact, the entire cast knows how to "play ball." This picture should boom the gate receipts of every ball park in town.

★ Rendezvous at Midnight
(Universal)

Why such an inane plot should be selected for any picture is more of a mystery than the solution of the murder. There's a smattering of every trick known to the movie factories to intrigue audience interest—love, hate, comedy, tragedy, etc., all jumbled up so one's not quite sure which is which.

Valerie Hobson is the wealthy deb who pays a thousand for a gown without batting an eye, but is simply a-dither over the city police commissioner, Ralph Bellamy. He, poor man, is so blinded by duty that love hasn't a chance—until she is accused of murder, then *la passion* bursts into bloom in his manly bosom and he insists that 'twas he who committed the heinous deed.

The best performance is given by Catherine Doucet, as the proprietor of a gown shop which caters exclusively to the females of the Four Hundred—each of whom she assures is her "favorite customer."

★★ People Will Talk
(Paramount)

Charles Ruggles is still at the mercy of Mary Boland in their current matrimonial venture. The story is flatter'n the proverbial pancake except for the determined efforts of these two to provide the expected quota of giggles with a few guffaws thrown in for good measure.

Mr. and Mrs. have been united in the holy bonds for twenty-three years with not a single note of discord (attention, Mr. Ripley) when their daughter, Leila Hyams, announces her intention of Renovating her practically new husband. Tch! Tch! say mama and papa, no blot like *that* on the family 'scutcheon. Rising nobly to the occasion, they decide to stage a mock rumpus of their own—which turns out to be anything but playful.

The Conservation of Natural Resources committee should look into this woeful waste of talent. However, if you're running low on family squabbles at home, you may find this picture diverting.

★ It's A Small World
(Fox)

The director must've forgotten that it's not only a small world, but a short life, with neither time nor space for such unmoving pictures. The plot is old enough to be pensioned—two young things thrown into each other's company by force of circumstance, in this case the collision of their Fords. Reel romance follows—several hundred feet of it, consisting mainly of a game of emotional hide-and-seek. As for Spencer Tracy, he should stay far, far away from playful parts—and starches. Yes, Mr. Tracy is getting just a trifle portly. Wendy Barrie, a newcomer, is not only pert and purty but shows sneer-proof histrionic ability. Charles Sellon and Raymond Walburn try hard to make the situation a bit livelier, but without much success.

★ Bride of Frankenstein
(Universal)

Universal has gone and done it again. Another horror picture, picking up where Frankenstein ended and creating a bride for the monster. Except for its beauty, technically and photographically, nothing much can be said for it. An excellent cast struggle hopelessly with a poor story and the picture falls into a horrible picture class—rather than one of horror. Half the preview audience walked out during the showing, so don't say we didn't warn you.

★★ Village Tale
(RKO)

This is another small-town saga with the seamy side of rural life uppermost. A deep current of hatred underlies the story, caused by a foul-minded man who exerts his influence over the village loafers who have nothing to do but spit tobaccy juice around the post-office stove and savor malicious tid-bits of gossip. Kay Johnson is the girl who is the victim of their groundless speculations. She is tragically married to a worthless man, who, "egged on" by his cronies, does despicable things to humiliate her and "Slaughter" Scoville (Randolph Scott)—a man who is intensely disliked because he minds his own business.

There is some comedy relief by Edward Ellis, who gives an excellent performance as the old man who befriends every cat, dog and human in town who needs help. Dorothy Burgess and Janet Beecher also are good in their roles, as indeed is every member of the cast. With such splendid characterizations, it is a pity that the story is so weak in spots that it tears down what good results there might have been. You won't find this a very pretty tale, but neither will you leave until you see the village scoundrel run out of town.

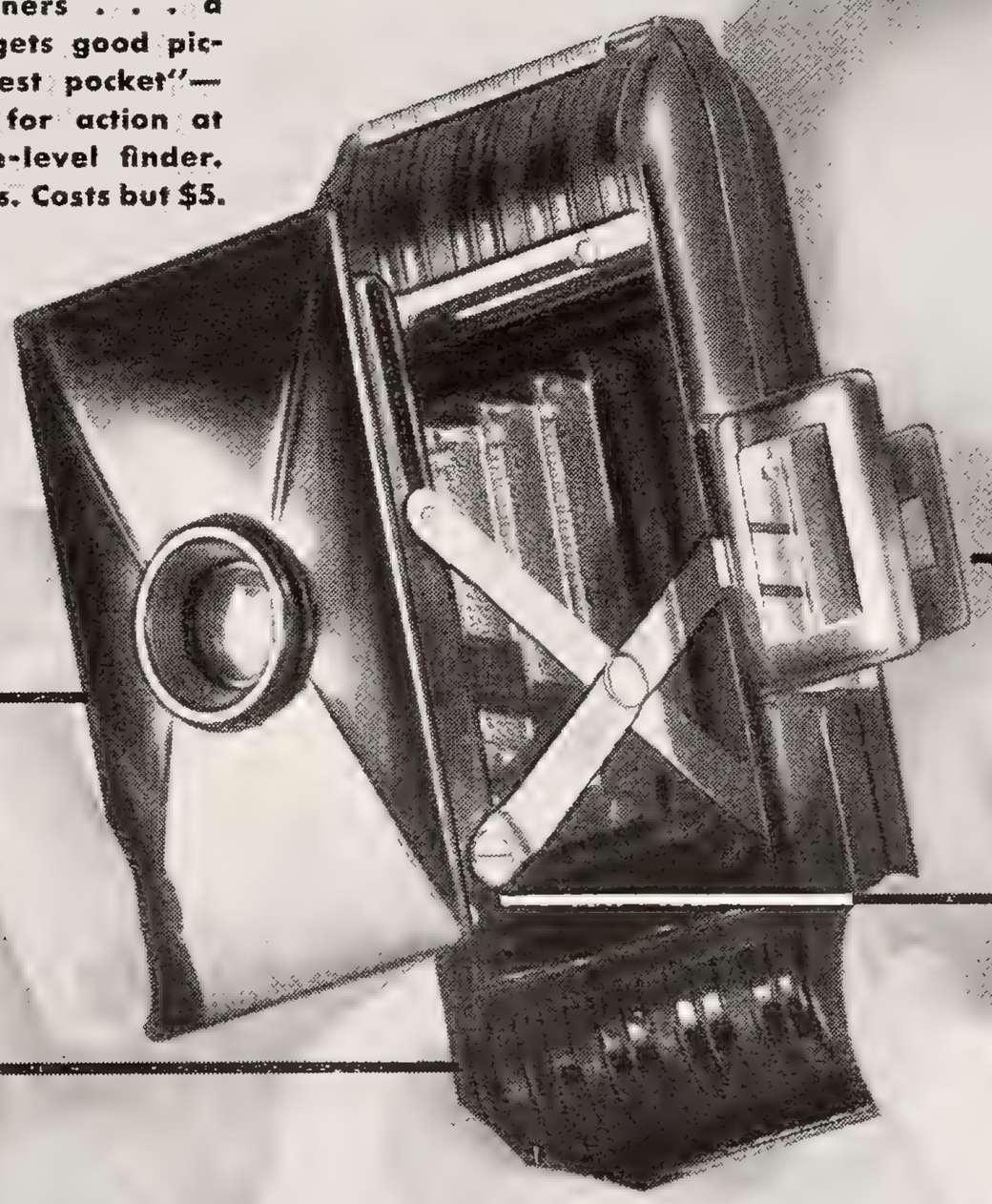
★★★ Call of the Wild
(20th Century)

Of course he doesn't rate star billing, but nevertheless, Buck, a big St. Bernard, nearly steals this celluloider. The story is a free—very free—translation of Jack London's famous yarn of the same name and deals with the gold rush of 1900, when the "diggers" weren't Broadway babies nor Hollywood blondes, but "numbers" faithfully depicted as to type by Clark Gable, Jack Oakie, Reginald Owen and Frank Conroy. Nope, not a softie in a carload!

After one has witnessed reels of breath-taking snow scenes unreeled, the thin plot gets under way. There is the villain, convincingly portrayed by Mr. Owen, and

(*Continued on page 74*)

JIFFY KODAK V. P.—gives you the latest creation of Eastman designers . . . a smart, small camera that gets good pictures. V. P. stands for "vest pocket"—and it really fits. Opens for action at the touch of a button. Eye-level finder. Takes 1⅝ x 2½-inch pictures. Costs but $5.

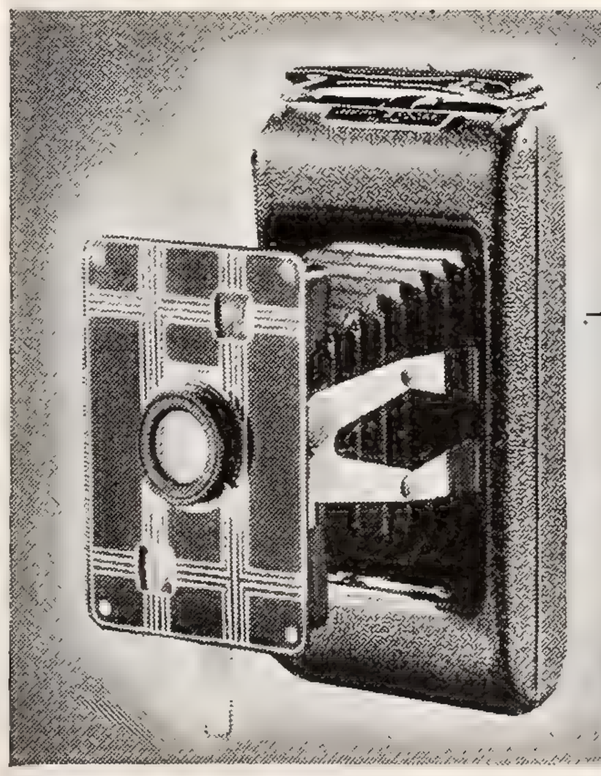


EYE-LEVEL FINDER

MODERN STYLING

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These newer Kodak features

show what your old camera lacks



JIFFY KODAK—Works so fast it had to be called "Jiffy." Touch a button—"Pop"—it opens. Touch another—"Click"—it gets the picture. Extra smartness in its etched metal front. For 2¼ x 3¼-inch pictures, $8. For 2½ x 4¼-inch pictures, $9.

BROWNIE—Old reliable of the picture-making world. The finest models ever, the Six-16 and Six-20, have the clever Diway lens for sharp pictures of near and distant subjects. Six-16 Brownie makes 2½ x 4¼-inch pictures, costs $3.75... the Six-20 makes 2¼ x 3¼-inch pictures, costs $3.

YOU SIMPLY CAN'T SHOW your picture-taking ability with an out-of-date camera—any more than you can show your driving ability with an obsolete car.

Older cameras simply don't measure up to 1935 standards. Look at these new models. Check over their features. To their other fine points, add better lenses and shutters than you could ever before buy at the price.

Get behind a new Kodak or Brownie and find how skillful you really are. Your dealer has the model you want. Kodaks from $5 up; Brownies as low as $1. What other pastime will give you so much for so little?... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. . . . *Only Eastman makes the Kodak.*

The SUMMERTIME is the Ideal TIME TO REDUCE



. . . Read how Miss Jean Healy reduced her hips 9 INCHES!

"I read an advertisement of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE 10-day trial offer."



"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial . . .

"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER"

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and weight 20 pounds"

WE want YOU to test the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere *at our expense!* Test them for yourself for ten days absolutely FREE! We are so sure that you, too, can reduce *your* waist and hips without diets, drugs or exercises, that we make this unconditional offer . . .

REDUCE Your Waist and Hips 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS . . . or no cost!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

■ Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as the gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer — Act Today

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at no cost!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

(*Continued from page 72*)

the comedy relief (which proves to be very little comedy and absolutely no relief) by Mr. Oakie, and Mr. Gable as the guy who doesn't want to fall for the beeooty, but does. Clark, let it be said, is becoming a first-rate actor, Academy Award or no A.A. Loretta Young, a bit elegant as to diction and with highly polished finger nails, is the gal caught in the drift—snow and otherwise. And then the St. Bernard—marvelous! Yes, taking it by and all, as it should be taken, "Call of the Wild" is better than fair entertainment.

★★★ Oil for the Lamps of China
(Warner Bros.)

This picture is just about as good as they come in sincere, thoughtful screen plays. The story is intensely interesting, with the colorful Orient as its setting and the plot centering about a man's deep faith in two things—his work and his wife, and his struggles to do justice to both. Revolution, cholera and other episodes which might have been used for suspense are not enlarged upon, but the constant conflict in a man's life to be true to his responsibilities keeps you engrossed throughout.

Pat O'Brien is an employee of an American oil company in China, and believes that the company has the welfare of the Chinese people at heart, just as he has. Though his wife, Josephine Hutchinson, has suffered years from his blind, exasperating faith in the company, she is the means in the end of shielding him from disillusionment. Miss Hutchinson and Mr. O'Brien give superb performances.

Others in the cast are Jean Muir, Lyle Talbot and Arthur Byron, who are capable in their roles. It's a worth while picture all 'round.

★★ Werewolf of London
(Universal)

If you like stories that make the shivers play tag up your spine, you'll simply love this one! But if there's a drop of skepticism in your make-up, better stay away, for even the most gullible should find some parts hard to take. The long drawn out horrors begin in the Tibetan mountains where an eminent botanist (Henry Hull) is searching for a rare flower, and while picking the posy is attacked by a werewolf. Now, one scratch from this accursed creature turns the victim into a biological marvel—half-man, half-wolf—come the full moon. You've probably seen strange happenings by the light of that moon, but Mr. Hull changing to a nasty wolf beats 'em all. London is aghast at the mangled corpses strewing its streets and poor Valerie Hobson, as Mr. Hull's wife, has a pretty bad time of it, what with putting up with her husband's antics and being in love with another.

Henry Hull gives the only good performance in a role that is ridiculously inadequate for his ability. Warner Oland doesn't play W. O. with his customary suavity. But take this picture in place of your next turkish bath—you'll have just as good a time and perspire more freely.

★★★ The Informer (RKO)

Here is a very special picture, one that you'll have to feel "up to" to enjoy. The story is stark in its realism to the point of sordidness. It is the character study of a man who betrays a friend, not through malice but through weakness, and of his mental sufferings as a result of the impulsive step he has taken. It is laid in Dublin in 1922 when rebellion was running rampant. John Ford directed the picture and too much praise cannot be given him. Indeed, this is the only film we've seen in years that is first a movie and then a talkie. Sound is subservient to pictorial effect, and dramatic moments are pointed up through dramatic tricks rather than through dialogue. The direction is so good that it almost overshadows Victor McLaglen's superb performance of the name role. Never has Mr. McLaglen given such a finished, deft portrayal. Indeed, it marks his debut as an actor of merit, rather than a mere character player. Preston Foster, Margot Grahame, Donald Meek and Una O'Connor all come in for a share of praise.

★★ Goin' to Town (Paramount)

Well, the pen may be mightier than the sword, but it surely isn't half as effective as the hips, when it comes to Mae West operas. Yep, the buxom blonde takes credit for writing this one, which is about the same as taking it on the chin. Everything "up to and including" appears in the plot—a prospective husband Mae wins in a crap game, a blue-blooded gentleman she puts a deposit on in order to get the hang of things social, the making and breaking of the uppercrust Southampton colony—yes, it's all there! However, somehow—and here's where you're apt to doubt your sanity—you accept it in the spirit of good, soiled fun. The way Miss W. reads ribald lines all the lunacies and inanities seem worth an occasional laugh. However, let it be said that if the star doesn't get herself a story quickly, she'll soon become a movie memory. But this time, you sorta forgive, if not actually forget. Paul Cavanagh makes an incredible role seem almost realistic, as do Marjorie Gateson, Monroe Owsley and Ivan Lebedeff. Even though "Goin' To Town" isn't by any means that, you probably won't want to miss Mae West.

Information Desk

(*Continued from page 10*)

a generally grand cast. He will also be in "Mutiny on the Bounty" with Charles Laughton and Robert Montgomery.

MARGARET STONE, Chicago, Ill.—James Dunn was born in New York City on November 2, 1905. Claudette Colbert's birthday is September 13 and she was born in Paris, France, in 1905. Gertrude Michael's home town is Talladega, Ala., and her birthday falls on June 1. Fred MacMurray was born in Kankakee, Ill., on August 30, 1908.

PAULINE GOODIN, Somerset, Ohio.—John Wayne is married to Josephine Saens and they have one son. He was born in Winterset, Iowa, May 26, 1907. After graduating from college he worked at various odd jobs around the Hollywood studios until he was given a chance to play in "The Big Trail" in 1930. He has been in the movies ever since. His next two will be "The Dawn Rider" and "Paradise Ranch."

BETTY FREEMAN, Buffalo, N. Y.—In "Gift of Gab," the part of Mac was taken by Douglas Fowley—not Guinn Williams. Joan Crawford's next picture will be "No More Ladies" with Robert Montgomery.

INFORMATION DESK,
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If you want excitement, try the new Cutex Coral, Cardinal or Ruby Nails. The Cutex lustre will keep you in the limelight! And, remember, the 7 lovely Cutex shades are created by the world's manicure authority. They're absolutely *fashion-right*. And every shade flows on smoothly, without blotching. Stays on for days and won't peel, crack or chip. In two forms now—Crème or Clear. Get the whole Cutex range of colors tomorrow, at your favorite store!

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CLIP COUPON BELOW FOR SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER



Mail 14¢ with this coupon

Now a lipstick to match every shade of Nail Polish



Natural Lipstick Natural, Rose, Mauve Polish

Coral Lipstick Coral Polish

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Cutex now gives you 4 lipsticks to match or tone in with your nail polish. Grand quality. Permanent, but not a bit drying. They go on beautifully. Natural, Coral, Cardinal, Ruby.

Northam Warren Corporation, Dept. 5-M-7
191 Hudson Street, New York City

I enclose 14¢ for the new Cutex Manicure Set which includes one shade of polish and 3 other manicure essentials, together with sample of matching lipstick, as checked below.
Natural ☐ Coral ☐ Cardinal ☐ Ruby ☐

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Address_____

Madame X investigates:



the truth about laxatives — as told to Madame X, the Ex-Lax reporter

THIS is Madame X, the inquiring reporter on assignment for Ex-Lax, the world famous chocolated laxative.

The Ex-Lax Company said to me: "Pack a bag...hop a train...go here, there and everywhere. Get the real folks of this country to tell you what THEY think about Ex-Lax. We want the plain facts. Go into any town, walk along any street, ring any doorbell. Get the story." Here are a few jottings from my notebook.

"EFFECTIVE"...."I used everything but nothing relieved me until I took Ex-Lax." Frank H. Port, 118-48 — 154th Street, Jamaica, Long Island.

"GENTLE"...."It is, therefore, very important when I take a laxative that it be one that is not harsh, yet it must be effective." Mrs. Anne E. Stadt, 7401 4th Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

"EASY TO TAKE"...."I prefer Ex-Lax to all laxatives because it's easy to take and I like the taste." Pilot William Warner, Floyd Bennett Field, Brooklyn, New York.

"NON-HABIT-FORMING"...."I don't think one should take laxatives all the time, but only when one needs it. With Ex-Lax I get the desired result and don't believe it forms a habit." Miss Bessie M. Bean, 5687 Hub Street, Los Angeles, California.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. Insist on the genuine, spelled E-X-L-A-X.

When Nature forgets— remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 12*)

approached and my father was expected home she put on her nicest gown, prettied herself up generally and awaited his arrival (and the ceremony of dining) confident that she would grace the occasion to the very best of her ability, as it deserved!

"Even now, in California, she has not accepted our easy informality in the least. Still the Frenchwoman at heart, Mother dons a hostess gown or attractive dinner gown for even a simple dinner à deux. Whereas I, knowing there will be only the two of us, may come in sport clothes or even lounging pajamas, especially if I've had a long tiresome day at the studio and have gotten home late.

"'Oh, Claudette,' Mother will say, shaking her head reprovingly when she sees what I am wearing. I know that she feels that the evening meal deserves to be more highly honored. That I should at least make an effort to grace her table."

During this part of the conversation we were not neglecting the wonderful luncheon dish that had been recommended by the head waiter as the "special" for that day and one of their chef's masterpieces on any occasion. This dish proved to be a combination of eggs, tomatoes, mushrooms and seasonings, which quite lived up to the advance description of its merits. Claudette was particularly enthusiastic. So much so that I decided then and there to secure the recipe so that I could try it out myself in my test kitchen and then could pass on the complete directions to Modern Hostess readers.

Parenthetically speaking, that's just what I managed to do, although if you've ever tried to extract a recipe from a suspicious chef you would appreciate my efforts in your behalf even more! This luncheon prize, known as Eggs Netherland, which had won Claudette's praise, is indeed the crowning achievement of the Sherry-Netherland's Monsieur Theophile, Maitre de Cuisine—no less! You'll surely want to try it—then you'll want to serve it often. And think of the added pleasure you'll derive from knowing that the dish originated in such a swanky place and that it has Claudette's accolade of merit besides! But let's get back to Claudette for I haven't nearly finished giving you the helpful ideas I gleaned from my delightful table companion!

INSPIRED by the fact that the Eggs Netherland we had just eaten were simply a novel version of scrambled eggs, Claudette suggested other scrambled egg possibilities that you will want to try, too. One is to fill the eggs with finely chopped chives—imparting a lovely color contrast as well as a delicate, onion-like flavor. Scrambled eggs, where cream is used instead of milk, are delicious also. And *all* scrambled eggs are tremendously improved by being cooked over hot water instead of over direct heat. You'll be amazed at the difference it makes!

Speaking of cream and eggs, as we were a moment ago, there is a little omelette trick carried out by a Frenchwoman who is world renowned for her egg cookery. (I believe she boasts of knowing 1000 different ways of cooking eggs!) After an omelette is set in the pan and is ready to be folded over, a couple of tablespoonfuls of cream are poured into the pan. Somehow the omelette can then be folded with a flick of the wrist and with far less effort.

However Claudette did not confine her suggestions entirely to eggs, for she also feels that unusual things can and should be done with canapés, salads, desserts and even that lowliest of vegetables—the beet. Two of her canapé suggestions and one novel salad recipe are to be found at the end of this article. I can assure you that they are well worth trying.

The recipe for the salad, pictured at the beginning of the article, will be found in this month's recipe leaflet, together with a special French Dressing highly recommended by Claudette. Another Colbert recipe in the leaflet is for Stuffed Beets (as nice a way as I have ever heard of being both economical *and* dressy). Then there is another recipe in the Modern Hostess booklet you will surely want to try. It is Plums with Crême Colbert. This delicate sweet is a perfect proof of Miss Colbert's theory that dishes need not be elaborate to be delicious. This dessert is nothing but canned plums combined with a special French custard sauce. Unusual? Yes! Difficult? No! You can make it in your own home I'm sure—that is you can if you have the recipe! And of course all you need to do to procure that is to fill out and send the coupon. Yes, the recipes you receive, besides the Stuffed Beets, Swiss Salad and Plums with Crême Colbert just mentioned, will include the recipe for Eggs Netherland which Claudette wants you to know about so you can enjoy them too.

Favorite recipes of famous chefs—favorite foods of a famous screen star! What a combination! And yours for the asking! Write for them now so you can try them the sooner.

AND here are those other promised recipes before we say, with Claudette Colbert—"Au revoir."

Sardine Canapes

Cut thin slices of bread into oblong strips, each wide enough and long enough to hold a single boneless sardine. Fry the bread gently in butter, on both sides, until golden brown. Drain on paper kitchen towels. Place sardine on each bread strip, season with a couple of drops of lemon juice and cover with buttered bread crumbs. Place under broiler flame until crumbs are browned.

Chicken Curry Canapes

4 hard-cooked eggs
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon curry powder
¼ cup chopped cooked chicken (canned chicken is excellent for this)
fried rounds of bread

Cut hard-cooked eggs crosswise into thin slices. Carefully remove yolks without breaking the circle of whites. Blend yolks with mayonnaise. Add salt, curry powder and chicken (chopped very fine). Mix together thoroughly. Fry bread rounds gently in butter on both sides, until golden brown. Drain on paper kitchen towels. Place an egg-white circle on each round of bread. Fill centers with chicken mixture. Garnish each canapé with thin slice of stuffed olive.

Green Pepper Salad Rings

2 large, firm, green peppers
¾ cup cottage cheese



Helen Vinson and her mother, Mrs. Rulfs, leave Hollywood by plane. Helen will go abroad for Gaumont-British to make a picture with Conrad Veidt. This is in line with GB's plan to exchange American and English talent. Richard Dix and Walter Huston go over soon, too, while Robert Donat and others come here.

1½ tablespoons mayonnaise
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon grated onion, or
1 teaspoon chopped chives
2 stalks celery
1 raw carrot, scraped
6 large stuffed olives
lettuce

Cut thin slice from stem end of green peppers. Remove seeds. Cream together cottage cheese and mayonnaise. Add salt and grated onion or chopped chives. Place celery, carrot and stuffed olives in chopping bowl. Chop very fine. Combine with cheese mixture. Stuff green peppers solidly with this mixture. Place peppers in coldest part of refrigerator to chill thoroughly. To serve, cut peppers crosswise into thick slices. Place one or two of these cheese-filled slices on lettuce leaves on individual salad plates. Serve with mayonnaise.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
149 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y.
MODERN SCREEN Magazine

Please send me Claudette Colbert's recipes for July, 1935.

Name
(Print in pencil)

Address
(City) (State)

.....
(Street and Number)



and the sauce is better than I can make!

"WHO wants to slave in a hot kitchen this hot weather? I'm sure I don't! That's why I'm doubly delighted to have discovered Franco-American Spaghetti. It not only saves me work, but we actually like it better than the kind I used to make. My sauce never was as good as this. I think Franco-American has the *best* sauce I ever tasted!"

Just try it and see!

We might recite the long list of eleven different ingredients this glorious sauce contains . . . the big, luscious, flavorful tomatoes . . . the mellow Cheddar cheese . . . all the tangy spices and seasonings. Yet mere words can never express the most important thing of all that goes into it — the inspired chef's touch! But one *taste* reveals it—makes women exclaim in surprise, "Why, this spaghetti is a lot better than mine!"

Costs less, too

Serve Franco-American soon. See what a hit it makes with everybody. And remember, Franco-American is not only easier and more delicious, but more economical, too. Actually, it costs less than buying dry spaghetti and ingredients for the sauce and burning fuel to cook them.

But that's only half the economy story. Franco-American is packed full of nourishment. It contains a rich supply of important food elements that are needed to build strength and energy, yet costs surprisingly little. Generous can holding three to four portions is never more than ten cents. Why not ask your grocer for this delicious spaghetti today?



Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard

(*Continued from page* 15)

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
Limehouse Blues (Paramount)	2★	1★	1★	2★	0	1★	0	2★	0	2★	2★	0	2★	2★
The Little Colonel (Fox)	3★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	3½★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	4★	0	3★	3★
Little Men (Mascot)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	3½★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	0	0	0	2★
The Little Minister (RKO)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Lives of a Bengal Lancer (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Living on Velvet (Warners)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★
Love in Bloom (Paramount)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	0	0	1½★	2★
The Man Who Knew Too Much (G-B)	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	0	0	3★	3★
The Man Who Reclaimed His Head (Universal)	3★	3★	2★	4★	2★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	3★
Maybe It's Love (Warners)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	0	2★	2★	2★
McFadden's Flats (Paramount)	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	0	2★	3★	2½★	0	2★	2★	2★
Men of Tomorrow (London Films)	2★	2★	1★	0	0	1★	1★	½★	0	1½★	0	0	2★	1½★
The Mighty Barnum (20th Century)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Mississippi (Paramount)	2★	3★	3★	0	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	3★
Murder in the Clouds (First National)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	0	2½★	3★	4★	0	0	3★	3★
Murder on a Honeymoon (RKO)	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
My Heart Is Calling (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	0	0	2½★	3★
The Mysterious Mr. Wong (Monogram)	1★	1★	0	2★	0	1★	0	2★	0	2★	0	0	2★	0
The Mystery of Edwin Drood (Universal)	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	0	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★
Mystery Woman (Fox)	2★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	4★	0	0	2★	2★
Naughty Marietta (M-G-M)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★
The Night Is Young (M-G-M)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	0	0	2★	2★
Night Life of the Gods (Universal)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★
A Notorious Gentleman (Universal)	3★	3★	2★	0	2½★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	0	0	2★	3★
The Nut Farm (Monogram)	2★	2★	0	2★	0	0	2★	2½★	0	2★	0	2★	2½★	2★
One More Spring (Fox)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
The Painted Veil (M-G-M)	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	4★	2★	3★	2★	3★
The People's Enemy (RKO)	2★	2★	2★	2★	0	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	0	0	1★	2★
The Perfect Clue (Majestic)	2★	0	2★	2★	0	2★	0	2★	2★	2★	0	0	2★	2★
The President Vanishes (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	3★	5★	5★	0	0	4★	5★
Princess O'Hara (Universal)	3★	2★	2★	3★	2½★	0	2½★	3★	3★	2½★	0	2★	2★	3★
The Private Life of Don Juan (United Artists)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	0	0	3★	3★
Private Worlds (Paramount)	4★	3½★	4★	4★	3★	2½★	4★	3★	3½★	4★	0	4★	4★	4★
Reckless (M-G-M)	3★	1½★	2★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★	0	0	0	2½★	3★
Red Hot Tires (First National)	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	0	2★	2★	2★
The Right to Live (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2½★	0	3★	2½★	3★
Roberta (RKO)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Romance in Manhattan (RKO)	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Ruggles of Red Gap (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	0	5★	5★
Rumba (Paramount)	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★
The Scarlet Pimpernel (United Artists)	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	0	4★	4★
The Secret Bride (Warners)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Sequoia (M-G-M)	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Shadow of Doubt (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	3★	0	2½★	2½★	1½★	3★	3★	0	3★	2½★	3★
The Silver Streak (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Six-Day Bike Rider (Warners)	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	0	2½★	3★	3★	0	0	2★	3★
Society Doctor (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
Star of Midnight (M-G-M)	3★	3 ★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	0	3★	3★
Sweet Adeline (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	0	3★	3★
Sweet Music (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	4★	0	4★	4★	3★
Times Square Lady (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	0	0	2½★	2★
Transient Lady (Universal)	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★
Traveling Saleslady (Warners)	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	0	3★	3★	2★
Under Pressure (Fox)	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	0	0	3★	3★
Unfinished Symphony (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★
Vanessa (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	2½★	3½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2★	3★
The Wandering Jew (Twickenham)	4★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★	0	0	4★	3★
The Wedding Night (Sam Goldwyn)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
We Live Again (20th Century)	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★
West of the Pecos (RKO)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	2★	0	2½★	2★	2★	0	2★	3★	3★
West Point of the Air (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	0	2½★	3★
When a Man's a Man (Fox)	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	0	2½★	0	2½★	3★	2½★	0	0	2★	2★
While the Patient Slept (First National)	2★	1★	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	0	2½★	2½★	1★	0	2★	2★	2★
The White Cockatoo (Warners)	2★	2★	3★	4★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	0	3★	2★	2★
The White Parade (Fox)	4★	0	3★	0	3★	3★	4★	3½★	0	4★	0	0	4★	3★
The Whole Town's Talking (Columbia)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
A Wicked Woman (M-G-M)	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★	0	2★	2★	0	3★	0	3★	2★	2★
Wings in the Dark (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
The Winning Ticket (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2★
The Woman in Red (Warners)	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	0	2★	2★	2★



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"I Have Said Goodbye to Youth"

(*Continued from page 43*)

play such parts as Wang in 'Good Earth' if and when that picture is made . . . or I should like very much to play the part of General Grant, whiskers, big black cigar and all if the story of the famous General's life is filmed."

I said, to myself, "It is too soon . . . the Barthelmess face should not be whiskered—not yet—"

Dick smiled, that memorable, one-sided smile of his. He gravely said, then, "I was dying on the screen. And I was dying, not of age but of youth. Youth can become a disease if we don't get over it in time. There comes the crisis in that disease and, if we do not meet that crisis bravely and maturely, we are doomed.

"I have grown weary of hearing people say to Ronnie Colman, to Bill Powell, to Warner Baxter and others, 'You gave a mar-vell-ous performance in "Thin Man" or "Clive of India" or this or that picture!' I don't mean that I am weary of hearing my friends praised or that I begrudge them their just due. It was and is their due. But I am weary of my own recent performances which, I well know, are entitled to no such praise."

I thought then, here is that freak of nature—the completely honest actor. And I thought, too, of the many years of youth this man, still in his thirties, has had. At his home in Beverly Hills, before we left for luncheon (the Barthelmess cook and butler being down with flu!) I had been looking over some of the scrapbooks his mother has kept for him ever since the days when he made the world Barthelmess-conscious by his performance in "War Brides" with Alla Nazimova. In 1916, that was. And one page out of all the millions of words and clippings in those books stuck in my memory. A popularity contest conducted in 1921 and there, among the first three names, the name of Barthelmess. William S. Hart headed that long-ago list, polling 64,556 votes. Wallace Reid came next with 59,824 votes and then came Dick with 37,460 votes to his young credit. And then on down a list of names which included William Farnum, Bryant Washburn, Eugene O'Brien, Warren Kerrigan and dozens of others. Dozens of others who are now only the shadows of shadows on the screen, while Barthelmess, finishing "Four Hours To Kill" at Paramount, is still a star today, and will be tomorrow, in his fixed and perpetual heaven.

I looked at him and thought—but those men were handsome, too, and young and had the same opportunities—why?

THEN Dick spoke again of saying goodbye to the boy who had been himself and I thought, those others . . . those who still live . . . they were not able to say goodbye to youth. They stood at the crossroads, too, and somehow they took the wrong turning.

"I knew," Dick said, "I knew several months ago that I stood at the crossroads. My pictures were terrible. *I* was terrible. I was miscast and ridiculous. People were laughing at me, not weeping with me. The reviews matched the pictures. I was dying—and I knew it.

"And so, there at the crossroads, there were four forks and I had my choice.

"One fork pointed to—retirement. I could retire, along with my scrapbooks and my memories and my family. And if I had so decided, I would have done so without complaint, without regret. I would have walked that fork of the road with contentment in my heart. I've nothing to complain about. I've had everything. I've made a small fortune. Some of it is gone now but there is enough left for me to live comfortably on, keep my family comfortably. I am completely happy. My original ambitions are fulfilled. People are apt to think of me as morose, melancholy because I have a sort of Buster Keaton pan—but that is just the face. The heart beats to jazz often enough.

"So, if I had followed that fork I could have gone to the South Sea Islands and lived the life of the lotus-eater, feeding upon memories. I considered that. There was a time, a few years ago, when I thought I wanted to do just that. But as I thought about it in the light of immediate action I knew that that dream, too, is the dream of youth. You have to be very young to dream of foregoing the world, of escaping the playing of your part. Very young or very much disillusioned. I am neither. And so that fork of the road was not for me to take.

"The second fork led to retiring from the business of acting and going into the business of producing and directing. Down that fork I did travel, quite a little way. I considered it very seriously. I believe that I am a producer at heart. In the old Inspiration Pictures days, in the days when I was working with Griffith, I had a lot to say about my parts and about the way I should play them. We were individuals then and not cans of soup turned out by a factory. And I've always been keenly interested in developing talent other than my own. Quite a few people who became prominent in pictures took their first starry steps in pictures of mine—Dorothy Mackaill and Bill Powell, Ernest Torrence and Madge Evans, Loretta Young and others.

"Last summer, in New York, Walter Camp and I discussed seriously the plan of re-forming our old Inspiration Pictures Company. We worked out plans and details. We decided that, if and when a Barthelmess story should present itself, I would do that story. But otherwise I would produce and direct other stars.

"We were just about set to go when Joe Schenck came home from abroad and we conferred with him. He was not encouraging about such a venture at this particular time. He told us that the picture grosses had fallen off considerably, due to the depression—and he scared us off and closed that fork of the road to me.

THE third fork led to signing a contract again with another studio. I knew what that would mean . . . stories I should not do . . . parts I should not play . . . a complete inability to do anything about it. If I took that fork, I knew that rigor mortis would set in!

"There was the last fork of the road open to me to travel—the branch that led to free-lancing, to doing only those parts, only those stories which I believe are suitable for me.

"I came back to Hollywood and I took that fork of the road. And now I have finished 'Four Hours To Kill' at Paramount. I play a murderer. And he is a long way down the road from 'Tol'able David,' from those boys who belong to my past.

"And so I have found maturity, or it has found me, and I have accepted it.

Gratefully, really. There was that book, 'Life Begins At Forty.' Well, I don't know about its *beginning* at forty but certainly it can go on from there and become richer, riper and more worthwhile with every milestone passed.

"It's especially hard for actors and actresses—I know. It's hard because we form the habit of looking into mirrors and believing that what we see there is the whole story.

"But with me it wasn't a question of looking at myself in the mirror one morning and exclaiming, 'I am no longer young!' It was a question of something deeper than the skin. I was no longer interested in being young. I was no longer interested in the parts I was playing.

"Of course I am more mature than I was sixteen years ago. I hope so. I would hate to be the victim of an adolescent fixation. People say to me, reproachfully, 'You are heavier than you were ten years ago'. Great Heaven, why not? A man in his late thirties cannot have the lines of a boy in his 'teens. That is physically impossible.

"No, because an actor says good-bye to youth does not mean that that actor is dead. It works the other way 'round. Many a good actor as been entombed in his youth. And most of the men who are successful on the screen today— Ronnie, Bill, Bart Marshall and Warner Baxter are men who have never made youth a selling point.

"I shall work now—more than ever before for the joy of working. I have never taken pictures for a 'racket.' Always I've been intensely serious about my work. I've been grateful for the things my work has given me. Money doesn't interest me any longer. I want enough to pay my taxes, to educate our two children, to buy Jessie a new coat now and then. But there won't be enough money in all of Hollywood to make me play a part unless I believe in it. Unless I know it's truly a part suited to me.

"I should say that George Arliss is the perfect example of all I've been saying. He has the one quality which can defy age, is independent of looks or sex appeal. And that is charm.

"I have said good-bye to youth," Dick said, puffing slowly on his cigarette, "and in so doing I have said good-bye to uncertainties and perplexities, to the fear of losing my way. I know, now, what I want. In my private life as well as my professional. We hope to sell our house here in Beverly Hills. We want to buy a farm in the valley, not a ranch, I won't call it a ranch—I want a farm and I'll put a white picket fence all around and call it a farm. And we'll have a pig and bees and a cow and we'll travel when we have the nostalgia for far places. I'll do the pictures that are suitable for me to do —and I'm happier than I have ever been in the course of an almost completely happy life. Which should be some sort of encouragement for those others who stand at the crossroads weeping into the mirror they hold in their hands . . ."

And so, "Tol'able David" is gone—down that long bright roadway we see his slender, pathetic figure vanishing into the sunlit distance . . . and watching him go, a smile on his face, stands a man with the matured face of David . . . a man who is brave enough to say good-bye to youth...

The Information Desk sees all, knows all, hears all, cinematically speaking. Your questions will be answered gladly. See page 10.



"Funny-tasting stuff . . . this knitting! Can't say the brown kind is particularly good. Not much flavor. How's that white stuff you've got, Brother — lemme try a mouthful of that!"

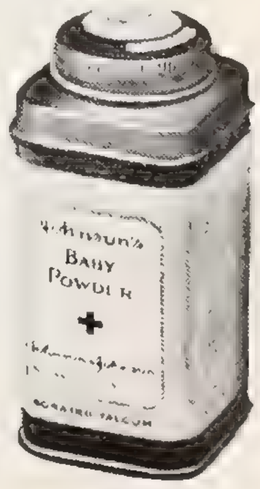


"Say, this is swell—a nice long, hard bone in it! Feels great on that place where there's going to be a new tooth next week. No — you can't have it! I found it! G'wan off — it's mine!"



"Oh, take it, cry-baby! This woolly stuff's making you cross . . . you need Johnson's Baby Powder to soothe away the prickles. It's so soft, it makes any baby good-natured — even you!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . when I'm on guard, skin irritations don't have a chance to get started! I 'slip' like satin, for I'm made of finest Italian talc. No zinc stearate—and no orris-root. And does your baby have Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream? He should!"



Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



★ Shinola White Cleaner dries quickly. After drying, the shoe should be rubbed or brushed. Shinola cleans and whitens; removes all stains and will not discolor shoes.

Stars Who Broke Their Word

(*Continued from page 29*)

the hullabaloo?"

"Because," he continued and his voice sounded as if he were pronouncing a death sentence, "the studio insists that, if somebody doesn't take the blame quickly and write an open letter of apology to the newspapers, her new picture may not be released over there. In other words, after reading that cunning little diary, every patriotic newspaperman went to the bat for his insulted nation in front page articles which berated the lady in no uncertain terms for accepting their hospitality and then turning on them with this insolent criticism. Ingratitude was the mildest term they used!"

"Who pays the piper?" I asked.

"You do," he answered. "You wrote it—you fix it! Someone has to get us out of the stew. Under the circumstances, no one could convince the temperamental lady that she said all those *horrid things* about that *lovely country* and its perfectly *charming inhabitants!*"

So I sat me down to write a masterpiece to "whomever it may concern" bringing all my journalist's tricks to the aid of the beautiful lady in distress. It didn't make much sense, but it was all about a bold, bad journalist to whom the innocent star had confided her European impressions—and aforementioned journalist had taken advantage of her trust.

Probably I closed the letter with: "Forgive me—I knew not what I did!"

Pity the poor fan writer!

WHEN I entered his dressing-room, he was deep in a story of intrepid exploring—about an expedition up the Amazon.

"How I envy those chaps," he said, reluctantly putting aside the magazine and stretching his legs. "What wouldn't I give to change places with them! If I had my way, and a little more courage, I'd chuck all this right now." With a somewhat contemptuous wave of the arm he indicated the elaborate dressing-room, the expensive suits of clothes, all the paraphernalia of a screen star who had arrived.

"I'm no actor, you know." He grinned ingratiatingly. "I'm just a simple fellow!"

"Tell that to your fans," I chuckled, "they'd sue you for libel! But supposing you weren't the proud possessor of all this—supposing you were foot loose and fancy free? What would you rather be?"

"Believe it or not," he said, "I'd rather be a writer than anything on earth. I envy *you*, and that's not supposed to be a joke. No, of course I don't envy you the job of interviewing film celebrities—you can keep all that. But I envy the ability of expressing what you see and feel in words!"

He was very serious now, even the dimples had disappeared.

"What would you write about?"

"Listen," he said, "I'm going to do something one of these fine days that you or any other writer could do if you had the nerve. I'm going to the editor of the National Geographic Magazine, or to one of those chaps who heads an exploring or archeological expedition. 'Mister,' I'll say, 'let me go along on that jaunt to Tibet as your official reporter. I'll write it all up for you, and I'll guarantee it'll be worth printing afterwards. It won't cost you anything but my food, clothing, and shelter!' . . . That's what I'd do!"

"But you never will," I jeered. "Give up all this success, money, adulation. Give it up for a life of hardship and uncertain living."

"Give up being a clothes horse and a background for beautiful film actresses, you mean! Well, you'll be surprised one of these days for that's what I'm going to do." He grinned again—both dimples in prominence.

"'*Great Screen Star Renounces Life of Ease!*'—*or*—'*When A Man's A Man!*' Read all about it in tomorrow's Daily Gazette. . . .' I can hardly wait to read about it," I teased.

"So you think it's all a joke, and refuse to believe me? Will you take a bet on it?"

"Any time limit?" I asked. "One year, two years, ten years?"

"Well," said he, hedging, "let's leave it this way—*much sooner than you'd ever expect!* You'll be advised *when* by telegram."

"Will I be advised *where?*" I asked.

"Not on your life," said he vehemently. "I want to be alone!"

And the sequel to it all? Can't you guess?

Several days later, a phone call from the studio: "Mr. So-and-So doesn't want you to mention that little discussion about exploring expeditions under his name!"

"But why?" I asked, dumfounded. "Oh, just because"—was the enlightening answer.

And it was Mr. So-and-So who said that he envied the life of a writer!

HER sudden marriage had set Hollywood agog. It was one of those rare occurrences which no one, not even a super gossip writer, could have predicted.

It certainly hadn't looked like a romance to anyone—quite the contrary.

Saturday evening she left the studio a bachelor girl and returned the following Monday—a married woman! The first person she saw, as she hurried out of her dressing-room, still smoothing on her make-up, was the man to whom she'd been engaged!

He was standing behind the camera looking at her intently. She almost fainted from the shock.

For her decision to marry that other man so hurriedly had been entirely on this man's account. What no one in Hollywood knew was that she had been engaged to an Easterner for almost a year. Shortly before she fell so violently in love with her present husband, her then-fiancé had written that he was coming to Hollywood to marry her. She had consented, for she was still in love with him.

If a soothsayer had predicted that a dark, handsome and very persuasive stranger was about to walk into her life, she would have hooted at him. If a crystal gazer had seen "a sudden great change and a new romance" she would have shrieked with laughter. She has an excellent sense of humor.

Nothing more or less significant than a kiss in the dark changed the whole course of her life. As unconventional a girl as she is—it was as conventional a formula for falling in love as the one recommended in the popular songs: a moon, a balmy night, a strong arm around her waist (they were riding the roller coaster at the beach)—and a kiss!

Three days later she knew she'd been attacked by a virulent disease. She was miserable. She was joyous. All at once and both together. It was like having chills and fever simultaneously.

And then came the proposal—as sudden as the kiss. For a few miserable hours she fought with herself. How could she tell her fiancé who was already on his way to California? She couldn't face him with this shattering disappointment.

"When will you marry me?" the one and only was doubtless whispering. Her impulse told her to answer: *"Now—immediately!"* Marriage at least would be something irrevocable as far as the other situation was concerned. Better a sudden shock for him than the endless hours of explanation, recriminations, pleadings, and remorse that would be inevitable if she waited until he arrived to try to explain. Better a clean finish.

And so they stole quietly away on a Sunday and were married. As soon as the ceremony was over, she telegraphed to her ex-fiancé, who was speeding out to her on the Sunset Limited.

After the telegram was sent, she wondered whether she had been too impulsive. Should she have waited for his arrival to break the engagement?

But the knot was tied—and her happiness was great enough to counterbalance any lurking sense of guilt. Yes, it was better to have broken the news this way. In the long run it would probably hurt him less.

So she arrived at the studio the morning after her wedding, hastily applied her make-up, and walked on to the set—to find him standing behind the camera—*waiting* for her.

It was to have been a surprise which he had carefully and lovingly planned for her. Obviously, he hadn't received the message aboard the train and was, therefore, still blissfully ignorant of the shock in store for him!

Yet the heroine of this romantic drama had solemnly vowed to me, only six months previous, *that there were no men in her life.* In fact, she knew there weren't going to be any for years to come.

And I believed her!

QUITE different from that other actor who aspired to be a writer, were the views of another well-known thespian who had no envy whatever of the writing tribe. Once he had been a writer, and he remembers those days when he was swayed by the fickle muse, with the same joy that Tommy remembers the last time he took castor oil.

For he was not the sort of writer who fluttered the assembled bosoms at ladies' literary societies. Nor did his name appear in neon-lights on the marquee of some Broadway theatre as the author of the season's latest hit play.

He was that lowliest of the entire writing fraternity—a ghost for one of America's shrewdest and most successful scribes.

"I thought I was stepping up on the ladder of success when I graduated from reporting the exciting goings-on at suburban bridge and rotary luncheons to making, tasty, salable morsels from the left-overs of my boss's fertile mind!

"Take it from me," he said with feeling. "I'd rather do anything than be chief bottle washer to a successful writer. My boss is a splendid fellow, if you don't happen to be working for him!"

He leaned back in his chair and shut his eyes. Enigmatic, those eyes. He was going to be reminiscent. "Many's the time," he said, "that we used to dash down to the corner drugstore for a breathing spell after squeezing an idea dry. That man was a wonder. One idea would serve him in more marketable ways than twenty could serve you or me. And he didn't encourage his help to loaf. While he sipped an ice cream soda, I stood behind him getting instructions for my next assignment. I didn't have the price of a soda. And he didn't think it was fair to get me into the habit of borrowing money!"

At this point in his reminiscences, I interrupted. "Whoa, hold on—I believe I know your former boss. He's one of my best friends. It's X, isn't it?" I asked, mentioning the name of one of Hollywood's most important scenarists.

"What!" he gasped. "You know X?" Then a crafty look came into his eyes. "But of course, X wasn't the man. I was talking about two different people. Another writer, and another ghost!"

He cleared his throat, then said, "Incidentally, did you know I was a friend of Capone? Yes, I knew him well. And he once told me that if anyone ever tried to get tough with me, all I had to do was let him know, and he'd shut them up effectively!"

Meekly I departed.

A FAMOUS illustrator, who had painted some of the most renowned beauties in America, once described his ideal woman as "a balanced combination of whiskey and ovaltine!" Exhilaration and lullaby. A snappy definition for the perfect woman!

The star of whom I'm about to write had always seemed to me to fit that description. Therefore, I looked forward to my first interview with her with some excitement, although I had long since recovered from the heroine-worship stage.

Yet, as I sat waiting in her dressing-room, I felt sentimental, sixteen once again. A supposedly skeptical, perhaps even blasé person—the fan writer turned fan!

Then she arrived and in a few moments I was completely captivated. Gracious, easy in conversation, sincere, cultivated—she soon made me forget that she was a famous star enduring one of those abhorrent duties one executes reluctantly as part of the sacrifice for being a celebrity. And she, absorbed in the conversation, forgot an appointment for a costume fitting.

We had talked openly on a number of subjects, and some of her expressed opinions she asked me not to quote. I gave her my word—and kept it. I was particular to do so, since she had been misquoted more frequently than anyone else in Hollywood.

"Why must they write all that nonsense about me? Why need they continually misquote me?" she demanded. I couldn't tell her that the creation of sensational myths was a weakness peculiar to journalists. That would have been giving my brethren away. Also I couldn't have told her that she rated all this publicity because the public would read anything printed about her. She was a personality plus—the sort who always is noticed. Volatile as mercury, changeable as a chameleon, a combination of whiskey and ovaltine. If I had said that, she would have thought me out of my mind.

"I hope you can make something out of our random talk," she said as we shook hands. "And, by the way," she added, "you'll let me see the story when it's finished, won't you?"

Of course, I promised to show it to her. Who could have resisted such charm? Besides, I wanted her public to see her as she really was: a simple, sincere, completely feminine person and not



—it takes more than these glorious vacation days to keep me gliding along the main stream to health. I keep a sharp eye on diet, too. Shredded Wheat is my favorite breakfast because I discovered how it helps build lasting energy and strength."

Each tasty, nut-brown biscuit contains a natural balance of the vital health elements—the minerals, carbohydrates and vitamins so necessary to well-being.



Ask for the package showing the picture of Niagara Falls and the red N.B.C. Uneeda Seal.

"Uneeda Bakers"
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



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"I NEVER realized how decorative window shades could be until I saw CLOPAYS. So many lovely chintz-like patterns and plain colors to harmonize with any decorative scheme. So beautiful, yet only 15c each! Why, I saved 85c a window." CLOPAYS are amazingly durable, too —cannot crack, ravel or pinhole and their patented creped texture makes them hang straight, roll straight, wear longer. Attach to old rollers in a jiffy with patented gummed strip—no tacks or tools. See CLOPAYS at your favorite "5 & 10" or neighborhood store. Mail 3c stamp for color samples to the **CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1443 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.**



LOOKS... FEELS... *and* WEARS *Like Oilcloth!*

"It's great to save up to 85c a window with CLOPAY shades, but FABRAY saves even more. I use it every way I ever used oilcloth and more besides. It has the same surface, wears as well and stays presentable longer because it resists cracking and peeling. So many attractive patterns to choose from, too." FABRAY is utterly new and revolutionary. It looks and feels and wears like oilcloth but does not crack or peel because its base is tough, solid fibre instead of flimsy scrim. See FABRAY at your favorite 5c and 10c store or neighborhood store in standard sizes for shelves and tables. Send 10c for 2½-yard roll of shelf FABRAY, to the

CLOPAY CORPORATION
1451 York Street Cincinnati, Ohio

an exotic, erratic prima donna.

In due time, the article was sent to her, and I awaited confidently her cachet of approval. Quite objectively, I judged it a good job of writing, and a flattering, though completely honest, portrait of this star. Certainly, she of all people, would appreciate its sincerity. *But* again, I was too naive!

A message arrived from the studio. Would I please come out that afternoon?

I found her still charming, but whereas she had been girlish and disarming before, she was now regal and distant. I soon discovered that her ladyship was neither amused nor pleased with my efforts to portray her as I saw her. Wasn't I making a grave mistake? Certainly her public wouldn't be in the least interested to read that she was just an ordinary woman with human problems and perplexities. No indeed, the article was not at all what she expected.

I should have been crushed. But I wasn't. What did she think they wanted to know about her, I demanded. "Your own words give a better picture of you than any description I could write, that's why I quoted you so literally. But you must admit that I didn't mention any of those things that you asked me not to quote."

"No," she said, and now her tone was icy, "you didn't misquote me but I do not like your story. I expected something different."

Once more she was ingratiatingly exercising that fatal charm. "Surely, you'll write another story, giving in your own words your impression of my personality?"

But this time I was adamant. "No," I said, matching her tone, ice for ice. "You asked me to quote you accurately, yet you don't like what you say when you see it in print."

"It is evident," she said, "that you do not understand me!" And her glance was enough to ossify me.

No, I didn't understand her. And the editor who accepted the story as one of the fairest and most sympathetic he had read about the lady, couldn't understand *me* when I wired him not to publish it.

"What's the idea?" he wrote back. "Are you retiring, or isn't our magazine good enough for you?"

There was no use trying to explain. He wouldn't have understood my compunctions. A good newspaperman, like the colonel in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," puts his job first. Was I growing lily-livered? He still thinks I'm either crazy or *very* susceptible!

Pity the poor fan writer!

Magnificent was her scorn. As magnificent as Lady Macbeth's. As scorching as Electra's. After the first five minutes of acquaintance, I was as dejected as the drenched landscape without, as desolate as her two pet Australian finches who, with pathetic industry, were building a nest in their cage because it was spring in Australia.

I had only strength left to sit and listen weakly, while another tempestuous lady of a thousand audacious legends flooded my mind (what there was left of it) with a monologue which was all frankness and light!

"You asked me to compare motion picture performers to the great actors and actresses of my day. Absurd! You asked me to compare Norma Shearer to Sarah Bernhardt. Still more absurd!

"What do such admirable young women as Norma Shearer know of the acting of my contemporaries? In the first place, they're too young ever to have seen them. In the second place, there has been a war. You knew that, I presume!"

Her eyes blazed; her hands moved with an epic gesture of contempt.

"That war made an unbridgeable gulf between the standards of my generation and the generation you asked me to comment upon.

"When I was young, a young woman who showed her legs was considered immoral. Immediately after the war, short skirts were the height of fashion. So why should I sit here and waste your time and mine by attempting such ridiculous comparisons?

"You might as well have asked me to compare making shoes to painting. One is an industry—the other an art.

"Has anyone the right to call himself an artist whose business is to stand in front of the camera and say the same sentence over twenty-five to ninety times? First with the chin up, then with the chin down, then grinning into the camera, then pulling a long face sideways. . . .

"Is there any art in a love scene in which the embrace is measured mathematically? While the hero clasps the heroine in his arms and mutters, 'Darling,' passionately, some make-up person runs back and forth daubing glycerine under the heroine's eyes so that she seems to be crying?

CAN there be any sincerity in that same passion of the hero when the director interrupts a moment of high emotion with, 'Lower your voice.' The hero tries it again. 'Darling,' he booms in a bass gutteral, this time pitching his voice two tones lower. 'Higher,' screams the di-



It doesn't take a sleuth to know that this is Jack La Rue's sister, Emily, with him! The other gal is Connie Simpson.

rector. And when it's all done and they've been pushed about like mannikins, they find out the next day that this 'fine speech' or 'touching scene' has been clipped right out of the picture.

"So how can you say that the actor has anything to do with the creation of a role in a moving picture? How can you say that he builds a character when the last scene of the story is often shot and finished before even the director knows what the beginning is going to be? It's the *make-up,* the *lighting,* the *camera,* and the *cutting* which make the fans gurgle at the great screen actress or actor.' What a performer may consider his finest spontaneous gesture is thrown out by the director or cutter, who, with the camera and make-up men, are the *real creators* in this industry.

"But don't for a moment go away with the idea that I'm not pleased with Hollywood or motion pictures. I adore it out here. I love the climate, the flowers, the sunshine, the charming and amusing people I've met (and don't let anyone tell you there aren't many of those here)—and most of all, the money!"

This was the essence of the curtain lecture she fired at me when, in good faith, I asked her to compare today's feminine screen stars with yesterday's great women of the theatre. It had seemed a harmless enough question, but oh—what it brought in its wake!

Unfortunately, she was also one of those who wanted to see the story before it reached print. I, trusting creature, blithely promised.

I returned several days later, with a copy under my arm, to find her, whose name was a tradition, in something of a temper. Seeing me seemed to irritate her still more. She started her tirade.

Why, in heaven's name, she had granted me an interview, she couldn't understand. She must have felt sorry for me. If I wrote because I needed money, far better that I had gone to her and asked for $25, instead of her opinions! She would far rather have given me the former!

My pride bristled. I had to hold on to the chair and pray for self-control.

Having delivered herself of this little pleasantry, she settled down to read the article she knew she "wasn't going to like." (Portions of it I have quoted above.)

Her eyes took in the first three paragraphs, then flashed dangerously.

"This is outrageous!" she cried.

I sat there blinking, too dumfounded to speak.

"Young person," she said, drawing herself up to her full height, and practically sweeping me out of the door with her words, "I shall not permit this to be printed. Why? Because . . ." and with a grand flourish she took her pen from the desk and wrote in large letters across the top of my article, "I object to personal interviews!"

Then, to put the finishing touches to a perfect experience, she swept magnificently to the telephone and rang up my editor: "Just to make sure that the young person who entered my house under false pretenses won't try to put something over on me—as is the custom in Hollywood!"

After which knock-out blow, the lady, who took back everything she said, bade me an hysterical farewell in the manner of the best melodramas.

"I shall ask you to go," she said, "for I am not used to strangers in my house! In fact, I am beginning to feel ill!"

And wondering whether I would ever awake from this nightmare, and all the others, I staggered out into the California sunshine.

Amazing gains in Energy in cases of extreme **RUN-DOWN CONDITION***

Patients in hospitals got better appetite and digestion—clearer skin—as CONSTIPATION left



In a leading Eastern institution, patients got these marked benefits:—

IN one American hospital, 93% of chronic constipation cases were corrected by treatment with Fleischmann's new Yeast. Similar results were obtained in 89% of skin cases of digestive origin . . . These typical cases were taken from hospitals' actual records:—

CASE OF N. M. WOMAN. AGE 24.

Constipated. Patient had suffered for many months from indigestion, anemia and underweight. Bad skin condition (acne vulgaris).

After treatment with the new Fleischmann's Yeast, bowel movements showed marked improvement. *Indigestion disappeared. Patient's skin improved. She slept better.*

CASE OF Q. W. WOMAN. AGE 23.

Obstinately constipated since childhood. Anemic, underweight, digestion and appetite poor. Was given 6 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day.

General condition improved very much, bowels moved much better and more often. Patient made almost complete skin recovery.

"It is of great therapeutic importance. I had remarkable results," says the famous Dr. Cain.

Dr. André Cain (pointing to X-ray) is one of many physicians who have reported remarkable success with the new yeast. He is Physician-in-chief of the Hospice d'Ivry, near Paris.

This cause of run-down condition completely corrected by new food rich in "Protective Substances."

A NEW WAY to treat run-down condition—which consists in adding *one food* regularly to the diet—is now giving remarkable results in American hospitals and clinics!

A most common cause of run-down condition is *constipation.* And constipation, it has been found, can be *completely corrected* by increasing the body's supply of certain "protective substances" stomach and bowels need.

No ordinary diet supplies enough of these substances—not even diets with fruits and vegetables. But one food is extremely rich in them. This is the new Fleischmann's Yeast!

This new fresh yeast increases the flow of your stomach's juice, stimulates and strengthens the muscles of your stomach and intestines.

As a result, your food "digests" better—elimination becomes normal—your system is freed from the bowel poisons which so often cause unnatural fatigue—indigestion—skin troubles. Begin now to eat the new Fleischmann's Yeast and eat it *regularly,* following the rules below:—

Eat three (or more) cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast each day—plain, or in water, milk, or fruit juice.

Eat it one-half hour before meals so it can start your digestive juices flowing before *other* food enters your stomach.

If you're taking cathartics, discontinue them gradually. *Have a regular time for evacuation—preferably after breakfast.*

At grocers, soda fountains, restaurants.

THE NEW FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST can give complete bowel regularity . . . help you *keep* free from constipation and indigestion, skin troubles, run-down condition. It's a food—not a medicine.



* . . . *caused by constipation. To be sure of the cause of* your *condition, see a doctor.*

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ONE cleaner for every white shoe in your home! From the children's sneakers to your own delicate white kid shoes. Jewel cleans and whitens at the same time. Easy to apply, it gives all kinds of white shoes a smooth, lasting whiteness that *does not rub off!* You can't go wrong with Jewel. Try a bottle today. You can get it at most stores for only 10 cents. At Kresge Stores ask for De Luxe White . . . 10 cents.

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Whittemore's, who make Jewel and De Luxe White, have been making shoe polishes for nearly a century. They also manufacture superior Oil Pastes for leather shoes in all colors — black, tan, brown, ox-blood and neutral — in convenient cans with the easy-opener. Only 10 cents. Whittemore's Oil Pastes polish, preserve, and soften your shoes. Will not crack the leather. They give your shoes a mirror-like shine — whether they're wet or dry! Add it to your shopping list this week.



How Are Joel and Frances Getting Along?

(*Continued from page 34*)

loyal fans, of which she has plenty, will be surprised at the improvement over her past performances. A new sweetness and understanding of life shows in her work, and color photography, heretofore more or less an experiment, has found her an ideal subject.

"I wanted to give up my career when I married Joel," she continued, "but he wouldn't let me. I thought marriage, a home, husband and family were all I wanted. Joel knew I was sincere in my belief but he was wise enough to realize that sooner or later I might miss my work and blame him."

"I have always said I wouldn't let my wife do anything," Joel interrupted. "In fact, I always declared I'd never marry an actress, which only goes to prove that men as well as women can change their minds. I thought the place for a married woman was at home but now I wouldn't want to be married to a girl who didn't have some outside interest—something to keep her alive and alert. I think every wife should have something besides housework and petty daily cares to think of.

I EARN enough money to hire all the help she needs at home. Frances hasn't enough to do in the house to occupy her time, even with the baby, which she doesn't want to let out of her sight for more than a few minutes.

"But Frances has too much ability to stop now. I didn't feel that marrying me was enough to compensate her for giving up a career. Anyway, what would she do if she didn't work? Spend her time at cocktail parties or playing bridge? Fortunately, she doesn't care for that sort of thing."

Frances confirmed that statement with an emphatic shake of her head.

It is apparent that Joel understands women although he was never regarded as a "ladies' man." He knows how changeable a woman, particularly an actress, can be. He should, in this instance, at least, for he remembers that for six months Frances refused to meet him. "What's the use?" she asked her friends who were trying to bring the two together. "He isn't the type of man I like."

But Fate was on Joel's side and they met when they played opposite each other in "The Silver Cord." Five months later they were married.

"I wasn't terribly interested in getting married until I met Frances," Joel admits. "I had the ranch, which took up all my spare time. When I decided to marry I didn't know how a girl of Frances' type would like it. But she is as enthusiastic as I am about living in the country."

The Circle M, their thousand-acre ranch forty miles from Hollywood, is the place they call home. They keep an apartment in town, where they live when either one is working on a picture, but the minute they finish they can be found at the ranch. Rather, they *can't* be found, for without even a telephone they are safe from every sort of outside disturbance.

There, in their attractive farm house, which never steps out of character despite every modern convenience, they *live*. There, from the top of their own private hill, they can look in any direction conscious that everything within eye sight is their own. They can ride horseback for hours, which they do every morning, without venturing off their own property. They can don bathing suits and dash down the hill a little way to dive into the swimming pool, which is no fancy, blue-tiled Hollywood creation but a cement-lined hole in the ground.

On the ranch they spend their time very much *en famille,* for they are a very clannish couple. Not that they aren't the friendliest people in the world, but they are very much wrapped up in their respective families. There is a suite in the farm house built to accommodate the two grandmothers of little Joel Dee McCrea, and it is always occupied by one or the other of them.

THEY are seldom seen at parties or at the late spots in Hollywood and when one or the other is preparing for a new picture many evenings are spent in studying their roles.

"Frances and I always rehearse our roles together," Joel recounted. "We hold script for each other. When Frances is giving me my cues she often suggests a better way for me to play a scene. I try her way because she is a much better actress than I am an actor and is good on characterization while I am better on judging stories.

"At first we were very embarrassed rehearsing before each other—probably more so than we would have been with anyone else—but now we don't mind at all. By rehearsing and becoming thoroughly familiar with a role before we start a picture, our work is much easier when we go on the set to start work on a picture."

"I'm more interested in my career than ever," he continued enthusiastically. "Frances got me out of a rut."

"I wasn't exactly indifferent about my acting," he protested when it was suggested that he may have been more interested in the ranch than he was about anything else.

"Well, maybe I was a little bit indifferent," he admitted reluctantly, and then, as though to explain, added, "I was making enough money and getting by as a personality actor. Frances got me to go to her teacher, Samuel Kayzer, and he's done a lot for me. She said if I was going to act I ought to be a good actor. Everyone seems to think I have improved, so I owe it all to Frances and Mr. Kayzer. He's the fellow who coached Freddie March and Ann Harding and, oh a lot of well-known actors. He knows his business.

"I don't want to keep on acting until I'm an old man," he laughed. "I want to quit a year before they fire me. But I don't want to stop now. I feel that I'm just getting into my stride. I'd like to be in outdoor pictures—the type of thing George Bancroft does. I think I'd be pretty good at that sort of thing." At which point the little woman nodded a vehement affirmative.

"When they offered me the role in 'Private Worlds' they didn't think I'd take it because another actor, Charles Boyer, was the star. I told them I didn't care who else was in the picture. All that mattered to me was my part. I don't mind playing with a star like Boyer, Her-

bert Marshall, Bill Powell or any good actor."

Since Joel began his screen career about seven years ago he has been almost continuously under term contract to one company or another. He has had the bitter experience of receiving a salary week after week, for months at a time, without ever setting foot before a camera. He has many times played roles for which he was not at all suited. And he refuses now to be bound by a term contract to any company.

"I don't want to sign another contract because I feel if I'm free to select the roles I play I will progress faster," he explained. "Being under contract is just like being pensioned. You have to take a role whether you are fitted for it or not because you are being paid every week. I can make a living on the ranch. I don't have to make pictures. But I want to, of course.

"Frances may sign a contract if she can have a clause in it giving her the right to turn down parts that she doesn't feel she should do.

"So far we've been fortunate in working and being idle together, but neither of us would give up a good part just because the other wasn't working. We would give up a trip or a vacation, however, if a good role came up for either of us. Why not? It's business. A career is a great deal more important than having a good time."

JOEL'S feet are firmly on the ground. Having money is nothing new to him. He has always had it but, being an independent determined sort of chap, he has always insisted upon earning his own way. He's Scotch, too, and decidedly the head of the family, which suits Frances just fine. She is the perfect wife, always seeming to agree with anything Joel says. Only once since their marriage have they held a different opinion on what, to them, was a serious matter.

That time it concerned the question of whether or not the baby should take sun baths. Joel, being addicted to fresh air and the great outdoors, believes that no one can get too much sun. Frances, the cautious, young mother, thinks the direct glare of the sun is too strong for a baby and might injure her child's eyes. This slight difference of opinion which, in many instances, might have developed into a dandy family row, was settled amicably and in short order when Joel said, "Well, a baby is a woman's business and Frances knows best."

So little Joel Dee, whom they call "Dee," does not take sun baths and when he is taken outdoors fully dressed, wears a fetching little pink sunbonnet.

"Most young married people expect too much of love," Joel said in further explaining their happiness. "They think life after marriage is going to be just like it was before; that they can go on having one long good time. They can have a good time, of course, but it's different. Marriage takes away your freedom and gives you responsibilities. Frances and I both wanted to have a baby right away. We want our family while we are young and we wanted to have responsibilities."

They agree that the responsibilities are more than overbalanced by the compensations of having each other, and they think a little more responsibility—for instance, one more baby—will make everything just perfect.

"But we have no plan for working out our lives," they insist.

So, as Gertrude Stein might say, having no plan, no plan, no plan seems to be an excellent, excellent, excellent plan!

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Care for your lashes by keeping them soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream—to be applied nightly before retiring, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Insist on genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.

It's Thrilling to Be an Actress

(*Continued from page 57*)

admirers almost innumerably. There is no sensation in the world, no thrill in the world comparable to the thrill of being loved.

I SUPPOSE I'd never thought much about the thrill part of it because the thrills an actress is supposed to have are not thrills to me. In the first place my mother, Katharine Clinton, was an actress. I was brought up in a world of theatre talk and theatre people. The mystery was matter-of-fact to me.

"The other, so-called thrills are *terrors* to me. I am shy. I am easily embarrassed. I would loathe having my carriage drawn through the public streets by human hands. The equivalent of that in our day and way is being besieged by autograph-seekers in public places. I am grateful for the interest that prompts that seeking, of course, but I am too frightened and self-conscious to get any authentic thrill out of it.

"I loathe all of the trimmings. I hate the publicity part of it. I'm afraid of interviews. I detest posing for pictures. I despise fittings yet I've been called one of 'the best dressed women on the screen,' which always hands me a laugh, seeing as how I never wear anything but pajamas or last year's sport clothes when I'm not working. I probably care less for clothes, for shopping, than any woman in the world. I wouldn't *go* shopping on a bet unless I have to.

"I like to be comfortable but luxury *per se* has no appeal for me. I still prefer lamb chops to any form of dietary delicacy. I always drive my old Ford around by myself. I have a nice house with some things I care about in it but it is the kind of a house that any competent business girl could have if she wanted to.

"I never 'do anything' about my personal appearance. I mean, I eat anything I want to eat, and if I do gain an extra pound or two, I never know it. I never go in for beauty parlor stuff. I never have massages nor facials. Sunshine and fresh air and keeping my face clean are my 'Helpful Hints To Beauty.' I like to play tennis, bridge and backgammon. I like to watch football games and six-day bicycle races. I adore to read detective stories. I spend every available spare moment on my schooner, the 'Pamet-Head.' I have two dogs, two cats, a parrot, a rabbit, a canary, some gold fish, some *very* refined frogs.

YOU may want to know what all this has to do with the thrill of being an actress? Just this: the things that make up my personal life could easily be a part of any moderately successful woman's life. The thrills that are popularly supposed to belong to an actress—orchid-like cultivation of one's beauty, sensational public appearances, gorgeous clothes with intensive time and attention given to them, diets of caviar and peacocks' tongues, night clubs and all the rest of the glitter and glamor are not *my* thrills at all.

"But," said Kay, "I have my thrills, my kind of thrills. I've told you about the greatest of them all. There are others. Being an actress is a job to me. And right there is where my next big thrill rears its startling head. It's thrilling to me *to have a job. Any kind of a job* in these difficult days. I'm grateful for it. Grateful that I'm independent, able to do for myself, beholden to no one. I'm even more grateful and more thrilled that I'm able to do pleasant things for my mother and for others I am fond of."

Speaking of doing things for those others she is fond of, reminds me of an odd predilection of Kay's. She never gives Christmas presents. That is, not on Christmas. She says that Christmas is a very sacred festival to her and that she feels it should be kept sacred and kept—a festival. And that this very spirit is being murdered by the hard, commercial spirit of exchange which has crept into the world of late. The calculating spirit of "She or he is going to give me something and I'll have to return it in kind." And so Kay does it all differently. All through the year, all of the time, she sends a gift to this friend or that, whenever she happens to see something she knows that friend would really care about. If such a gift happens to present itself around Christmas time, all right. But if it happens to come her way in May or June or July she sends it then. I like that, don't you?

"And then," Kay was saying, the pale smoke from her cigarette making a mist about her night-black head, "and then there is the thrill of knowing that I am contributing my small share to the entertainment and pleasure of thousands of people. I am one of those who may be said to have a 'Mission in Life.' And I believe in helping people to take their minds off themselves and their own problems, even for a little alleviating space of time.

"Oh, I've had one or two of the expected thrills, too, of course. Anyone who can eat sixty-nine doughnuts in the course of a morning is human, all too human. I had a thrill when I first saw my name on a four sheet, for instance. I was going by train, I remember, from Los Angeles to San Francisco. On the way up, I happened to glance out of the window, and there on the bill-boards, as tall as the sky, was the name KAY FRANCIS in—whatever the picture was. I've forgotten. But I've not forgotten that I did feel a very genuine thrill.

THERE was the time when I bought my first, and only, mink coat. This one. Like most other girls and women, I'd dreamed of the day when I should own a mink coat of my own. Back in the days when I was doing secretarial work, when I was working in the real estate office, even when I was 'just a housewife.' I'd see lovely, sumptuous ladies swishing about in mink and things. I'd sigh, and wonder whether I, too, might own a mink . . .! Then the day came when I *could*. I gave many days to it, as a matter of fact, I shopped that time. I compared mink with mink. I determined to have nothing but the best. I got it—and the real thrill was not so much the mink coat, as the fact that I was buying it for *myself!*

"Having a job, independence is a real thrill to me, you see. I'd feel the same way about any work I might happen to be doing so long as it was my work and I was making my own money and standing on my own two feet.

"Independence is the supreme thrill—it is the one I am working for. And when I have it, I shall retire from the screen. Yes, I know . . . everyone has said that and no one ever does it. *But I*

shall. I might, in my retirement, make a picture or do a play, now and again, if I was asked to. But for all practical, day-by-day purposes I shall be retired. I'll live simply. I'll travel, I'll read, I'll have my schooner. Then, and only then, will the real thrill of being an actress come home to me—when it has become the thrill of *having been* an actress!

"I get a thrill out of my mother's thrills. The first time my name was ever on Broadway in electric lights, Mother went down to that theatre and walked around the block a dozen times, just so she could look at it. She even took a camera with her and made a picture of it . . ."

Kay smiled, that rich and luscious smile of hers. She said, "I hope I haven't disappointed you. I should have been able to tell you feverish tales of lovers and rendezvous—of freedom to live my own life—and temperament—of trysts and orchids and gold bath tubs and champagne massages—but we work too hard to have many rendezvous. We have less freedom than any other group of people in the world. If we have a little fit of temperament, it is front page news within the hour. Happiness is difficult to snare and to secure because happiness roots best in peace—and there is no peace. Orchids and gold bath tubs and champagne dips are the kind of thrills other people *think* we get. Perhaps some actresses do. I doubt it. That sort of thing is as old-fashioned as the gentlemen who died with white gloves in their hands . . .

"No, the thrill of being an actress is, to me, the thrill of being loved by more people than could ever have known of my existence otherwise. It is the thrill of having a job. It is the thrill of being able to make my mother's life pleasanter than it might have been without me and my work. It is the thrill of believing that I am giving my small share of pleasure and amusement to others. It is the supreme thrill of being more alive than I might have been if I did not live under a magnifying glass . . ."

A boy staggered by bearing six mammoth boxes. The air became redolent of doughnuts. George Brent beckoned, bleakly, from the set.

Kay trod out her cigarette with a white satin heel. She gathered her mink about her. She said, "If there is any thrill in death by doughnuts, I'll let you know . . . farewell . . ."



Alice Faye eats peanuts with attractive Charles Locher at the circus.

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THAT'S too bad, now—to have *this*, of all things, come between you and that man who is "practically perfect" about everything else.

We'll tell you something. A lot of men are like that—far too many. Great fellows, most of them, but they haven't learned the facts of life about this perspiration business.

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Send us his name and address on the coupon below, and we'll send him something that will make him absolutely proof against underarm odor.

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Please send sample package of Mum, free, to

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Try This On Your Neighbors

(*Continued from page 55*)

and a high-school goulash of French and German. But all to no avail. Maureen finally went into action. She made the motions of scrubbing her face and washing and drying her hands and brushing her hair. Maureen proved what a graphic and poignant actress she can be in "David Copperfield," but I'm here to state that she never did a more superb bit of pantomime than she did the other night on the threshold of the Thalberg home with the gaping Thalberg retinue for audience. And the result was that five minutes later Maureen descended the Thalberg stairs bearing a bathbrush and a dainty monogrammed guest-towel.

WE found later that Bob Montgomery had tipped Norma off to what was going on and between them they had primed the servants to pretend to speak no English and to chatter gibberish so as to make it more difficult for Maureen. They reckoned without the histrionic ability of the Irish!

Joan Bennett's was our next stop-over. We were commissioned to get a baby's rattle from Joan's nursery. Joan and Gene Markey were playing some sort of a card game when we arrived. Maureen decided to use honesty instead of subterfuge in this case. She came right out and told Joan what we were doing and what we wanted. And here she met up with a fierce maternal possessiveness. For Joan said that we could have anything in the house just so long as we would leave the baby's rattle. Anything belonging to small Melinda, she said, was too precious to trust to the hands of a—a scavenger. Maureen said that this meant failure and, no doubt, the loss of the prize, but that she could perfectly appreciate a mother's sentiments and be moved by a mother's tears. If Joan would give us a diamond bracelet the head pow-wow of the scavengers might not count the loss of the rattle against us. Instantly Joan disappeared and then appeared again bearing a diamond bracelet and we went forth into the night with the exalted emotions of those who have spared a mother's heart. Even the officer was snuffling and rubbing his eyes with his coat sleeve as he lurked in the doorway and watched too that tender little scene.

We hunted down Francis Lederer next. Never mind where. We promised not to tell. Francis' whereabouts were not a part of our assignment. What we did have to get from Francis was a front page of one of his most cherished World Peace pamphlets. Francis was amenable to reason only after we had promised to bring up our sons, if any, without a single firecracker on the Fourth of July and total abstinence from toy guns, cannons or even a bean-shooter. Having made two World Peace converts of us, Francis ripped off the front page of one of his pamphlets and we stole forth from the retreat of Francis.

MAUREEN stepped on the gas, the officer zoomed after us and we sped back to Beverly Hills again. This time to the home of Director W. S. Van Dyke who has scavenged Africa and the North Pole and other outposts of comfort for the masterpieces he has given to the screen. Maureen said that she was really ashamed to go to Van Dyke's. He is known to all scavenger hunters as a willing martyr to the cause of scavenging. His weekly bills for remodelling, redecorating and refurnishing his scavenged home are part of his heavy overhead. Van was just leaving his house, all uniformed and tanned and handsome. He greeted us without surprise. Maureen told him, timidly, that we simply *had* to get three white hairs from the bear-skin rug in front of his fireplace. She admitted that he could have felt no greater terror when he speared the polar bear in the Far North than she did while making this request. Van gave his hearty, genial laugh. He said, "Go in and take the whole rug if you want it. I can go back North and get another." But Maureen is as conscientious as she is courageous. She has punctilio and she might have had pneumonia. She produced a pair of tweezers from a diminutive pocket and carefully abstracted three white hairs from the recumbent bear skin.

On our way back from Van's we stopped at Bill Powell's. Bill is living in the Lita Grey Chaplin house here in Beverly Hills pending the completion of his new mansion. Bill was at home. Alone. Reading. Maureen told him right out, with the blushes that only Maureen can richly and redly blush, that she had to get from him an autographed photograph of Jean Harlow. Bill seemed to have a mother's heart where this treasure was concerned. He, like Joan, offered us anything in his possession if we would forego the photograph of Jean. But this time Maureen stood her ground. She said that this was a deadly serious business. It was, in a way, life or death. . . Bill finally removed a lovely smiling head of Jean from the nearest table and handed it to us, a catch in his throat and the prayer that we would return it to him before the stars should have faded from the western sky. (It was returned to him, *I* know. *I* returned it.)

The officer sort of choked up over this one, too. He said that he didn't know that these here now scavenger hunts could be so pitiful.

We drove on to Toluca Lake. We had to snare Bing Crosby. And Bing's was a honey. In a businesslike brief-case Maureen carried one of those little recording machines into which a person sings and his voice is recorded. We had to persuade Bing to make that record. Bing looked a trifle weary when, with more of the O'Sullivan blushes, he was asked to make for us an impromptu record. He said that he was really awfully busy with the Santa Anita racing news. He said that he was incorporated but was seriously thinking of incorporating as the most scavenged man in town. And he finally broke down and sang, "Baby's Shoes" for us—and for the record. He reminded us that it should, in his case, be titled "*Babies'* Shoes."

We had one funny little one to do with a member of our own hunt. We had been commissioned to get one of Tom Brown's love letters to Anita Louise. Our orders read, delicately, that we were not to read the letter nor more than glance at it. Well, we failed. Maureen talked to Anita Louise's mother and was told that Tom had never written any letter to Anita Louise. They have never been separated long enough to make a letter possible. And whenever there has been distance or time between them, Tom

has used the phone. Which seemed to us to be something of a sly peep into a lovely young love.

"I don't really mind failing," Maureen said, "for such a darling reason."

OF course, we had to stop at Mae West's. We invaded her apartment, guards and all—and were doubtless admitted, not on our own face value, but because of the portly presence of the officer of the law. We told her that we'd come to get a new Mae West joke. And Mae gave us this one: It seems that she met the Invisible Man on the set the other day. She said to him, "Why don't you come up and see me sometime?" Whereupon he answered, "Why, Mae, I was up there last night!" Mae added that this quip might be on every tongue by morning, but it was brand new as she handed it to us.

Joan Crawford was on our list. Joan lives practically next door to the Clark Gables in Brentwood. We should have skipped over the mock oranges and gone to Joan's directly from Clark's. In our excitement we forgot to do that. So out to Joan's we went. Joan had just finished running an after-dinner picture. Franchot was there and two or three other Joan-admirers. We were commissioned to get from Joan a—guess what? A gardenia! We were hospitably invited in. Maureen cast an eager eye over the lapels of Franchot and the other gentlemen. Not a gardenia among 'em. But Joan seized upon us with avid hands. Here, she said, was her chance. She had been considering writing a story about herself to be called "The Curse of the Gardenia." Now we had given her an "out" and would she take it? Whereupon Joan gathered up her gown and, with Franchot behind her, rushed out into the night. With frantic, determined fingers, regardless of manicure, she invaded the garden and tore from the earth, roots and all, a gardenia tree! She handed it to us without a word. But her eyes, her shortened breath, her air of inexpressible triumph and relief said more plainly than words, "This is the last of the gardenias—now and forever!"

That flowering shrub won Maureen the prize. As Una Merkel observed, "You have not only brought home the booty, *you have murdered a legend.*"



Cora Sue Collins and Jean Harlow wish May Robson "Many happy returns" at her seventieth birthday party.

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Don't Call Him Screen Lover

(*Continued from page 51*)

merchant. He merely humored his son's preoccupation with the drama. Even on his death bed, he confidently expected that little Charles would carry on his business. Thereafter, Madame Boyer devoted her life to the education of her only child. She insisted that he finish at the Sorbonne before she would consent to his choice of a career. But Charles never wavered. His ceaseless practise with gesture and voice was interrupted only by the War.

"It was that War, Monsieur," Paul said with a sigh, "which makes him prefer tragedy to comedy."

"He's always serious," Paul confided. "But don't be mistaken. He's really a delightful fellow. He just doesn't like to waste time, you know, with the insincere." As he spoke, Boyer paused to exchange a word with his leading lady.

"Criticise him," Paul admonished, quietly. "He likes it. But don't . . ." He broke off as Boyer turned toward us.

The actor's expression lost its gravity as he recognized his friend. He stepped forward, with outstretched hand. No one can acknowledge an introduction so graciously as a Frenchman, but at the moment I recalled what some of the literary clique had said, "Boyer always has a temperature of 104. He's constantly under tension." As I felt the nervous grip of his hand and caught the feverish gleam in his brown eyes I felt that this, perhaps, was not so much of a gross exaggeration. He directed us into his room, shoved beribboned boxes off chairs, and after we were comfortably seated, his long fingers fumbled with a box of cigarettes. We lighted up. My eyes took in the fragrant disorder at a glance and returned to the anxious host. As he measured three jiggers of Napoleon brandy it was only his fingers, I noticed, which revealed his inward tension. Sipping our drinks, we talked for awhile about America and then, like an ass, I made a faux pas. "It must be slightly intoxicating to be attractive to so many women," I said. "How does it feel to be a great lover?" I was immediately aware of the unpleasant reaction. Paul stabbed me with a glance and a slight flush crept into Boyer's cheeks.

"I'm not this lover," Boyer mumbled. "And what sane man would want to be? Your great lover is the most pitiful creature in the world." To my incredulous exclamation Boyer answered with an indulgent smile. "You don't think so?" he said. "Then I fear you know little about women."

WE dropped the subject. In our subsequent meetings, in Paris and Hollywood, I never referred to it again. But after the preview of "Break of Hearts," as I said before, whispering tongues were giving him the same glamorous reputation on the screen that he had in France. I was anxious, suddenly, to finish that conversation. To have him clarify that curious statement over which I had pondered so often. So I phoned his house. He was home. He asked me to come out.

Two furiously wagging tails attached to a Scotty and a Boston Bull greeted me at the door. The Scotty belonged to Pat Paterson, Boyer's English wife, and the American pup was his own devoted companion. They romped joyously about our feet until the library door finally shut them out. The warm hospitality of this room, with the quiet dignity of its book-lined walls seemed to inspire friendly confidence. I came straight to the point. Before Boyer could complete the amenities of a host, I recalled my unhappy remark at our first meeting. "Your reputation almost demands that you make yourself clear," I said. "You'll have to some day. This is as good a time as any."

"All right," he said, in his slightly accented English, "I'll tell you why I'm not a great lover. I not only have no desire to be such a man, but I couldn't be even if I wanted to. I lack several characteristics every great lover must possess. It's not a striking appearance. Many Don Juans have been ugly men, some almost repulsive in body and face. It's not fame. That helps, of course, but it's not indispensable. Nor is it money. Wealth gives a tremendous advantage but so many famous lovers in history have been really paupers. You might call it personality; yet there's a host of personalities which fascinate women, Mussolini's, for instance, and yet he, most certainly, cannot be placed in that category. The first indispensable quality a great lover must possess is complete lack of faith in love."

I exclaimed my surprise but Boyer went right on talking.

"It's more than skepticism. It's a natural inability to feel anything but the most casual sensations that love can inspire. This inability to really feel love enables him to pass lightly from conquest to conquest; to simulate grand passions and play the gallant upon any occasion. It's a game because he is entirely unaffected. And because his heart is free he can master women.

"Consider a moment; and see if this isn't so. When a man's really in love he's a hopeless thing. He acts like a stricken fool. His mind wanders off in a haze of dreams, torment and ecstasy struggle in his heart, he cannot eat, it is difficult to sleep. When he's with his beloved, what does he do? Can he gallantly caress her hand and whisper his love in compelling words? No! He boyishly mumbles about irrelevant things—business, his hobby, what he hopes to do. How can such a man have the dominant assurance which makes your lover such a success?

"A great lover must have one ambition to the exclusion of everything else—to be a conqueror in the domain of women. His empire is flesh. And because he secretly despises all women, he wants to make them his slaves. And in turn, he is enslaved by them. Why? The answer is simple. Every intense person is the slave to his ambition, but the ambition to which we refer is the cruelest of all. A great lover is nothing but the mirror for feminine vanity. He must reflect each woman's ideal of a hero. And because no two women are alike, he can follow no single rule for conquest. His technique must vary with each one. With some he must be your cave man type, with others he must appeal to their sympathy, some he can dazzle with sophistication, many can be swept off their feet by the apparent sincerity of his ardor. Occasionally he appeals to the maternal instinct by seeming lonely and desolate, some are impressed by worldly accomplishment, a few by his spiritual depth, many he must buy. Always, he must aim for the vulnerable spot—the illusion which the woman, herself, has concocted about the man of her dreams. He must conform to that. He

never can be himself. It's this everlasting pretense which makes him a slave to his every consort. And that, you must admit, is not an enviable plight."

IT came to me, suddenly, that perhaps, after all, Boyer was not so well qualified to speak on the subject. That he was speaking from theory, rather than experience. What was it Paul had said? "A serious boy grew up to be a serious man following one objective." An internationalist at heart, the war had shattered young Boyer's most precious illusion. Returning to Paris, he entered the Conservatoire de Drama with the vague hope that, someday, the world would be his audience. As chance would have it, the first play in which he appeared was "The Battle" in which he portrayed a Japanese naval officer torn between patriotism and love. His success was instantaneous. But throughout the following, triumphant years his life had one motif. A careful plan which found him in Paris, London, and Berlin, always seeking to enlarge his audience. That is what brought him into films, that is what brought him to America. And in America he did two things to astonish his friends—he failed, and he got married.

Or rather his first picture failed. "Caravan" was a dismal flop. "It was idiotic," Charles told me at the time. "They gave me a silly role as a moon-struck gypsy. All I could do was make love with my eyes and fiddle a violin. I know nothing about violins. I felt like a ridiculous amateur. So I bought up my contract." But although he returned to France, he left his heart behind. It was treasured, adoringly, by his wife.

Some of his friends declare that the only girl in the world he would have married is—Pat Paterson. The manner of his courtship justified this contention. He met her, wooed her, and in three days they were man and wife. I talked to the sprightly musical comedy star, who has been the toast of London, just after they returned from Yuma. Her naturally tinted complexion was alive with happiness. Here, I recognized immediately, was just the adorable simplicity which would be irresistible to a man who had always been the prey of predatory women.

"The great lover," Boyer continued, "must be an artful devil. He must have an agile mind to discover whatever is susceptible in a woman; he must have the resourcefulness to apply the requisite technique. He can have no conscience. He must lie so well that he deceives even himself. Some peasant maid must be convinced that all France is hers before she succumbs to his entreaties; he must fascinate with tall stories of far-off heroism; he must breathe into delicate ears an undying love he has never felt; and to many, when his heart is anxiously pounding, he must act indifferent. For he knows full well, this great lover, that contrary to popular conception, many women are dominated by the thrill of the chase. So he goes through life, pursuing and pursued, and knowing nothing of love."

WHAT a strange people are the French! And Boyer the most typical of all! Believed to be an insatiable Lothario, he finds happiness only in a domestic life. He and his wife seldom go out. They spend evenings at home playing billiards or romping with their dogs. Their friends are few—but intimate. And Boyer has the reputation of being a romantic dreamer. Yet, in most aspects of life he is eminently practical. There is but one exception. He gambles. On one occasion he stood at the tables of the Club Internationale in Paris for seventy-two hours until his last sou was gone.

As far as temperament is concerned, he is vastly misunderstood. He is temperamental. But not in the way Hollywood believes. He bought up his first contract, at a heavy loss to himself, not because of pique, but because he was faithful to a professional ideal. He insists on spending six months out of every year in his native France, solely because he is smothered by Hollywood's "shop talk" environment. He keeps to himself on the set, avoiding the other players, not from a temperamental whim, but in order to concentrate on the role which, for the time, he really lives. And then, in his behavior toward the feminine half of the film colony there is slight amazement. He is cordial. He is even gallant. But there is no effulgence. The reason we have already guessed.

"Consider the great lovers of history," Boyer is saying, "Casanova, Cellini, Don Juan, De Maupassant, Cagliostro, Villon. They were successful men in their lines but their memoirs reveal an agony of spirit. Pandering to every whim of a casual mistress, they were unable to have feminine companionship. And they discovered, too soon, that women are acquisitive. Difficult to win, they are more difficult to escape. Each of those men was seared by spite. A woman's vindictiveness, when scorned, can sometimes make Satan tremble. Every woman has a bit of the coquette, but in her heart she wants love to be more than a sporting affair. No, a man can play every other game with impunity except the game of love. Its thorns are sharper than its flowers are sweet."

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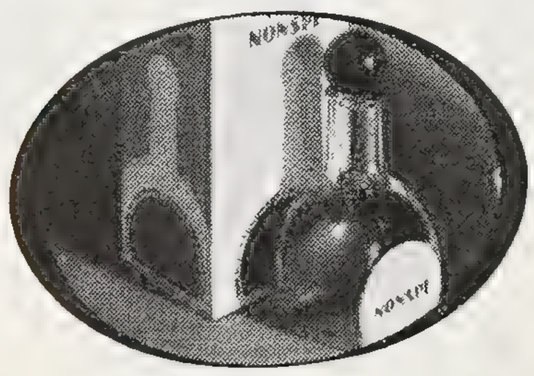
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Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 8*)

really isn't. If you just knew all the letters I get from you readers in the summertime asking, "How often do you think I should shampoo my hair? My hair is dry, and I shampoo it only once every two weeks. Is this often enough?" . . . And so on. Here and now let's settle the shampooing controversy once and for all. *Shampoo your hair as often as it needs it,* or in other words as soon as it is dirty. This will mean more often than usual in the summer.

DON'T do a half-way job of shampooing, either. Use a good liquid shampoo. Wet the hair thoroughly. Then massage the shampoo into the scalp with the finger tips until you have a really prodigious lather. Rinse thoroughly. Now work up a lather again with some more shampoo. Finish by rinsing in at least three changes of water. A lemon juice rinse or one of the excellent vegetable rinses on the market will help to make your hair the shining halo of highlights you want it to be.

Second knot (and make it a good lumpy sized one): don't forget brushing! Brushing cleanses, stimulates, and polishes. When you brush, stroke up and away from the scalp. Brush until you get a pleasant feeling of tingling life in your lazy scalp. Then you know that the sebaceous glands of the scalp are being stimulated, and it is the distribution of the fat of these glands through your hair that prevents a dry, lustreless condition. I'm not sure but what brushing, if you do an active enough job of it, isn't really the best way to massage your scalp. Be sure to brush your hair thoroughly every time you come home from a drive (especially if you've occupied the rumble seat).

Third: be as fastidious about your hair brush as you are about your powder puff. Select your brush with care. Choose an efficient brush with firm, wide-set bristles . . . and then keep it clean. I know of an excellent brush with the bristles so cleverly set that they actually pick up the hair in strands, and encourage a natural wave, too, incidentally. You will find pictured one of the best tricks I know for keeping your hairbrush clean when you're brushing your dusty locks. A piece of clean gauze or cheesecloth pressed down over the base of the bristles will prevent the dust from accumulating there, and can be changed with each brushing.

Surprisingly few people know the rules for keeping a hair brush clean, young, and healthy. Very hot water will soon cause the bristles to lose their youthful firmness. Luke warm water is best for the brush bath, with soap or soap flakes, and occasionally a few drops of ammonia to cut the grease. Never immerse the back of the brush, and never, never let the brush soak for any length of time. Immerse only the bristles, as shown in the illustration. Put the brush to dry face downward on a towel in the sunshine. Be sure to place it with the bristles down, as illustrated, so that the bristles may rid themselves of every drop of moisture; if you were to place the bristles face up, the moisture would have a chance to run back into the "roots" thus tending to make them soggy. All of which rules are simple things, but vital to the life of a faithful brush.

Fourth: sun your hair but don't scorch it. See that your hair gets its share of the enlivening sunshine, but bear in mind the danger of overdoing a good thing. If you live in the city, where you can't trot down the street hatless without causing lifted eyebrows, and you can't get away to the beach even occasionally, sneak up to the roof, or out to the park, and give your hair a good sunning once in a while. But if you are going in for a heavy session on the beach, wear a wide-brimmed hat part of the time, or seek the shade of a beach umbrella. Your hair can get sunburned too, you know, in a manner of speaking, and then it becomes like straw, streaky, and unattractive. I don't want to underrate the value of sunshine as a tonic to the hair, but neither do I want to underrate the damage that too strenuous doses of sunshine can cause. Many woeful winter hair troubles are traceable to summer neglect.

FIFTH: remedy any dry tendencies with hot oil treatments. Soapless oil shampoos are also helpful. For the hot oil treatment, warm a small amount of olive oil, and massage it into your scalp with your fingertips. If convenient, leave the oil on overnight, but if you have to shampoo your hair right away, wrap a towel wrung out of hot water around your head for about fifteen minutes to aid the scalp in the absorption of the oil.

Sixth: avoid the use of water on your hair as much as possible. Wear a cap when you're taking a shower. When you're washing your face, protect your hair from the constant soap and water inroads with a ribbon or a wide band of elastic. Be as particular about the fit of your bathing cap as you are about the becomingness of your summer "bonnets." We're so prone to slick down our hair with water, to brush it with a soaking wet brush, or run a wet comb through it, when waves and kinks are apt to be unruly. It would be better to apply a tonic or a brilliantine with an oil base to it. The latter is excellent for hair that must stand the glaring rays of the sun. The nicest way to apply brilliantine is with an atomizer. Try it!

Seventh: (and here we get to the coiffures you've been waiting for) get your hair up and off your neck, and keep a tidy, off-the-face hairline. Up and off the neck, and don't let any "stragglers" fail to live up to that cardinal rule for summer! The tendency is all for the back hair to swirl around and up. Longer hair, too, shows this upward trend, reminiscent of the French twist, like Julie Haydon's. It's easy to brush your hair up from your neck, and mass it high on the back of the head in ringlets, a simple version of the silhouette of the gay nineties. A smart idea is to let the locks grow out, just at the hairline, so that they can be brushed upward to meet the curls clustering on the outward curve of the head. For hot summer days with your crisp organdies and billowy chiffons, you'll want a coiffure that is in tune, one that reflects soft, sweeping movements and crispness at the same time. I don't think you'll want bothersome locks on the brow, or intricate treatments over the ears. For most of us, the most satisfactory summer hairdress probably will be the one in which all the hair is directed off the face, and off most of the ears, too, and built up in the back with fresh, crisp looking curls. If you want more softness about the face, and those of us with sharp or prominent features do generally need more softness, a smart hair style is one that combines an almost unwaved top with soft side curls. The curls should

move toward the face and off the neck in such a hairdress.

One slick, easy hairdress that I think is the essence of summer coolness is achieved by brushing the hair off the temple without a smidgeon of a wave, and then turning up the ends into two rolls of neat curls.

Somehow we think of inward shininess as a sort of reflection of outward freshness and cleanliness. The sweat glands function overtime in hot weather, and you need plenty of warm water and soap to thoroughly cleanse the skin. If you're tired, if you're dusty, if you're cranky, if you're weary of "trying to shine" in the heat, take a bath. And include in that bath all the lovely perfumed bath accessories that make bathing such an economical luxury rite nowadays. Naturally, you will want to use a deodorant and depilatory regularly during this revealing season. The underarms and legs must be kept free of superfluous hair, and there must never be a question of personal fragrance and daintiness. I know of a pleasantly perfumed depilatory that comes in cream, liquid, or powder form, and a deodorant that comes in convenient stick form for hasty application at the beach or the dance.

THE beach and the dance . . . modern girls must be "devastating" at both. In fact, nowadays the only girls who go in for sun-browning are those who know it's becoming to them (generally the not-too-delicate blondes and the medium brown-haired types), or those who are just too lazy to prevent it. Shining faces as well as shining heads are very much in order at the beach, for at the seaside one should exhibit a beaming countenance that shines with oil. Protective suntan oils are necessary to keep the skin from becoming too dry, and to prevent those squint lines that etch themselves into our skins so easily. Don't try to get tanned if you have the kind of a skin that freckles the first sunny day. Use a sunburn preventive, and go in for wide brimmed beach hats, beach pajamas, and parasols. For your land pursuits in the sun, use a heavy powder base, and plenty of powder in a darker shade than you generally wear, on your neck, face, and arms.

Sometimes there are beach party occasions when one wants to be particularly decorative at the beach, too. Then remember that the eyes and the lips are the features to be emphasizd in beach make-up. Brows which have been shaped to a natural line may be accentuated with a pencil whose coloring is not affected by perspiration. Waterproof mascara can be applied very lightly on the lashes. And lips will profit by the application of a good oily base lip rouge. Even at the dance, one still goes in for the avoidance of artificial makeup. Naturalness is the art we strive for . . . powder that tones in perfectly with our skins, and lipstick that is colorful, but does not coat the lips brilliantly.

If you are interested now in checking up your shade of face powder, I have a handy little package containing four distinctive shades, together with cream, lip and cheek rouge to match, that is yours for the asking. There is no cost involved.

Read about Mary Biddle's SPECIAL FREE OFFER to you this month. It will show you how to put the proper "face value" on summer. Remember that Miss Biddle's free beauty consultation service is also open to you. Just drop her a line about your personal problems and enclose a stamped addressed envelope for her reply.



IT MAY BE THE COLOR OF YOUR FACE POWDER!

By *Lady Esther*

Did you ever stop to think that the shade of face powder you use so confidently might be altogether the wrong one for you?

It's hard to believe that women can make a mistake in their shades of face powder or that one shade can make you look older than another. Yet, it's only too obviously true!

You know how tricky a thing color is. You know how even a slight variation in color can make a startling difference in your appearance. The same transforming effect holds true in the case of face powders. Where one shade will have positively the effect of making you look young, another will, just as decisively, make you look older—*years older than you are!*

Face Powder Fallacies

Many women look years older than they actually are because they select their face powder shades on entirely the wrong basis. They try to match their so-called "type" or coloring which is utterly fallacious. The purpose in using a shade of face powder is *not* to match anything, but to bring out what natural gifts you have. In other words, to *flatter!*

Just because you are a brunette does not necessarily mean you should use a brunette or dark rachel powder or that you should use a light rachel or beige if you are a blonde. In the first place, a dark powder may make a brunette look too dark, while a light powder may make a blonde look faded. Secondly, a brunette may have a very light skin while a blonde may have a dark skin and vice versa. The sensible and practical way of choosing your face powder shade, regardless of your individual coloring, is to try on all five basic shades of face powder. I say "the five basic shades" because that is all that is necessary, as colorists will tell you, to accommodate all tones of skin.

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"But," you say, "must I buy five different shades of face powder to find out which is my most becoming and flattering?" No, indeed! This matter of face powder shade selection is so important to me that I offer every woman the opportunity of trying all five without going to the expense of buying them.

All you need do is send me your name and address and I will immediately supply you with all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. With the five shades which I send you free, you can very quickly determine which is your most youthifying and flattering.

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(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

Lovers for a Day

(*Continued from page 61*)

moment I saw her beautiful face.

"But I never forgot her haunting beauty. She was so lovely, it was like a stab of pain. She wore no hat. Her hair was like spindrift. Green eyes were elfishly luminous in the lamp light. Perhaps it was vanity, but I thought she smiled.

"I wanted to stop her. As I listened to her footsteps on the pavement I was on the point of rushing back. To stop her. To talk to her. To find out who she was. And where I could see her again. Instead, I was a coward. Too conventionally sensitive. I walked on slowly, looking back, listening to her footsteps die away.

"How I kicked myself afterwards! And how different everything might have been if I'd met her then. But all I could do was speculate as to what kind of a girl she was. I tortured myself with these thoughts. They were my constant preoccupation. She was, I decided, just nineteen. A girl of the streets? Ridiculous! She was probably one of a large family. A family in poorish circumstances. No doubt, she was a dutiful daughter. But was she? There had been such a fierce independence in her proud carriage as she passed me on the street. More probably, she was one of those insurgent spirits who are obsessed with a craving for freedom. A girl who was anxious to try her young wings along some strange course.

WELL, three years later I saw her again. I recognized her instantly. It was easy, you understand, for I had been unconsciously searching for her all the time. I saw her in Portsmouth. I was playing stock at the Garrick and she was in the audience. It wasn't until the middle of the second act that I caught a glimpse of her in the fifth row. I stopped, I staggered, I forgot my lines.

"I came to with Myra—she was the ingenue—trying to cover up the awkward moment by frantically ad-libbing. The stage manager was whispering hoarsely from the wings. But even in my sudden embarrassment the exact seat in which she was sitting registered on my mind. Somehow, I finished the scene. Back in my dressing-room I dashed off a note. I got hold of an usher. He promised faithfully to deliver the note without fail. Then I struggled through until the final curtain."

Hank cleared his throat and asked if I cared for a drink. His own throat was dry. Hank poured me a generous whisky and squirted soda in his own until it was barely flavored.

"Funny," he said, "how trivial we can be in the important moments of life. I knew, of course, that she'd be waiting. Just as I felt so sure all along of so many other things. When I rushed into the lobby the audience was still leaving. People were gathered in little groups to laugh and talk. She was sitting in a chair—so alone, so strangely apart from everyone else. I stepped up beside her. She looked up. Her dark lashes shadowed green eyes which were flecked with golden points.

"I heard myself saying, 'How do you do?' She smiled and said, 'How do you do?' Her voice was softly musical when she spoke. I said, 'I saw you once, years ago.' 'Yes,' she murmured, 'I remember.' I said, 'My name is Henry Wilcoxon.' 'Yes,' she said, 'I know that, too. My name is Deirdre MacArthur.' Then, for some unaccountable reason, I made some stupid remark about the weather.

"We left the lobby. I never did know how far we walked. I was emotionally drunk. Her arm was so snugly warm in my own. We passed taxis which we didn't think of hailing. Down curious streets where I'd never been before. At last we entered a Chinese restaurant.

"There were only a few things about her I'd been able to find out. She was one of seven children. Her father was superintendent of a coal mine in Wales. She was studying music. She wasn't married. Beyond that she wouldn't tell me anymore. But as soon as I gave our order and the hovering waiter departed, I asked her something which I had meant to ask her from the first: 'Will you be my wife?' Her eyes grew wider as she stared at me from across the table. Her lips parted in a faint smile. 'No,' she said, with a curious catch in her voice. 'But thank you, thank you so much.' Oddly enough, that didn't depress my spirits. I felt all along that she would refuse. Just as I knew that I must keep on asking her.

WHEN we taxied home she insisted that the driver stop at a corner. She wouldn't permit me to accompany her to her lodgings. It was a squalid district. As we stood there, by the lamp post, that momentary vision of long ago returned. It was then that I kissed her. Perhaps it was the way the lamp light spilled on her hair, giving its ash blond texture the quality of spindrift whipped from the breaking waves. She didn't resist the caress. I can feel, even now, the warm pressure of her hand on the back of my head. 'Goodbye,' she whispered. 'I had to see you again. And I knew that someday I would. But promise me something now. Please!' I held her in my arms as I promised. Her head came back to look for a breathless instant into my eyes. 'Remember now, you've promised. Don't try to see me again—ever.' She twisted out of my grasp, turned, and ran down the street."

Hank poured a spot of Scotch into his glass and squirted it full of soda.

"That is the first serious promise that I've ever broken. I couldn't help myself, I suppose. And I'm glad. When the show moved on to Leeds at the end of a week, I quit. I haunted that squalid neighborhood day and night. But nobody seemed acquainted with a girl who answered her description. I never saw her myself. But finally a cockney lad in a grocery market felt sure that he knew whom I meant. He led me up a side street. We climbed a rickety stairway in a flat. He pointed to a door. I gave the lad a shilling and raised my knuckles to knock. I never did. The door opened. And Deirdre stepped out. She stepped out swiftly and closed the door behind her. Her face was chalky white. From a window she must have seen us coming. Her coat was on. As I read the reproof in her eyes I felt like a cad. She didn't speak. I reached out to take her hand. 'You're coming with me,' I said. She didn't resist. Gesturing for silence she caught hold of my sleeve as we tiptoed down the stairs. I hailed a cab.

"We drove out to a hill overlooking the harbor and I told the cabby to wait. We

walked down a grassy slope to spread our top coats under a cluster of yew trees. It was May. Even the commercial activity on the harbor below seemed touched by the fever of spring. Nervously belching tugs kept churning the water into soapy ribbons. A steamer hooted for the pilot, a great liner swung away from the hovering insects, blasted a warning, and proudly got under her own steam—going, I suppose, to America. Deirdre leaned against my shoulder, breathing in all this beauty. Her hair brushed my cheek. 'Why don't you marry me?' I said. My voice seemed to startle her out of some dream. Her breath came more quickly. 'Suppose,' she finally said, 'that I begin at the beginning. You shouldn't have come. But now you'll know all.'

"Her story was an unusual one. Briefly, it was this. She had fallen in love with her music teacher who was twenty years older than she. When her family suspected the romantic attachment, her father and eldest brother waylayed the maestro. He was beaten so horribly he went to the hospital. Deirdre was stricken. Her teacher had never realized her secret infatuation. When he partially recovered, his pride was shattered. He was a nervous wreck. People still regarded him with suspicion. He had to leave town. Dierdre insisted on going wherever he went. She loved him now. And he wasn't well. Internal injuries had made him susceptible to tuberculosis. Finally, he gave in to her pleadings. She could accompany him as nurse and he would continue with her music. So one night they slipped away.

HIS health became worse. They had only his insurance to live on. She worked on the side and saved money to take him to South Africa. His single passion had been to make her the greatest pianist in the world, but now, by the way his eyes followed her about, she knew that he worshipped her. He never uttered his love. He merely said, 'I must live until I teach you all I know.'

"And throughout these years Deirdre realized that she was responsible for his condition. She couldn't hurt him in any way. She hoped, someday, to make him proud of her.

"Well," Hank continued sadly, "it was dark when we left that hillside. Red and green lights on the steamers gleamed up from below. Driving back in the taxi I had the devil's own time making her agree to my proposition. But I wouldn't let her go until she did. Then I hurried to my hotel, packed, and hopped the next train for London. In three days I had a job. In six weeks I was able to send the necessary funds.

"That summer I lived for her letters. I received one every day. Beautiful letters from South Africa. They evoked the image of that last hour in the cab. Deirdre snuggling against my shoulder, the touch of her cheek, the warm appreciation of her hands. I devoured each letter. But what I really wanted to hear—although I wouldn't admit it even to myself—was that at last she was free.

"I didn't think for a moment that she would deceive me. But before her letters stopped coming I accepted a long-run engagement. I was desolate. I wanted to break my contract and sail for South Africa. It finally became so intolerable that I managed to be released. I booked passage. The day before I was to sail I heard from her again."

"Wait," he said, "I'll show you that last letter." Rummaging his hand through his shock of curly, black hair, he left the room. In a little while he returned. He untied a faded ribbon from a bundle of letters. He handed me the one on top and sank down in his chair. "Read it out loud," he said.

The stationery was plain. It was written in a fine, neat hand.

Dearest Henry,

Thanks for everything you've done. The money you sent I used for specialists so I couldn't live apart from Ricci like you begged me to do. I had to stay with him until the end. He died last September. But I couldn't let you know about it then. You see, Henry darling, I contracted what the doctors call quick T. B. I couldn't allow you to marry a phantom, now could I? So goodbye, sweet. The doctor is in the next room and the nurse is waiting to turn out the light. This is probably my last letter. Enclosed is the only thing I have left to give. Keep it always.

Love,

Deirdre.

There were several blots on the last few lines. I stared at them for a moment, and then returned the letter to Hank. Without a word he handed me a small crucifix. "Just think," he mused, speaking more to himself than to me, "those few times we were together were less than one whole day. Yet it seems that I've known her always . . . and always will."

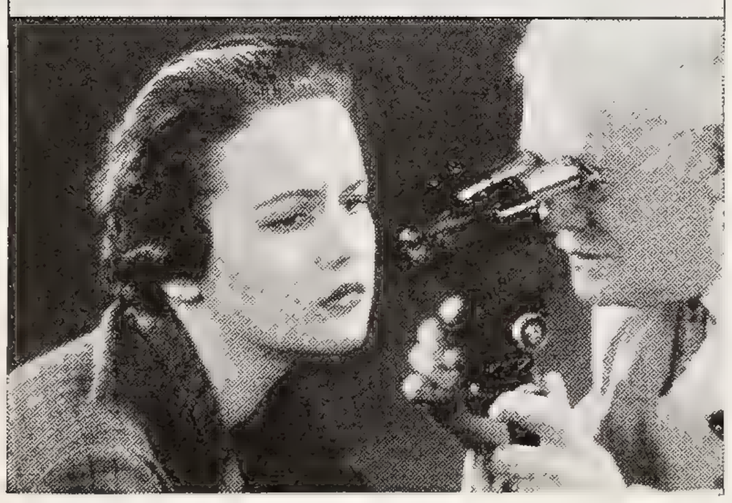
I fingered the crucifix gently and then handed it back. I could think of nothing to say. So I muttered something about the hour and we said good night. Hank probably needed some sleep.

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"It has done Wonders. I cannot speak too Highly of Yeast Foam Tablets"



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Perstik

Vacationing? Here's What to Wear

(*Continued from page 66*)

of the culotte, or divided sports skirt as it is more popularly known.

"I don't like them at all. They seem like a bad compromise between skirts and trousers and they certainly are cumbersome to wear. I love both pajamas and shorts. My favorite sports costume is one that I buy in all colors from the shop that Bebe Daniels and Mrs. Skeets Gallagher run. I will send you a picture of them because they are so practical and so easy to copy."

What's more Madge kept her word and sent the picture, which you see on page 64. A short-sleeved shirt and either slacks or shorts make up the costume. Unbleached muslin is the inexpensive fabric used—the beautiful part being that you don't have to iron them after washing. Madge buys them in natural shade and in various colors and they are trimmed with bright buttons which are tied on with string! A colored belt to match the buttons is an added detail. As you can see, Madge wears them for tennis, and she ties her white woolly sweater about her neck to form a shoulder protection after the heat of a fast set.

Another combination that Madge likes especially is a navy blue ribbed silk pajama suit. The short-sleeved shirt has two patch pockets, the left being decorated with Madge's monogram in white.

WHILE on the subject of pajamas, I have to tell you about those that Pat Paterson wears almost constantly at home and at the studio. Pat, being an English girl, said that she was amazed at the informality of Hollywood dressing when first she arrived over here but after a few days at the studio, she could see readily why so many actresses preferred to wear either slacks or pajamas—they are not only comfortable but highly practical.

"I actually find it hard to dress up anymore," she said, with a slight grimace in the direction of her closet which was bulging with the new wardrobe which René Hubert had designed for her. "I love Hubert's clothes which he has designed so cleverly for me, of course, but really I have become so devoted to my daytime costume of black satin slacks and red satin jacket, that I almost want to wear them on the street! I can't do that though, because my husband won't let me!" She giggled as she said it but you could see that she was in dead earnest. Her husband, as you know, is the very attractive Charles Boyer—and he, being a Frenchman, frowns on the too casual costuming of Hollywood.

"You really mind then what your husband likes and dislikes in your wardrobe?" I asked.

"Oh, goodness yes, I wouldn't think of wearing anything that Charles really dislikes. It seems silly to me to defy your husband's tastes in things. After all, what's the fun of dressing, if you don't achieve admiration from your husband? He hates all crazy hats, too. In fact, if he had his way, completely, I'd only wear the simplest black clothes, in the best French tradition. However, being English, I do digress, as you see."

She waved an airy hand toward the aforementioned closet. It was jammed full of attractive things but, frankly, I was more intrigued with her trousseau lingerie. And since lingerie goes into every vacation bag, I'm going to take time out to tell you about a few things.

There was a peach satin nightgown with long, full sleeves and a demure Peter Pan collar. Its sole trimming was not lace but beautifully done featherstitching! On the left side her own name "Pat" was scrawled casually in her own handwriting, embroidered on, of course. She laughingly admitted that some of her more intimate undergarments bore the written tag "Shrimp" which is her husband's very elegant pet monicker for her!

A black lace nightie had the same Peter Pan collar but short sleeves and was very feminine with its high Empire waist. Still another was a very bridey confection in white satin with pale beige lace and had a brief but very lovely jacket topping it.

ELIZABETH ALLAN, another English star who has taken Hollywood's brand of sports clothing seriously, wears very full white flannel slacks with a navy blue flannel jacket for yachting or sailing. You can see it at its breezy best on page 64. Elizabeth tucks a polka-dotted Ascot scarf into the neckline of the white mannish blouse she wears with this—the beret she contends is the most practical sailing headgear.

To digress from the active side of our vacation program, take a look at the stunning crash linen suit which Dorothy Tree is wearing on page 65. It's grand on or off a vacation schedule and you will find so many uses for such a suit that you always will have one on your summer list henceforth. The old bogey about linen being so impractical and crushable is practically a myth now because the new weaves are so skillfully executed that nearly all wrinkling and mussing is eliminated. Dorothy's suit is the classic tailormade with single button jacket, rather wide lapels and a fitted waist. Her accessories are perfect complements from the wide-brimmed panama with green woolen cord trim to the green blouse, white "air-conditioned" pigskin gloves and trim white pumps.

Leave it to *la belle* Lombard to take the dramatic viewpoint of beach clothes! It takes dash and daring to uphold the "best dressed" title in Hollywood or anywhere else—remember Carole's famous predecessor Lil Tashman who never let a good fashion trick go by? Carole's beach skirt and top, divorced enough to show a daring streak of her slender waist in the flesh, are an Americanized version of a Tahitian beauty's best dress! Navy blue linen is set off by bright buttons and a gay colored band on the skirt—the latter doesn't show because Carole's swaggering walk shows the slit skirt instead, not to mention her shapely limb. The gay wicker hat is a knockout extra in the picture. And don't miss her shoes because they are the newest rage in summer footwear all over the country. Interlaced strips compose the entire shoe, created to give a step-in pump effect with bare toes. Kid, cotton and silk are some of the mediums used for this clever footwork.

And speaking of beach hats—or sun hats, as you prefer, Ann Dvorak's favorite one follows an off-the-face movement. Ann likes to get tanned, so the hat is nothing more than a decorative gesture with her. You will see it on page 65. It's a rough cotton, stiffened and stitched with a great sweeping brim fastened back off the forehead. It has quite a swashbuckling air.

Bathing suits—what a vast field for thought! Really, there is hardly a clever idea in this category that hasn't been developed this season. You can have the briefest, most practical of swim togs, or you can go to the other extreme and choose a taffeta fancy that just sits and suns but never swims! If you like to swim, you will pick some really useful suits likes those I have shown on page 66. These aren't afraid of any amount of water and they are practical, yet styled with originality and an eye to flattering your figure.

The dressy group, those gay cottons, crêpes, taffetas and others which catch the eye of the "beached" crowd, can be had in a myriad styles. Nearly all of them can be worn in the water, but as you know, a real swimmer scorns fripperies.

As perishable as cellophane sounds, strangely enough it combines with lastex to make one of the most popular suits this summer. And it is the slickest looking thing. I mean slick in the shiny, shimmering sense of the coat of a wet seal emerging from water. Jean Parker simply adores her cellophane woven suit and has proved its practicality by many dips in pools and the Pacific. These suits aren't scratchy, as you would think, but are soft and pliable.

ELIZABETH ALLAN prefers the bandanna "bra" and trunks type of suit. Her brown shorts are in a heavy knit and the top has a halter neck, also brown but plaided in green and orange.

Both Betty Furness and Jean Parker like the knitted suit with brief attached skirt over the trunks. Betty's suit is white in a rib stitch with brown trim. The back is cut low, the front in square effect with straps.

Jean's suit is very conservative, being in Kingfisher blue rib knit with contrasting braid trim. Again a skirt covers the trunks but is part of the suit.

The peasant beach dress is a great favorite to wear over your suit when out of the water. It usually is made with a basque top and full, ankle-length skirt. Bright cottons in gay prints are the popular fabrics for this. A lot of the younger crowd wear 'kerchiefs tied over the hair and under the chin, à la Russian peasant women when they work in the fields. It's an amusing idea and keeps your hair smooth without having to wear a beach hat. The Tahitian influence, like Carole's costume, is also much in evidence. Of course, you old dyed-in-the-wool pajama and slack gals need feel no qualms about continuing to wear them because you have half of Hollywood on your side. It just depends upon your school of thought. You can have one of each, you know; one for practical purposes and the beach dress for glamor plus!

When you go off for a week-end or a vacation, pack your bag with the least number of extras. There's hardly a place, unless you are going to a very grand hotel or a swanky private summer home, where you won't live almost entirely in sports clothes. One dinner dress of some gay summer cotton or silk and one simple afternoon dress will suffice for an average short vacation trip anywhere. Of course, if you are going to be traveling constantly, rather than to be idling in the sun, you had better send for my list of clothes for various types of vacation trips.

I have prepared a summer vacation fashion schedule for you that includes cruise, resort, country and travel suggestions in clothes. Just send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request, and write to Adelia Bird, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City.





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"If I Were Poor—"

(*Continued from page 63*)

find herself faced with the perplexing business of living and dressing on twenty-five dollars a week, the habiliment hobgoblins, at least, wouldn't have her baffled or stymied. She would pick up her girlhood training in clever economy right where she left it when she went on the stage.

"I would get along somehow until I had saved enough for just one tailored suit, but a good one, mind you. I would hibernate financially again until I had enough for one excellent pair of shoes. I'd be willing to take a risk on a cheap blouse and hat because these are smaller items that can sometimes be successfully camouflaged for a long time.

"I'd wear that one smart outfit every day for a year, if necessary, but I'd be secure in the knowledge that I was a well-dressed woman, even if I had but one garment to my name.

"I'd follow the same routine for a coat. I'd stamp out temptation when I passed shops flaunting cute, cheap little dresses I needed so badly, and I'd do without a few lunches, but in the end I would own one lovely black coat with straight lines that could not possibly be annihilated by any sudden swerve in the style market.

"But when I could afford a party frock, I might relax my rule slightly and look for an inexpensive one because evening things receive only slight wear, and the dim lights of night are usually very kind to the uncertain seams of the catchpenny gown."

And then Claudette offers her own shopping chart, one she used not so many years ago when she was collecting her first adolescent finery.

The Colbert chart is divided into two separate listings. The first group itemizes the apparel that must always and under all circumstances be the very best. This list includes all daytime wear, suits, dresses, coats, both tailored and dressy, shoes and gloves.

The second group is titled "Safe If Cheap" with an admonishing footnote that says, "But watch your step." This listing indicates guarded economy for hosiery, lingerie, handbags, blouses, hats, dinner and evening frocks, and a bargain wrap.

KAY FRANCIS would meet our twenty-five-dollar-a-week challenge with an "accessory wardrobe."

"I could manage to hold my own in any fashionable circle with exactly three well chosen costumes," she told me. "However, each of the three costumes would do triple duty and do it with chic and éclat by the sheer sorcery of the accessory plan."

Kay is absurdly proud of her suggestion, because she made it work throughout one entire Hollywood season when an overcrowded picture schedule precluded shopping forays. All this occurred about three years ago when Kay was winning her first recognition from all the prominent Parisian couturiers as Hollywood's best-dressed woman. During that very winter, she made one black crêpe frock see her through every formal and semi-formal engagement, and one gray suit and a black afternoon dress meet all her daytime sartorial needs. She actually led the film colony's fashion race with three outfits.

And that is why Kay can offer you this amazingly shrewd set of wardrobe blueprints. She says:

"I would manage somehow from my twenty-five-dollar salary one good suit for business wear. It would be made to measure because that is the only way to purchase any tailored garment. I would have my dressmaker or tailor add to the usual jacket and skirt, a jumper of the same material, thus turning my skirt into a trim, two-piece frock for the office.

"Instead of expensive and perishable batiste blouses, I would select several lightweight jersey sweaters in bright and dark colors, and one silk blouse shot with metal threads to dress up the suit for luncheon and matinee dates. This would give me one tailored suit, a two-piece frock and one semi-dress outfit.

"The second garment of my three-costume collection, would be an afternoon frock and it would be in a color complementary to the suit so that hats, gloves and shoes could be interchangeable. If the suit were black, oxford gray or navy, I would have this frock in black or gray.

"This outfit should be a two-piece affair because the dress you can divide into two equal parts is the one that lends itself gracefully to the magic of accessories. There should be one pair of inexpensive but well-made clips to change the neckline of this frock, and there should be one three-quarter length tunic of a contrasting shade, preferably a bright jewel color with which the outfit is entirely transfigured. And then because there is that blessed separate skirt, I would sometimes wear it with my silk metal-shot blouse for informal Sunday evening occasions, the movies, and the bridge gettogethers.

"And now we come to the evening frock, which is so important to the girl with many dates and a slim income. It should be black, this evening gown, and not too extreme in cut to help defy that "dated" look after its first season. I should own a long-sleeved jacket of the same material, or if I could afford it, an extra metal cloth jacket. When worn with my little coat, the deeply décolletage formal becomes the perfect dinner costume.

"To my jacket I would sometimes add a bright scarf of emerald green or wine red satin and I would tie it Ascot fashion for extra dash. I would find a small cluster of dark red carnations and pin them on the lapel of the dinner jacket (when the scarf is not worn) and I could transfer these flowers with gratifying results to the tailored lapel of my suit.

"For those big nights when my black gown must do formal duty, I would collect two or three bright and enormous flowers to change the effect of the waist, the shouder line and the very back of the décolletage. I might even buy a remnant of brilliant silk and swathe it about the waist and let the ends fall down the back into a gay train. I would certainly treat myself to one enormous clip that could be effectively snapped at varying points of the neckline and waistline and would look effective against a black background."

Kay Francis believes in her accessory plan. She knows that she can carry it out tomorrow, if necessary, and still walk in the ranks of the impeccably groomed. She knows all this because even in the very midst of Hollywood's unbridled extravagance she has made this three-costume-accessory-wardrobe function for her, and function, I might add, beautifully.

GINGER ROGERS offers the most unique solution of the quartet.

She practiced what she is about to preach way back in the days when she

helped her mother scratch out a budget for her school-girl clothes from her mother's nine weekly dollars.

"Mother's earning capacity grew healthier by the time I thought I was a young lady, but I still suffered mental agonies over my lack of clothes," Ginger told me. "Nice things are so darned important to any girl, especially the young ones who are just sprouting their social pinfeathers.

"I finally solved my own gritty problem with my cousin, who was my size and age and usually agreed with all my clothes selections. We decided to pool our slender budgets and buy a single but complete wardrobe between us.

"It worked something like this: instead of one last year's evening frock, made over, we had two new ones owned between us, and in place of my mother's hastily revamped jet basque, I had a half interest in one honest-to-goodness evening wrap. I had the use of three hats instead of one, two winter coats instead of one, and so on."

Of course, Ginger realizes that convenient cousins are a great scarcity, but in theory her plan could be made to work. She suggests a girl friend who travels in a different social set, and one who can wear the same size, and who will always be a good sport when it is her turn to have the frocks cleaned and repaired.

And then Ginger offers a second plan, one that is practiced with huge success by the girls who play bits and extras in pictures. These girls need large and varied wardrobes for their work and they usually keep themselves well stocked by purchasing, at nominal prices, the slightly used personal gowns of a number of stars.

Ginger believes that this procedure should work for the wardrobe-weary girl in any town where there are a number of smartly gowned, socially prominent women. If a personal introduction to such women proves impossible, a businesslike note outlining the plan, making it very clear that all selections will be paid for, should bring results.

"Surely," Ginger says, "there must be at least one wealthy, well-dressed woman in every city who would warm to the idea of making some girl gloriously happy, and at the same time realizing some small sum for bridge or charity from her prodigious seasonal wardrobe expenditures."

And now I am certain that you can understand why four Hollywood stars, festooned with finery, can offer four practical and amazingly applicable wardrobe plans to the thousands of girls who are beset by the bleak vacancies in their daily raiment.



Dolores Barrymore steps out with her sister, Helene Costello and Frank Craven for first time since divorce rumors

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She Can Take It

(*Continued from page 42*)

small-town. It was swell for Merle to think so—but there wasn't any money to foster an indefinite stay in London. And, too, her uncle was pretty upset. He was responsible for this cool, determined young niece and he didn't dare return without the O'Brien-Thompson offspring because then her family might be a trifle upset, too!

Having done a bit of acting with the Calcutta Amateur Theatrical Society, which staged pantomimes, Merle decided that she could try her hand at acting in London. Also, a number of people had told her that producers fell for a beauty such as hers. She kidded her uncle into thinking that she had a good chance to land a job, so he, being a good sport, gave her a return-trip ticket to Calcutta and enough money to last her a month. If, at the end of that time, she had not located with some theatrical company, she was to return home.

MERLE never used the return ticket, she cashed it in when funds ran low! She didn't have the faintest idea how to go about getting into either the theatre or the films, but she was determined to make the grade. She scrimped along on her uncle's stipend, meanwhile doing the agencies and trying to hear of a job. Finally, she heard that the H. M. V. Film Company was holding an audition for players at the Café de Paris. She discovered upon arrival at the restaurant that about fifty other girls had answered the call and she didn't have a chance.

However, a rather authoritative looking gent came up while she was there and asked her if she would like to dance in the Café. She was hungry and needed money desperately but she had heard stories about café dancers, so she declined. The man was persistent, despite her rebuff, asking her to have tea a few days later at the Café so that she could meet some of the other dancers. He thought it would change her viewpoint. By the time that day arrived, Merle was even hungrier so she went reluctantly. Result was she got a job as hostess and stayed there for three months until she was snatched away by her frantic mother who arrived from India to find out why she hadn't come home.

Merle won her mother over to her side enough to have her linger on in London with her and provide a home while she continued to look for a theatrical job. By this time she had decided that films were the quickest money-makers. Through friends made at the Café, she finally obtained extra work with British-Gaumont. It wasn't until two years later, however, that Alexander Korda, the great European director, saw her at lunch one day and offered her a screen test. In fact, it was Mrs. Korda who called his attention to her, thus interesting him so much that he sought out the set where she was working and watched her do a small "bit." Result was that she started work for him and soon became one of his most talented finds. Her first leading part was with Roland Young in "Wedding Rehearsal." You probably remember her first with Leslie Howard in "Reserved for Ladies," and later as Ann Boleyn in "The Private Life of Henry VIII."

She and Leslie Howard have been great friends ever since the first picture in which they worked. She is one of his staunchest admirers. At the time we met in New York, Leslie was appearing on the stage in "The Petrified Forest" and Merle told me that she hoped she would have a chance to return with his cast to London and play the feminine lead with him when it opened there.

"I would like to do the part of the girl in Leslie's play," she said. "She is such a real character and I think it would be excellent for me to get some stage experience. And playing with Leslie, I think I would get the self-confidence I would need to attempt my first stage role. I have worked with him so much and he knows the stage and its requirements so thoroughly.

"I like film work but I feel that I need contact with audiences, too. The stage would give me that."

I asked her how she liked working in Hollywood for the first time. She made a slight grimace.

"I HAD a perfectly grand time the last two weeks I was there," she said. "But I went into seclusion the first six weeks. I don't know whether everyone resented the fact that I had broken my engagement with Mr. Schenck, who is very popular out there, or whether Hollywood instinctively is hostile to all foreign importations. I can't believe that I had attained enough importance in their eyes to loom up as a menace!" She chuckled as she said this, because I think secretly she believes that is just what a number of dazzling Hollywood beauties thought.

"I really was bewildered," she continued, "at everyone's hostility. It frightened me and so I took to hiding. As far as Mr. Schenck and I were concerned, their attitude was silly, inasmuch as broken engagement or not, we see a great deal of each other and are the best of friends. You know, I actually became so terrified at the disapproval evidenced for me, that when I finally took courage and accepted an invitation to a party, I stayed close to one friend in the room, asking what man I should smile at and what one I shouldn't!"

And if you believe Merle Oberon did this, you are crazy, because all the time she was telling me, that twinkle, I mentioned earlier, was wickedly glinting. And what's more, I can't imagine Hollywood scaring the Oberon for very long. In fact, a little later, in our conversation, we veered off on clothes, and she told me what a sensation a gown, designed for her by Norman Hartnell, made when she appeared in it at one of these very Hollywood parties. You don't wear dresses like that to appear as a shy, retiring soul!

Merle doesn't think anyone in Hollywood seems to be happy. She thinks pictures out there do something to people.

"I think your stage people and our film people lead a more normal life than the Hollywood stars. I mean by that that they aren't under the spotlight nearly so much. You don't feel that you have any private life in Hollywood, or when you become a Hollywood star. Yet I like working there. We had great fun on the "Folies Bergere" set. Of course, I adore Maurice Chevalier, he is one of the kindest men in the world and one of the nicest to work with. I have known him for so long that I felt quite at home while working. I am going back to make "Dark Angel," and I feel sure that I

shall have a good time—the last two weeks of fun I mentioned, convinced me that you can have a good time in Hollywood when everyone relaxes. I wouldn't want to live there permanently, ever, but it is nice to go out for a few pictures a year."

We got onto the subject of happiness, and Merle shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't think you find happiness in being an actress. Perhaps some do, I can only speak for myself. I can't understand now, and you will think this funny since you know how I struggled to get an acting job, I can't understand why young girls should leave nice comfortable homes to battle their way up to an uncertain success. I was so young and so silly that I thought I couldn't stand the small confines of my home in India. I was born in Tasmania, you know, but I had been educated in Calcutta. It seemed as small a life to me as your smaller cities must seem to your young American girls."

SHE looked very serious when she said this, I felt she meant it honestly. And as if, half-talking to herself, she continued, "I had never been hungry, never been without nice clothes, until I started struggling for a career in London. Perhaps that is why I am so extravagant now. I made my own clothes because I couldn't afford to buy nice ones and I refused to wear cheap materials. I used to haunt the fabric counters, when I wasn't looking for a job. I found I could pick up good remnants when the season was nearly ended and I would save them for as long as six months until the season was suitable, then I would make them up into a simple costume that I knew, at least, was good because of its nice fabric. It didn't matter if my sewing was amateurish or the style none too smart."

Merle doesn't stint any more, I can tell you, having looked long and enviously at a closet jammed full of lovely clothes. Many were from her favorite designer, Norman Hartnell of London. She likes black best, brown next. She hardly ever wears colors, she doesn't think they become her. She has a mania for hats, pays wild sums for them. The lovely ice blue of her Carnegie satin hostess gown, she looked upon as an indiscretion, she had never tried that particular shade before. It was very becoming.

She is a delightfully inconsistent person. She tells you solemnly that she is amazed at her popularity over here, yet you know she is calmly steering her own bright destiny with a deft hand. She is deliberately naïve one moment, coolly sophisticated the next. I believe her skepticism about happiness because I think she would be miserable if she found life too placid, too lacking in its recurrent sting and uncertainty. And I think, too, that her slight antipathy to Hollywood is merely the shadow cast by an enormous curiosity to take the place apart and see how it ticks!

There's Too Much Hooey About "Sacrifice"

(*Continued from page 33*)

NOW another one of those fantastic notions so prevalent among singers is the one about talking. A singer about to sing, must not talk! The singer, if something must be said, must whisper!

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Each One Does its Own Job BETTER

Oh, the whispering sopranos, and tenors and baritones, too, that I've met! Just try to talk with one a few minutes, or a few hours, before they get their cue to burst into song. With quiet dignity they will whisper, 'Mustn't talk. Singing, you know.' Now the truth about whispering is that it causes just as much strain as ordinary conversation, if not more. The only logic to be found in this pet superstition is that talking, like running, jumping or riding a horse, requires some physical effort and if a singer talked long enough, and loud enough, he or she might, eventually, become so tired physically as to be 'out of voice.' But talking before singing never hurt anyone.

Miss MacDonald scratched her pretty head. "Let's see," she meditated. "What next—oh, yes! The sacrifice for the figure. Nine out of ten singers tell of the sacrifices made to their figure by the over-development of the diaphragm, that partition separating the chest from the tummy, and the consequent big tummy. Most coaches actually spend a lot of time seeing to what extent a pupil's diaphragm can be developed. I had one teacher who held to the belief that if I could hold my breath and say my A-B-C's two or three times while holding it, that I was doing splendidly. Bunk! That might be great training for deep-sea diving, or underwater swimming, but not for singing.

"The real development is in the throat and it is not necessary to have such a big wind-bag, below, in order to make noises out of such a little opening, above. The sacrifices made for the figure, by the over-development of the diaphragm and the tummy, nine times out of ten, are nothing but an apology for having wrestled with too much spaghetti and *vin rouge*! Which brings me to the subject of a singer's diet, about which much has been written. This, too, is the bunk! I never take my voice into consideration in the matter of food. I eat what is good for my stomach, and do not eat things that are bad for it. Diet for singers? Baloney!

"Then there's love! A lot of singers, male and female, have told of the sacrifices made to their voices and most of them have used the phrase, 'I had to give up love.' That's silly, and my only answer to that assertion is that none of us are singing all of the time.

"These same people assert they must forego all social functions, as another sacrifice to their art. That, too, is asinine. If a singer really did that, such a singer would become so warped mentally that it would automatically have a very bad effect upon a performance.

"Life should be made a joyous thing, not a burden, even by singers."

IT was then that we entered upon a discussion of temperament, and Miss MacDonald broke down and confessed that she, too, has more than a fair share of it. "I have not always agreed with my superiors," she admitted, "and when you fail to agree with them you are called—well, a bit difficult. I am! But I've never shown any sign of temperament, never been difficult, with persons over whom I have authority. Doing that, in my opinion, is showing off, and a sure sign of an inferiority complex. If I do not like some poor devil on the set, I'm not going to have him thrown off because I do not like him, as some temperamental persons have done. And until recently I thought I had done fairly well with my childhood training which had to do with concealing my emotions. On this recent occasion I found I wasn't quite cured. I'll tell you about it.

"Ernst Lubitsch hurt my feelings—and I cried. It was just before I was to start singing. Then, every time I started to sing, I'd think of my injured feelings, and start crying again. Before long I had my throat tied up in a knot, and couldn't sing a note. For, I repeat, there is no bunk about not being able to sing when emotionally upset.

"Then, recently, during the recording of a big scene in 'Naughty Marietta,' I got unstrung. There was a lot of tension. I got mad, and when I get mad I want to kick something.

"I did. The object of my temper was a steel chair. The chair clattered to the floor and I started hopping about on one foot, holding my toes in my hands. Everyone on the set laughed at my discomfiture. They were entitled to laugh and pretty soon I was laughing with them. But I wasn't forgiven so easily. I was framed!

"Just as I burst into song a carpenter arrived, knelt beside me and the chair, and started nailing the chair to the floor. And a property man arrived with a large rubber boot, which, it was suggested, I put on my right foot before doing any more kicking!

"That cured me.

"No, there isn't so much to this temperament business. What is commonly known as temperament is usually exhausted nerves, or an open display of the emotions. It's usually 99 per cent temper and 1 per cent mental."

Once again Miss MacDonald scratched her pretty head and once again she smiled with another idea.

"It's about singers, and drinking," she announced.

"Tradition has it that sweet wine and strong drinks are definitely bad for the vocal cords, yet scores of singers swear by brandy-and-honey and use it just before singing. Now, where's the logic of that? Certainly, honey is sweeter than sweet wine, and brandy is a high proof distillation of wine, so what? I know some male songsters who believe so firmly in the value of honey and brandy that they eat honey with their meals and drink the brandy just before singing!

"Now, as for me, personally, I couldn't take a drink even of a mild wine, and sing, any more than I could sing after eating. Any intoxicant, even wine, would ruin me for the time being. Now a mild intoxicant is said to relax the throat muscles, but it relaxes mine so completely that I have no voice. Eating before singing? I'll tell you a secret. When I am scheduled to sing I do not eat. Instead, I sip a little lemon juice to still the gastric juices that are battling for food and then swallow a little honey to soften the irritating effect of the lemon. Why don't I give in and eat? Because when I eat I am likely to yawn, and when I'm fearful of yawning—well, I simply can't contemplate a high note."

Miss MacDonald was thoughtful.

"We've been talking about this sacrifice business for a couple of hours," she said. "There certainly are a lot of singers, men and women, who shed public tears over all their sacrifices. But, do you know that there are a lot of them who talk about their sacrifices who really ought to sacrifice their singing—and forget it!"

Win a star's dress!

See

August Modern Screen

I'll Never Do *That* Again

(*Continued from page 53*)

"But we were talking about my faults, and fibbing in particular. I get the biggest kick out of Mother when she tries to fib! It almost kills me! You know how mothers tell white lies to get their children to do things? Well, I've been on to her for years! The other night she was trying to sell me an idea by telling a whopper and her expression was a dead give-away! And I guess that most of our mistakes are give-aways about us to others!"

A page boy brought a phone to our table. Miss Rogers was wanted on the phone. She talked rapidly into it, jumped up and exclaimed, "Excuse me a minute, will you, Caroline? I have to ride a horse in the picture and they've got several lined up in the street and I'm to pick the one I want. I'll be right back!"

I tried to look nonchalant in this dining-room of strangers. A publicity man came up and asked for Ginger. I explained morosely that Ginger was out in the street looking for a horse to ride in a picture. He gave me a startled look and almost fell over Gene Raymond as he backed slowly away from me.

Suddenly she was back again. "Well, that's over," she announced triumphantly. "I even rode him! Now all I have to do is take a make-up test this afternoon and the day is over." I suggested that we learn the rest of her mistakes before a horse stuck its head in the window looking for Ginger. She was game, for she smiled and said:

"Have you ever seen girls that wear too much street make-up? Well, I used to belong in that quota. Every kid that wants to go on the stage seems to think that she has to look and act like an actress twenty-four hours a day. After you've been around a while you know better!

"I started stage work when I was fifteen, winning the Texas state championship during the Charleston craze. But I'd been addicted to too much make-up long before that! Instead of attracting favorable attention like you want it to, it's very liable to have just the opposite effect. Why, when I was seven, I was make-up conscious. You ought to hear my mother tell about that!

"Mother and I were in New York then. We were living in a hotel on Fifth Avenue and one day Mother rushed in, grabbed me by the hand and hurried me down the street to where she had a business appointment. She noticed that people were staring at us and, when the snickers eventually grew too frequent, she stopped to glance at little Ginger. One look was enough!

"I'd been arraying myself in all the make-up and props I could lay hands on. Not that I was laboring under the idea that I was going to be an actress. I simply craved make-up! So, there we were on Fifth Avenue, my lips painted a bright red, enough rouge on to supply a chorus and, to top it all, decked out in my mother's long jade earrings.

MOTHER took me over into a dark corner, and did she scrub that make-up off with a handkerchief and her underskirt! It's a family joke now, but one time—and not so awfully long ago—my use of cosmetics was something of a professional and personal handicap. I imagine



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Kept Clean in Booklet Form

that girls don't realize that too much make-up makes you look quite like everyone else instead of making you stand out from the crowd.

"Another fault of mine has been in being too readily impressed by smooth surfaces. Perhaps you have to grow older to learn that still waters run deepest. But cute boys who had great lines and acted like bigshots were one of my kid failings. They don't wear well, and in going about with pseudo-people you either make yourself appear extremely gullible or as false as the people with whom you associate. And that's no help to either your career or yourself if you want to succeed and have people like you for yourself.

"You'll notice that young girls like to go around with that type, but when they get married it's to those men who have some seriousness and stability in their character. That's the tip-off!

"One of my most highly developed feminine traits I've managed to overcome to a degree. Practically all girls like to gossip. I did. And at times gossip so readily becomes malicious that you hardly realize what you're saying or implying. One thing I did stands out in my mind. It taught me the greatest lesson and caused me more genuine humiliation than anything I've ever experienced.

"When I was playing in musical comedies, most of my time was spent backstage. Naturally gossip was one of our favorite recreations. I remember, in this instance, that I was playing at a theatre in Washington and in talking to a girl said something about another person that was absolutely uncalled for.

"Luckily for me—and I mean luckily—that person happened to be standing right behind me and heard what I'd said. I'll never forget how terrible I felt when I turned around and saw her standing there. Her lack of retaliation hurt me more than anything she could possibly have said or done. I learned one lesson from that experience that I'll never forget. 'Wash your dirty linen at home!'

"I'm absolutely rude at times and must repulse people whose only intention is to be kind. I'm so darned afraid of falling for flattery that I often have a feeling that people are saying one thing and meaning another. That makes it hard to be polite. As you know, Hollywood is given to effusiveness. A lot of it is genuine. But I can't help freezing up when my own common sense tells me that it was just meant as honest praise and that I should be deeply grateful for it."

GINGER finished her orange juice, spoke a moment to B. B. Kahane, head of the studio, waved to an electrician, and once again plunged into Miss Rogers' faults. She said: "Another mistake that I often make is my lack of decision. I'll sometimes stall around and hesitate and end up by not knowing just what I want.

"For example, when we're picking songs for my pictures. The song writers will play them over and then say, 'How'd you like them?' I'll hem and haw around sometimes. Other times I'll turn around and make a snap judgment and say that I don't like a certain song. Their experience will prevail, though, and darned if it won't turn out to be the hit song of the picture!"

As we started for the door, with Ginger already late for her make-up test, she suddenly exclaimed, "I'd forgotten about my 'life of the party' complex, and that's one mistake I never want to make again! Many times I used to go out on a date and I thought I was the belle of the ball if I was the center of attraction.

"Really, I was simply making my escort feel conspicuous! After I'd get home and think about the evening, I'd feel like giving Ginger a good swift kick! It's far better to be a little backward than to embarrass your escort by being the life of the party, to monopolize the conversation and so on."

Ginger hurried up the street to the test stage. Not a horse was in sight. While she professes to have made plenty of mistakes that she'd never make again, you'll probably agree that lack of honesty and frankness aren't among them!

Results of Popularity Questionnaire

(*Continued from page 13*)

Thanks, Between You and Me-ites, for your grand response to the questionnaire which appeared in this corner of the April issue. Thousands—and we mean thousands—of ballots have poured in. I'm sure you'll find the results of our conscientious tabulations extremely interesting and enlightening. Here goes:

Title	*First Place*	*Second Place*	*Third Place*
Most Beautiful Star	Claudette Colbert	Norma Shearer	Loretta Young
Most Handsome Man	Clark Gable	Fredric March	Gene Raymond
Favorite Female Star	Joan Crawford	Claudette Colbert	Greta Garbo
Favorite Male Star	Clark Gable	Dick Powell	Bob Montgomery
Best Dressed Woman	Kay Francis	Joan Crawford	Carole Lombard
Best-Dressed Man	William Powell	Clark Gable	Adolphe Menjou
Musical Liked Best to Date	The Gay Divorcee	Flirtation Walk	Roberta
Most Enjoyable Film	David Copperfield	Lives of a Bengal Lancer	Forsaking All Others
Favorite Team	Ruby Keeler-Dick Powell	Joan Crawford-Clark Gable	Myrna Loy-William Powell
I'd Like to See Teamed	Mary Brian-Dick Powell	Mae West-Clark Gable	Janet Gaynor-Gene Raymond
I'd Like to See Starred	Gene Raymond	Maureen O'Sullivan	David Manners
Bit Player Liked Best	Henry Armetta	Frank McHugh	Nat Pendleton
Would Like to See More Pictures With	Fred Astaire	Gene Raymond	Clark Gable
Favorite Comedian	Eddie Cantor	Charles Butterworth	W. C. Fields
Favorite Comedienne	ZaSu Pitts	Patsy Kelly	Una Merkel

Hollywood Can't Change Me!

(*Continued from page 60*)

quit being dignified?" she demanded. I compromised by following her suggestion. I haven't won an argument with her yet!

Peace restored, Alice went on with the conversation. "Maybe it's just me that doesn't fit. I don't know. But the best times I ever had in my life were when I was in the chorus. I used to go window shopping between shows and I got more kick out of that than I do out of being able to buy things now. You hear a lot of gags about people being tired of it all. You know in my case that I'm telling the truth when I say I happen to prefer New York to Hollywood. Nothing personal, understand. That's just the way I feel. Broadway's my home. I belong there, I don't here.

"What I can't understand, Dick, is much of the hullabaloo about being a picture actress. I've worked on the radio, I've worked in night clubs, done personal appearances. You can be yourself—you go out, do your job and the rest of the time is yours. But here I feel like part of a parade twenty-four hours a day. They worry too much. 'Where're you going?' 'What'll you wear?' 'What'll people say?' They never miss on that last one! If you've got nothing on your conscience why should you have to worry about what people say or think?

"The happiest two weeks I've had since I've been in pictures were spent two thousand miles from here. I did two weeks of personal appearances in Chicago and it was swell. Everybody was swell. I'm old Grandma herself when it comes to those stage jitters but just the same I enjoyed it. Of course, you have to remember that if it weren't for pictures there would be no personal appearances. But even if I do get so scared by an audience that I have to lean on a piano for a prop, I like it. You've an audience to work with and not a big bunch of lights that say, 'So this is Faye, huh? Well, make me laugh!'

"I only wish I had Rudy's assurance on the stage. He walks out and wows them five shows a day, week in and week out, and nothing upsets him. That's why he's on the top where he belongs. But me! I'll see some guy in the fifty-ninth row looking for his hat and I'll say, 'There you go, Faye, driving them out of the theatre already!' My knees begin to rattle and it's all I can do to stop from going into an 'off to Buffalo' right off the stage and into the street!"

I GLANCED around Alice's apartment. From her porch you can see the ocean. One of the finest suites in the most exclusive apartment house in Hollywood. Beautiful furnishings, an expensive radio, her mink coat thrown over a chair. "How about these?" I inquired, nodding at the various accoutrements of her success.

Alice ran her fingers through her blonde hair, put her hanky back into the pocket of her deep blue lounging pajamas. "I'm plenty grateful to Hollywood for what it's given me. No matter how hard you work to have to remember that it's certainly Hollywood and the studios that combine to put you over. I got my chance here and I'm not forgettin' it. My mother, cousin and two brothers live out here with me. That's swell! You know how I feel about my folks."

"Another thing I've learned here is that if I should ever get married, I'd certainly marry an actor! You have to, in self-protection. You have to marry someone that talks your language, that knows what you're up against. So many marriages have two strikes on them to begin with that if you're smart you'll fall in love with someone in your own profession. Movies and outsiders don't seem to click so well. Nor with society people for that matter." She grinned. "Not that Faye would be knowing society people! But if you have a common background and about the same type of interests it'd seem to me that there's a better chance of making the grade together. You mightn't believe it, but I'm nigh on to twenty-two and I've never had a proposal in my life! So I guess Faye doesn't need to be getting wrinkles on that score."

As you see, Alice doesn't pretend to know all the answers. She doesn't mingle with the local intelligentsia, if any. Her pals are people who knew her in New York. But she does know all the answers about little Miss Faye who sings for her supper and her family's.

You can't kid her and she won't kid herself. I remember when the studio thought that she should take voice lessons to improve her diction. Alice went to the high mogul of the studio and said simply, "Listen, do you think people are going to go to pictures to see my idea of how to speak like a professor in five easy lessons? You told me to be myself. I'm trying to stay that way. Do you want me to sing songs like, 'Oh, You Nasty Man!' with a broad A? It's silly. I'm not going to do it." That was that. She didn't. Three pictures ago, as Hollywood reckons time, that was. And she's been made a star in her latest one.

ALICE looked out of the window at the traffic streaming along Sunset. Half aloud she said wistfully, "I'll be going East in a week and, gee, will I be glad to be back home!" Looking at her I felt that I knew just how she meant it. Life hasn't been any bed of roses for Alice. She started her picture career under the handicap of unpleasant publicity. She sold herself when the picture was released, simply because Alice Faye didn't fit in with the situation that had been foisted upon her. She doesn't tell you that she had to go to work at fifteen. About her long rehearsals and shows as a Chester Hale chorine. She knows what it means to ride home to Brooklyn on the subway at three in the morning after working all evening in a night club.

The best thing about her, from Hollywood's point of view, is her lack of pretense. That alone sets her aside. She won't pretend to be a lady of elegance or of blueblooded ancestry. No smart quips fall from her lips but plenty of horse-sense does.

Alice was saying, "Sometimes things just don't mesh, I guess. This is one of those times. If I changed, I wouldn't be Alice Faye so all I can do is try to get along by being myself. Maybe I'd been more adaptable if I came from the legitimate stage. But as it is, I'm embarrassed working in front of a chorus—I'd feel more at home in it and I'm not kidding!"

Success can't daunt her, I guess. That it's made her wiser, made her less carefree, I know. But neither Hollywood nor any other town could change this kid who stepped into a leading role her first day in the celluloid city. Who said Hollywood couldn't take it? It's made Alice Faye a star for staying herself!



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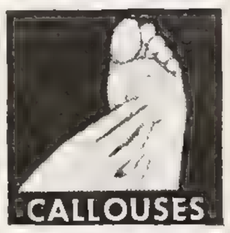
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When They Were Job-Hunting—Part I

(*Continued from page 58*)

wise eyes of the stage man saw that the girl had tremendous vitality and intelligence. As he talked to her, he discovered the alertness of her mind and the keenness with which she grasped everything he said. He pronounced the magic words, "I think you'll do" and Claudette was sent, like every other beginner, to read the part before the stage director.

They saw that she was good and, after several weeks rehearsal, the company opened out of town. But by this time influences were at work over which Claudette had no control. There were large holes in the play. Scene after scene had to be re-written and by the time that this was done, Claudette's part was so changed that she was no longer the type to play it.

YES, she had got her first job. Her vividness had impressed a producer and now she was thrown into the depths of despair. To any producer this is just a "bad break." And Pemberton was too busy languishing over his sick play to bother over a girl's sick soul. He did not know until years later—perhaps he has never known—that Claudette's heart was broken. You see. she did not know that the talent she had, the very thing which had caused Pemberton to give her the part was the thing that would get more roles for her.

The only thing that kept her going was a chance meeting with Katherine Cornell at a party. The great Cornell, already an established actress, looked deep into the girl's eyes and said, "Do not be discouraged. You are so young. You will have a hundred more chances. If you have the ability, there is nothing that can keep you back."

But while Claudette was losing her role in "Puppets," a very earnest young man was working like a slave to fit himself for the stage. He was brought to Brock Pemberton by an agent, as a fellow who showed promise, and given one of the male roles in "Puppets." Fred March was his name. Pemberton saw in him the vital spark and gave him his chance. But he had trouble making himself heard beyond the first few rows. All the emotion necessary was in his voice. What it lacked was volume. For weeks he took the most strenuous exercises under a competent teacher and, by the time the play opened, his voice was firm and resonant.

But Pemberton was having more trouble with "Puppets." The girl who had opened out of town in the role similar to the one Claudette Colbert had and which the rewriting had changed, became ill. They realized that she must be replaced by another girl. Desperately Pemberton wired to New York to have someone for an interview the day he arrived. Worried and harassed he came into his office and was instantly greeted by the most charming smile he had ever seen. It beamed at him from a piquant little face topped by a mop of golden hair. His secretary said, "This young lady was sent up by the agent. She's done a couple of small bits in musical comedy." But Pemberton knew from that first bright smile that she had the magic that would electrify theatre audiences. Her name? Miriam Hopkins.

AND all during rehearsals it was that smile that the producer and director and other members of the cast remembered.

Most of these young players were, as I've told, sent to Pemberton by someone who could vouch for them. Very seldom has the producer time to interview those forlorn, would-be actors and actresses who sit day after day in his outer office hoping for a chance for a word with him.

However, one day he noticed, amongst that motley crew a girl whose very appearance caught his eye. She was so quiet, so demure, so calm. He told his secretary to send her in. She had no agent and was merely making the weary rounds of producers' offices hoping for a break. Two things impressed Pemberton—first, her gentle manners (she was so obviously a lady) and secondly, her rich lovely voice, a naturally beautiful voice. So he sent her out in a road show of "Strictly Dishonorable" and eventually she had the chance of playing the leading role. That's how Margaret Sullavan got her first break.

The play "Strictly Dishonorable" itself has a dramatic background. Two newcomers to Broadway appeared in the New York production. One was Muriel Kirkland, picked from fifty girls who tried out for it and another was Tullio Carminati. Tullio had been a well-known actor in Italy. A film company had brought him to America a couple of months before talkies came in. When the microphone menaced Hollywood, the moguls decided that the Italian's accent would not record so he was sent on his way.

It was in a road show that someone saw him, realized his charm and suaveness and recommended him to Pemberton. And his success was instantaneous.

BOB MONTGOMERY was another who approached Pemberton and was given a small part. And George Brent was picked for a role in "Seven Year Love" when he was still an unknown. Walter Huston was discovered by Pemberton in another way. Walter's sister asked the producer to see him. Huston was, at that time, playing in vaudeville. Various acts were on the bill that evening, most of them pretty dreary. And then Huston appeared. Why, the man could do everything—he sang, he danced, he acted in a little skit he had written himself. So versatile was he, of such depth was his acting that Pemberton did not bother giving him a small role. Instead, he began at once looking for a play for him. And he found it in "Mr. Pitt." In this same production, by the way, was an unknown called Minna Gombell.

Amazing, isn't it, how great these names have grown? Surprising to realize that those boys and girls, like you, perhaps, today, were out job-hunting! And hunting jobs with them at the time were boys and girls whose names no one knows. When all is said and done, Pemberton, himself, hardly knows why he picked these few. One had a bright smile, another was gentle and lady-like, another was intelligent and earnest. But this fact remains, there was in each one some vital quality, some force of personality, some latent talent that shone through the awkwardness one feels in applying for a job, that overrode the nervous tension bound to be felt before so omnipotent a producer as Pemberton.

With this mysterious, undefinable quality you can't be kept back. Those first little roles were the open sesame for these stars. But had Pemberton not seen it someone else would have. Talent was there and talent cannot be buried!

When They Were Job-Hunting—Part II

(*Continued from page 59*)

my direction and it annoyed the actors. But she didn't seem to understand English, for she took off her hat and made herself comfortable. Finally, because I thought she would annoy me less *on* the stage than she did sitting right there on my elbow, I told her she could be one of the Czarina's ladies-in-waiting. . . .

"She was on the stage before I had even finished my sentence. I told her where and how to stand. Then came the dress rehearsal and I knew that *something had to be done!*

YOU see, even in an atmosphere part, Katharine Hepburn stood out like a bright star in an indigo firmament. She wore the identical costume that the rest of the ladies-in-waiting wore and was supposed to act and be just like them. But she wasn't! She wasn't, at all. For this reason she spoiled my entire set-up. She made the other ladies-in-waiting look unimportant, colorless. Katie had something about her that you just couldn't miss. I didn't know what it was then. I scarcely know what it is now . . . but I knew I had to either throw her out of the company altogether, or give her a better part. I decided to do the latter.

"Mary Boland was also responsible, in a way, for my giving Katharine Hepburn a chance at a good role. You see, Katie adored Mary—but not from afar. She would follow her around, watching her every gesture, listening to her every intonation, getting in her way and under her feet wherever she turned, until poor Mary could stand it no longer.

"'For heaven's sake!' she would say, 'Why don't you give this girl a big part and keep her busy and out of my way?' So you might say that Mary, too, helped Katharine to get started in her career.

"It's foolish, in a way, for anybody to say that they discovered Katharine Hepburn. *She discovered herself!* She knew she had something to offer before anyone else knew it. And she knew that she had to get on the stage for that someing to be seen and appreciated. She arranged that through her own will and determination . . . the rest was easy. When a girl like Katie hangs around the footlights, you just have to put her back of them.

"Here is something interesting about her that I don't believe has ever been told before. Following two summer seasons at Baltimore, I decided to produce a play on Broadway. That play was 'The Big Pond' and I gave Katharine a chance at the leading role. She worked like a Trojan on that part. We rehearsed for several weeks, and opened out of town, at Great Neck. By that time we were all certain that Katie was promising material. But she wasn't ready yet. She hadn't the necessary training and experience. And after a week in Great Neck, I had to tell her so. I felt like the devil about it, but I had to tell her that she just wasn't ready for Broadway.

WELL, she took it beautifully. There were no tears. There were no angry outbursts. In fact she said and did something, the like of which I had never heard before in the theatre. 'All right,' she said. 'I understand. But if I can't do the part on Broadway, I'd at least like to understudy it.'

"And so Katharine Hepburn understudied the role she had just been playing. It was one of the most amazing indications of good sportsmanship that I have ever witnessed. And she stuck with us, too, during the length of the show's run on Broadway."

But Mr. Knopf was introduced to even other examples of good sportsmanship, right in his own Baltimore stock company. Most stock companies at that time were operated on the star system. Each company usually boasts one or two well known actors, or actresses who had been well known on the Broadway stage. These actors received six or seven hundred dollars a week and the rest of the company received practically nothing, in comparison. So, also, did the producers. For this reason, Mr. Knopf decided that there would be no stars in his company. Even well known players, who might like to come down to Baltimore for the fun of the thing, would never receive more than two hundred dollars a week, his top salary. Supporting players would, on the other hand, receive better-than-average wages. There would be no names in lights. There would be no favoritism shown in any way. It was just to be one big happy family.

Strangely enough that is exactly what it turned out to be. Even Mr. Knopf was surprised. It didn't seem that so much talent and so much temperament could be thrown together and still live to tell the tale. In addition to Mary Boland and Katharine Hepburn, Douglass Montgomery and Bob Montgomery were also members of that company. If one of them played a leading role one week, he played a bit part the next. The dressing-room question was handled a bit more simply. The biggest and best dressing-room, which was the one always nearest the stage, was occupied each week by the person having the most costume changes. In the two years that this Baltimore company existed not one actor asked for a raise. Not one actor complained about his quarters. Not one insisted on more publicity. Not one seemed jealous of anyone else—and there were no nasty outbursts of temperament.

"Of course, of the four people mentioned, three of them were comparatively unknown then. Mary Boland was the exception. It's interesting that in spite of the warning 'you can't be stars here!' that's exactly what they all turned out to be! Which is just another way of proving that you can't keep a good man down.

Douglass Montgomery was one of the first to open with this Baltimore stock company early in its first season—and the whole town went mad about Douglass. At least, the ladies did. He played juvenile parts and hearts both young and old went pitty-pat every time he appeared on the stage.

After the end of the third or fourth week, a few of the more enterprising matinee hounds got together and formed the "Douglass Montgomery Club." What was its purpose? What is the purpose of any club? They wanted to meet their Douglass. They wanted to shake his hand. They wanted to twist the buttonhole in his lapel. And, since they had organized a club in his honor, it was only polite that he should invite them to tea, or at least come out into the audience to greet them after the performance was over. They had special stationery printed. They sent Douglass the joyful announcement of their organization and, of course,

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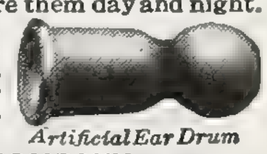
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Doug responded as they expected him to. Even in those days he had plenty to talk about and so his worshipers found him even more delightful in person than they did on the stage. His popularity grew by leaps and bounds and it looked as though Mr. Knopf's "no-star system" was doomed, because of Douglass.

DID it turn his head? Did it turn the heads of the other members of the company away from him? Quite the contrary. They laughed and kidded him about it but no one seemed jealous. Everything went along just as smoothly as before.

"At the end of our first stock season in Baltimore," Mr. Knopf went on, "Douglass Montgomery received an offer to appear in a New York play, and left us. Which meant that I had to look around for another juvenile. It was about that time that Bob Montgomery came to see me. I liked him, in spite of myself—you see, he, too, was, at that time, little more than an amateur.

"From the beginning Bob worked against tremendous odds. Remember that Baltimore had been crazy about his predecessor, Douglass Montgomery. So, though they liked Bob, they were always wishing that they had their little 'Dougie' back. The newspaper critics were always comparing the two—an always odious procedure. Patrons wrote us letters, asking about Douglass. Why hadn't he come back? Where was he playing at the moment? and so forth. A few even insinuated that I had purposely hired Bob because he had the same last name that Douglass had. Insinuating, too, that in this way I had hoped to entice Douglass Montgomery fans into the theatre—under false pretenses.

"Bob was a bit discouraged at first, but as time went on he saw that he was gaining a foothold himself. The strain of trying to take Douglass Montgomery's place lessened. By the end of the season, Bob had won over many of his predecessor's fans and had gained hundreds of new ones for himself.

"It was at about this time that the play 'Broadway' closed on Broadway and came to Baltimore. They opened in a theatre next door to ours. A girl, by the name of Elizabeth Allen, had the lead in that play. Bob Montgomery came to me one day and said, 'There's a swell little actress playing right next door. I want you to meet her. Maybe we could have her here in the company with us.' Accordingly, Bob took me next door to meet Elizabeth Allen. He had not known her very long, then, himself, but it was easy to see that he was all for her! I liked her, too, and told her to come and see me when she finished her run in 'Broadway.'

SO, several weeks later, Bob Montgomery and his future wife, Betty Allen, appeared together in one of our plays. They were married, I believe, before the year was over. Incidentally, that play in which they acted together was 'Clarence,' with Bob playing the juvenile role.

"Bob, too, showed what kind of stuff he was made of during my early association with him. After 'The Big Pond' I signed to direct another play on the road with the hope of bringing it into town later. The producer, Arch Selwyn, wanted Douglass Montgomery for the leading role. But Douglass wouldn't be free for several weeks. So I made Bob a proposition to play the role during the road try-outs with the understanding that he would give it up, as soon as Douglass Montgomery was free. Bob, as usual, was swell about it and he had so thoroughly proved himself a fine actor that when the time came Selywn hated to see him give up the role.

"Following the production of the play, 'The Big Pond' was bought for Maurice Chevalier to do in the movies and, since I was sent out to Hollywood to do the adaptation, I lost track of most of the people with whom I had worked. But to prove to you that there is such a thing as a grateful actor I want to tell you that when I did meet Bob Montgomery again, I needed his help—and badly. Let it be written in the book, if those who deny to actors the quality of gratitude—he came through, and generously."

These people have all gone a long way since those early days. When we hear today that Katie Hepburn fights with her director we surely cannot blame it all on her disposition—after what Mr. Knopf has told us. No real trouper is naturally belligerent. The word "trouping" means quite the opposite. Some people are born good troupers. They get to the top eventually even though they may have to play all the backwoods towns . . . sleep in small, cheap hotels . . . eat bad food and live on a few dollars a week. They get to the top even though they have been told that they *can't be stars!* At least, that is what happened to these four people, and we admire them all the more because of it!

She'd Rather Work Than Eat

(*Continued from page 49*)

anybody would pay any attention to me. I was terribly shy then and so tired from worrying that I felt numb. But all the girls did everything they could to help me, particularly Miss Hepburn. She was lovely to me. When I said I lacked her intensity, she told me that what she needed was my relaxation. That struck me as funny, because she didn't know I was half-dead for sleep."

SHE could laugh at it now, though a bit wistfully.

"Has everybody been kind to you?" I inquired.

"Yes, very kind indeed," was her grateful reply, "everybody but one woman star. As we took our places for a scene, one day, she turned on me angrily and called out, 'Don't stand there, you little piece of trash!' Of course, I was just a nobody, but I didn't feel I was trash, and what she had said right there before others hurt me terribly. I stood where I was, in spite of her, because the director had told me to stand there. But I never spoke to her again. A day or two later she stopped and demanded, 'What do you mean by passing me without speaking?' But I wouldn't answer her."

Spunky little thing, this Jean Parker, with all her gentleness and charm.

"All the directors I've worked with," she went on, her face lighting again, "have been fine and helped me immensely, most of all dear 'Boly'—Mr. Boleslavsky, you know. In 'Rasputin' he handled me like a baby. Lionel Barrymore had a bad cold and was afraid I'd catch it, so we didn't rehearse our scene. 'Boly' just read it

over with me. He thought, and so did I, that as the Princess Maria I should look Slavic, and as I'm Polish that was simple. I just accentuated my looks by slicking back my hair and wearing a switch, then making my mouth wider and straighter by taking the curve out of it. I never have anyone put on my make-up and I always do my own hair."

As you may surmise, this uncommon youngster gives the impression of being a thoroughly competent person. There were no silver spoons lying around loose when she was born, so she soon learned to make herself useful with the kitchen variety, and what's more she never did any crying about it. She feels pretty much the same about pictures.

"It isn't that I can't cry easily," she assured me. "But I don't believe a tense scene should be played with tears. They should be held back, and if the audience is made to feel the scene strongly they will do the crying. I know girls in pictures who can cry at the drop of the hat. But there must be more than mere surface emotion, something deep down inside you. Before I tried it I thought acting in pictures was much more artificial than it is. But it's really like paying you to play house sincerely."

"And paying you well," I suggested.

YES, that's true," she assented. "But good shoes and good cars are all I care about. Maybe I'm crazy."

She grinned impishly over her salad.

"Is it easy to play house sincerely?" I asked.

"No," she replied, "it really isn't. With normal intelligence a girl must have good health, otherwise she won't be able to stand it. Then everything depends on her training. With me, first of all, something had to be done about my thin little voice. The teacher I went to said, 'I want to treat you like a rose. We will start at the roots, then you will bloom.' That sounded lovely, but somehow I couldn't help feeling that my voice ought to be pulled up by the roots. I must say for it, though, that it came in handy for yelling purposes in my first picture, 'Divorce in the Family.' I had to fall out of a canoe into dirty water and sticky mud three times—and did I yell! When I got through making a mess of myself I looked mighty like, not a rose, but an old swamp hag."

She hopped up and ran her hands down her straight hips.

"Did work do that?" I asked.

"I'm afraid it did," she admitted. "This is the first day off I've had in four months. I worked in three pictures—'Caravan,' 'Have a Heart' and 'Sequoia'—without a break, sometimes working twenty-four hours at a stretch."

"Did you mind going to the studio at six in the morning when you were playing Beth?"

"I minded getting up at five, which I had to do," she confessed.

"You put in a pretty long day."

"But an interesting one," she added.

"And did it end with your work at the studio?"

"Not quite," she hesitated to say. "You see, when I got home at seven o'clock I had to get supper for the family—five of us altogether."

"Have you ever felt in danger of temptation?"

"No," she promptly answered. "It would be silly of me to say I haven't had any temptations in picture work, and I know that the movies are an orgy of temptations—money, greed, vanity, rivalry, passion. But yielding to those temptations is an individual matter. Before I went into pictures I was in love with a boy, and I'm still in love with him. He's everything in the world to me, and some day I expect to marry him, have a home of my own and babies. Those are the things I want and value above everything else in the world. Meanwhile the only thing in pictures that interests me is my work."

There seemed nothing more to say and nothing more to do than offer her a cigarette.

"No, thank you," she smiled.

Jean Parker doesn't smoke, and she doesn't drink, but she is hopelessly addicted to—work.

He's Naturally Funny

(*Continued from page 48*)

I say, 'What is it? A boy or a girl? The doctor, he laugh and pat me on da shoulder. "It's better dan dat,' he said. 'It's a boy *and* a girl!' At first I don' unnerstand. He say again, 'Mr. Armetta, it's twins!'

"Holy Mother! I was upsidedown. I hit myself on da forehead, like I always do. He say, 'Dat's funny!'

"I say, 'You tink maybe it's funny—two instead of one?'

"'Oh, no, dat is not funny,' he say. 'Dat is wonderful. I laugh at you. You are funny, hitting yourself like dat."

WELL, it seems that Henry was too confused by the arrival of the twins to think twice about what the doctor was saying. He calmed down after a while, however, when he saw the twins, and saw how cute they were. And the next day or so, Henry did get a job. It was while he was waiting to do a scene, that he remembered what the doctor had said about his looking funny. He went to his dressing-room, stood in front of a mirror and slapped his forehead again. Yes, maybe it was funny. He went back and tried it in front of the camera.

"Da director, he laugh. Everybody on da set, dey laugh. Da people in de audience . . . dey laugh at de preview. And I laugh, too. Not because I tink I am funny," Henry hastened to add. "But I laugh because now I tink maybe my troubles are over."

And that was about the size of it, too . . . particularly after he added that funny walk of his, to the thwacking business.

The walk, with one shoulder high in the air, was not natural however. Henry worked that out for himself.

"One day, I sit in my house, tinking how I can be more funny, when I see a pillow on da couch. Well, I tink dat maybe I am too tin. I was ver' tin. Yes, you don' believe me? I show you pictures. I tink, maybe I should be fat. I put de pillow under da vest, and look in da mirror. But I say to myself, 'Henry, if you are fat, you walk different. You have more to walk wit.' So I walk different ways. But it not ver' funny. Den, da pillow, he slip a leetle to one side, and I jus' naturally lift my shoulder to balance him. Now, dere! Dat, it is funny! The director he say so, too. So, for a coupla years, I been walking sideways. I get fatter, we make da pillow smaller. Now, I don't use da

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pillow anymore at all. My stomach, he is all me, in person."

And speaking of Henry "in person," he is just as charming and delightful and as enjoyable as he is on the screen only, of course, not quite so exaggerated. We had luncheon together at one of Hollywood's finest restaurants and I must say that I have never dined with anyone who received more deferential attention and courtesy than Henry did. Perhaps it was because the waiters have seen Henry waiting on tables on the screen many times and have seen him spill soup on some of Hollywood's loveliest stars. Perhaps they knew that Henry knows what not to do if one should stay out of trouble, and they were, therefore, twice as cautious and courteous. (Henry has the reputation for being the funniest character waiter in the business. You have also seen him as restaurant and hotel proprietor. Not to mention his roles as cab driver, street sweeper, etc.)

BUT I rather think that there was more to their attention than that. Henry is the sort of a fellow that you can't help liking. A man who once worked for fifty cents a day and who now makes $500 a week and who is still as sincere and modest as ever. He bears no grudges. He has a face on which only friendly thoughts register. He is a genial and generous host. You can't *help* liking a man like that.

Speaking of being a host. Henry has a specialty . . . barbecue parties. Henry has never owned his own home in Hollywood because, as he says, he prefers to move around. But the first thing he does when he moves into a house, is build a barbecue pit in the back yard. Consequently, Henry has populated almost the whole of Beverly Hills with barbecue pits, and they are beautiful, expensive ones, too. In fact, when Henry moves out of a place, the owner can always be certain of getting at least $20 a month more rent from his next tenant. When he gives parties, which he does often, he always serves barbecued steaks and a big dish of spaghetti which he prepares himself.

"I no save da money," he told me. "If I get a coupla dollars in my pocket I say to my family, 'Come on, we go to some swell restaurant, and eat swell.' We have a big meal. Maybe with champagne. I don' care. I don' care about da future. When we got money we enjoy it. Extravagant? No! Only, you know, good food, good wine, dat is fun. Dat is da best life."

Six years ago Henry bought his first car—a second hand Chevrolet for which he paid $250. Today he owns the most modern of modern cars, a new streamline Chrysler. It's his pride and joy and there's an interesting story connected with it, too.

Not long ago he decided to do something he has always said he was going to do. You know how a man is always saying, "Someday I'm going on a roughing trip. All by myself. I am going to leave my family and go off into the woods and eat beans and bacon cooked over an open fire!" Well, at last Henry was going to do it, but he was going to do it in style. As he told me, "I have da new car, but I don' wanna drive it. I wanna chauffeur. He drive me and I sit in da back seat and be comfortable. Well, we start off. I lean back and try to get comfortable.

"But I get so nervous to have somebody else drive my beautiful new car! And da chauffeur, he was ver' reckless. I have no fun at all. So I tell him to get out and sit in da back seat, and I drive. Well, I drive and feel ver' happy again when, all of a sudden I smell someting burning. I look in da back seat and dere is my chauffeur *asleep*—and his cigarette burn up all my new upholstery! Dat time I hit myself on da head good—to stop myself from hitting him. After dat I don' let him smoke, not any more. But I was also ver' much afraid someting else happen, so I turn around an' we come back home. Chauffeurs, bah! I tink dey just are not for me. Maybe beautiful new cars not either. I don' know." He shrugged.

"Well, you've got to do something with $500 a week," I kidded him.

"Oh, don' you worry about dat, I can do sometings," he laughed. "Yep, dat is ver' excellent idea."

He motioned to the waiter and whispered something in his ear. When the waiter arrived with the champagne he said, "You want me to make a noise when I pull out the cork, Mr. Armetta?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Armetta with that quick funny little gesture of his. He put his finger to his lips. "Shhh," he said.

I smiled with approval. Most any other actor would have said, "Of course, by all means. Let the joyous 'pop' ring out!" And they'd only be hoping that there was somebody important there to see, and hear!

Garbo Is Driving Me Nuts

(*Continued from page 31*)

come in mighty handy at my house for Garbo left me headaches to go with the hot-water bottle.

If I'd known the job it would be to follow in her footsteps, I might never have bought the house. But I got so tired of being asked how I liked Los Angeles that I picked up and moved to Santa Monica. The natives have such a plaintive, wistful way of asking how you like the town—just as if they expected you to say you didn't.

It took Los Angeles a long time to find out where Garbo lived. I hope it doesn't take them as long to find out she moved. At present the tourist guides are reaping a big profit showing my house off as the place in which Garbo lived. All I'm getting out of it is a hoarse voice telling sightseers and insurance salesmen that Garbo doesn't live here any more.

I don't rightly know which is worse—insurance salesmen or sightseers, unless it's the two ant exterminator salesmen who fought over me. Why, if they fought ants as they fought over me, there wouldn't be an ant left in Southern California—or an ant exterminator either.

I told those fellows they'd make a sale if they would figure some way to exterminate the sightseers, but they admitted that was one science they hadn't mastered.

From the street you might not even suspect there was a house here. A huge ten foot cypress hedge hides all evidence of habitation. The only entrance is by the driveway which runs through a cypress arbor. You'd think Garbo could have hidden in here as long as Dillinger kept hidden.

But, at the rate sightseers pour up that driveway, I sometimes think a "Wel-

come" sign hangs in front. Tourists drive right up to the house, park by the garage, and when they've figured out where Garbo used to walk, decided she couldn't go swimming in the fish pond, and wondered where she took her sun baths, they drive out again.

When one Middle Western woman spied me, she sighed dejectedly, "I guess she doesn't live here any more."

Another one, was so sorry Garbo had moved. "I wanted to tell her about the sinking of the Titanic," she explained to me. "She would have been so distressed!"

There's some recompense, though, in the packages we sometimes find on our doorsteps addressed to "The Beautiful Swede," or the "Mysterious Garbo." If it's cake, I don't bother to forward it.

The straw that broke my back, however, was the car full of Iowans that puttered up the drive to a stop. I was lounging in the patio basking in California's well advertised sun. Out of the corner of my eye I observed them looking me up and down.

Now I wasn't trying to appear furtive or mysterious. I wasn't posing as Garbo. I was slouching comfortably in an easy chair, wrapped up in a black artist's smock with a slouch hat pulled well down on my forehead.

"Humph," snorted a woman in the back seat, as the gears ground into reverse, "I don't think so much of Garbo's new disguise."

That was the final straw. I believe in Southern hospitality, but when in Santa Monica, I decided to do as the Los Angelans do. I built a retaining wall, shutting off the patio from the drive. Now when people come in, all they get is a good view of the chauffeur and the kitchen.

If my experiences are but a sample of Garbo's no wonder the poor hunted beauty was frightened away by crass American curiosity.

At heart, of course, I think almost everyone who's had a taste of fame really likes it. Once you've started to attract public attention, there are two ways to take it. One's to be affable and put yourself on exhibition. That calls for handshaking, greetings, autographs.

I've done my share. Of course, it's easy to recognize me. Almost every caricaturist has taken a whack at me, and the better the caricaturist, the better the likeness. Friends have asked if it doesn't bore me. "It does," I confess, "but if you really want to see me bored, wait till people stop noticing me."

It's like a movie star who was dining with a friend of mine. Suddenly she turned to my friend and asked, "What's the matter with everyone tonight? Nobody's annoying me by staring at me."

My friend could have observed, but didn't, that a fading celebrity is like a betrayed husband—the last to hear the bad news.

The other way to accept fame is to act as Garbo—remain aloof and become even more mysterious and glamorous. Whether Garbo's solitude is sincere or affected, it's made her ten times as fascinating.

It worked with her. But imagine the embarrassment of Garbo's imitators. They've tried to hide away from the world and found that no one cared. And if this isn't the end of Garbo stories, it's the end of this one. Ah tank ah go to bed!

$2500.00 Cash Prize Contest

(*Continued from page 45*)

As for the overpowering climax, only Werfel can recount the happenings of that fortieth day when the Turkish forces gather for a final not-to-be-denied onslaught, and Gabriel, standing among the remnants of his decimated forces, hears the sound that rose from off the sea. . . .

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The person submitting the best letter containing *no more than 150 words* will be awarded the $1,000.00 first prize, the person submitting the next best letter will be awarded the $500.00 second prize. The person submitting the third best letter will receive $200.00, and the persons submitting the next seven best letters will receive $50.00 each. In addition to these ten prizes there will be ninety $5.00 prizes. If your letter is judged to be one of the first hundred best letters submitted, you are assured of at least $5.00 and possibly $1,000.00.

Read Rules Carefully

Below is a listing of the contest rules. Be sure that you read these rules carefully. You will find them easy to understand and you may be sure that they have been written with equal fairness to the contestant and ourselves.

All necessary information concerning the contest is contained in this listing, so if you will adhere to these instructions, you may be sure that your manuscript will qualify for the judging.

Do not wait another day to start your letter. Take advantage of this contest immediately. Our experience has taught us that everyone is capable of finding some interesting slant on a contest of this nature, and your letter may have just the necessary idea to place it among the winners.

You may submit as many letters as you desire, although only one prize will be awarded to any one person in this contest.

CONTEST RULES

Print your full name and address in upper left-hand corner of first page; the total number of words you have written in the upper right-hand corner.

Prizes will be awarded for the letters which best describe the selection of the writer. In case of ties, each contestant will be awarded the prize tied for. Neatness will count.

Send your letter in any ordinary envelope you wish. Do not use special mountings or unusually decorative letters or envelopes as they in no way will influence the judging.

No correspondence can be entered into regarding letters submitted to this contest. All letters, upon receipt, will become the property of MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE.

Do not send letters of more than 150 words. This applies only to the main text of the letter, excluding salutation and signature.

This contest is open to everyone except employees and former employees of the Dell Publishing Company, Inc., Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company, The Viking Press, Inc., and members of their families.

The contest ends at midnight, Eastern Standard Time, September 30, 1935.

Address your letters to The Modern Screen Forty Days of Musa Dagh Contest, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

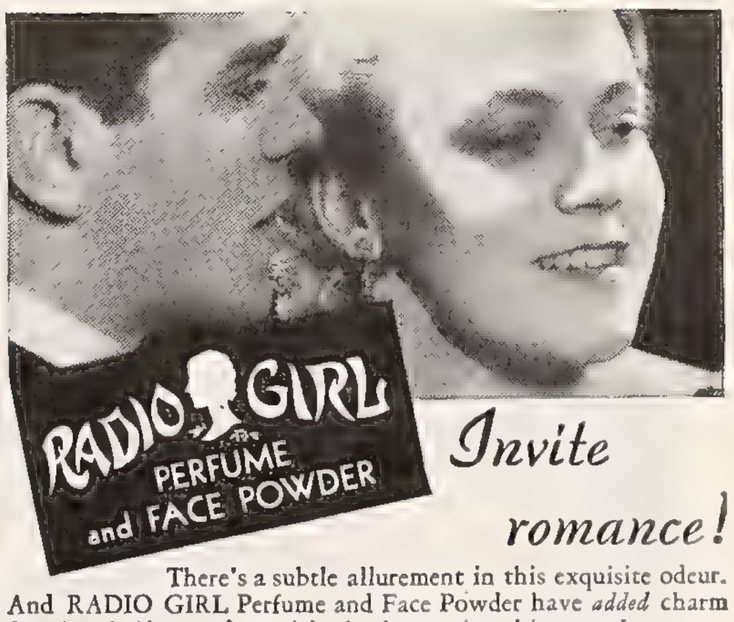


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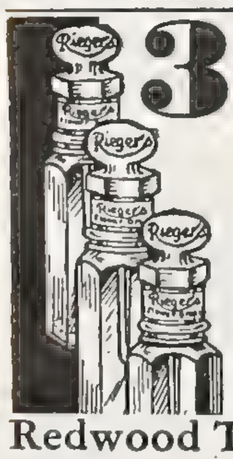
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PAUL RIEGER, 225 First Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Good News

(*Continued from page 39*)

Paul Kelly's one of the most popular young men in this town—but it isn't due to his nice smile nor correspondence school charm; it's all due to his chili con carne. Yep, Hollywood's highest and mightiest moguls angle shamelessly for an invitation to the Kelly home just to sample and re-sample his work of art. Paul's favorite hang-out is his kitchen where, armed with a huge copper kettle and a two-foot wooden ladle, he brews his mysterious concoctions. Paul's awfully helpful to those who want the recipe. "Just line up all the ingredients on top of the stove," he advises, "and throw 'em in as the spirit moves you."

■ ■ ■

Besides the talented Katherine, Cecil B. DeMille is the proud papa of Agnes, who's earned herself an enviable reputation both here and abroad as a dancer. Katherine's an adopted daughter, but Aggie's a real "chip off the old block"—so much so in fact, that there's apt to be sparks flying when he and his fiery offspring clash. F'rinstance, the director had the brilliant idea that his dancing daughter would be an asset in his picture, "The Crusades." And so did Agnes—until she found that she was to dance on the back of a bull! It took a trip to New York to calm the lady—and the bull's in the picture without Miss DeMille.

■ ■ ■

What with almost every junior contract player at Paramount drafted for "College Scandals," you can expect something plenty lively if not actually scandalous. Arline Judge, Wendy Barrie and Willie Benedictine are just a few samples—and what that trio can't think up has never *been* thought up! Nothing, it seems, can dim that devilish sparkle in Arline's black orbs. Even when a two hundred pound beam fell on the set, crushing one end of a davenport—the other end being occupied by Miss Judge—she cheerfully reflected, above the rattle of her knees, "Humph! That almost knocked the giggles out of me!"

■ ■ ■

"Happy birthday to youse," carolled everyone on the M-G-M lot recently in honor of the studio's oldest and youngest stars—May Robson, who was celebrating seventy years of accomplishments, and Cora Sue Collins who had reached the venerable age of seven. The party was given by Louis B. Mayer, and the guests included all the old-time troupers and the youngest hopefuls on the lot. Lotsa fun, made merrier by two elegant birthday cakes—one a three-tier, five-foot high concoction, surmounted by a bird cage with a live canary chirping a gay greeting. On top of the cage was the number seventy in bright spun sugar. Then there was a tiny but equally beautiful cake, frosted in glistening white, and bearing seven pink candles in rosebuds. And we join in to wish you both many *more* happy and successful birthdays!

■ ■ ■

Frank Borzage has at last met his directorial Waterloo. Beneath his magic touch many actors and actresses have given their best performances. There has never been anything or anybody that Mr. Borzage could not direct with success—until now. Out at the Uplifters' Club, for the last month, you could see Frank and his stablemen experimenting almost every day with a group of half-broken Mexican ponies. It was the director's fond hope that these spirited mustangs could be developed into valuable additions to his polo string, and that he would become the envy and despair of Will Rogers, Bob Montgomery, Chet Morris, Gene Raymond and his other polo competitors. But the only development so far are numerous bruises on Mr. Borzage and some wrecked Santa Monica landscape. "I've soothed some of the wildest tempers in Hollywood," reflected our hero, as he ate his lunch from the mantel, "but my charms are to no avail on a Mexican mustang!"

■ ■ ■

There's just one person in this country who is not conscious of the fact that Shirley Temple is a child wonder—and that is Miss Temple. Thanks to her wise mother, this small girl is more unspoiled than many a child of her age. She plays every day with her friends in the neighborhood of their modest Santa Monica home; she has very few toys, most of the



June 'n' January! Here's a familiar and baffling twosome seen everywhere. Toby Wing and Sir Guy Standing.



Joe E. (ten gallon lid) Brown and Roscoe Karns have a swell time at Hoot Gibson's annual rodeo.



New Hollywood romancers, Norman Foster (Claudette's ex) with Sally Blane at Westmore's opening.



More Gibson rodeo-ites, Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson and Noel Madison and his wife. Mrs. R. at left.

ones sent her by hundreds of fans are delivered to children's hospitals and orphanages; she thinks that moving pictures are "lotsa fun" and that's all. And this is most amazing: Shirley has never seen how adorable she is on the screen—because she's never seen herself on the screen at all!

■ ■ ■

Ann Sothern is New Yawking—but *this* time we'll bet she's looking forward to Hollywooding again. The last time, a year ago, that Ann left town, she didn't much care if Southern California ever saw her again, or not. In fact, the young leddy had firmly made up the gray matter under her yellow curls that it wouldn't. But back she came—they all do, for "just one more chance." And she got it. Ann is now a full-fledged star and positively scintillates with joy.

■ ■ ■

They do be saying that there's another Astaire in the offing in the person of George Murphy. We can't exactly believe *that* but we will vouch for George's ability to trip the light fantastic. For years he has done professional dancing in this country and Europe, but, on ruining his dance team by marrying his partner, he succumbed to the lure of the Klieg lights. "These flickers aren't exactly a soft spot," George said ruefully, lacing up his twenty-eighth pair of dancing shoes on the "After the Dance" set, "for the shoe industry it's a snap and a half, though."

■ ■ ■

Fred Astaire seems determined to keep the country dizzy. Every man, woman and child with two legs rushes home after seeing the Astaire do those twists, turns and glides so effortlessly, determined to execute the same manoeuvers. And just when they're too exhausted to go on contortioning, Mr. Astaire springs a new dance and it all begins over again. First, the Carioca swept the land, then the Continental and now—the Piccolino! You'll see the last named in "Top Hat."

■ ■ ■

Many of the stars out here believe in sporting symbolic weather vanes on their house-tops. Atop Ken Maynard's palatial shack in Beverly Hills you'll see a bucking broncho and a dashing cowboy astride, silhouetted against the sky. But some of our well known actors don't take themselves quite so seriously—their roofs flaunt weather-vanes showing flippant fish and cuckoo birds!

■ ■ ■

The European situation may be settled, but the Hollywood situation's attracting more attention and causing more anxiety around these parts. To move or not to move, that is the question. It seems that in the long run the studios will save an amount of lucre yearly that can't be sneezed at, by moving East; but on the other hand, there's millions of dollars invested here in property and a coupla million dollars worth of climate. So what? Anyhow, all the stars and producers have stopped even planning 'till this question is settled for once and for all—which may mean a couple of years or a couple of days. No wonder the town is kinda het up!

■ ■ ■

You can't serve fish or say fish to either Marian Marsh or Dick Cromwell these days. In a recent picture, several sequences were shot at the wharves. It was necessary to have a boat full of fish for local color—but said fish provided more than local *color* after the famous California sunbeams had warmed them for ten days. The day the studio chow wagon brought filet of sole as the main luncheon dish for the company, Marian and Dick hastily retired to the nearest hot-dog stand for nourishment.

■ ■ ■

Leo Carrillo and Luis Alberni are genuine hot-headed Spaniards — but in pictures they're always Italians. In desperation, finally, Señor Alberni appealed to a prominent director for a Spanish part in one of his works of art. "Not a chance," said the director promptly. "I want a Spaniard to play this part that's a *real* Spaniard—one who can even speak the language." Luis broke into a desperate volley of Spanish, but the director walked wearily away saying, "Nope, Italian never *did* sound like Spanish and never will."

■ ■ ■

King Vidor was a daily fan at Santa Anita all season, but it wasn't the hosses





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Clark and Mrs. Gable arrive at the "Call of the Wild" preview. Mrs. G. looks kinda glum, doesn't she?

he went to see—'twas the spectators. He wants to study human emotions under the strain of winning or losing on the ponies. No wonder Vidor's one of the finest directors of intense emotional pictures when he will devote days to studying just the changing expressions of racing addicts. "Some people show such vivid and strong feelings in their faces," said Mr. Vidor, "that were they to be portrayed on the screen—even the most tragic ones—they would call for laughs from the audience; they'd be just too ludicrous to seem natural."

■ ■ ■

A friend of Helen Vinson's was considerably perplexed to receive a large box of lump sugar from New York where Helen is visiting before taking off for England and a Gaumont-British picture. He didn't quite know whether it was meant for a compliment or something else again, until the following day when an explanatory letter arrived. Seems that Helen's horse, Arabella, just mopes and languishes when her mistress is away, and would he be a "friend in need" to both Helen and Arabella and go out to her North Hollywood ranch and give the horse a lump a day?

■ ■ ■

Wendy Barrie's through with housebreaking—her own house included. Arriving home from a party one windy night, she fumbled in vain through her purse for the key. Disliking to awaken her maid, she prowled around the house on the look-out for an unlocked window, and finally located a loose one in the kitchen. It was high and took plenty of poking with a stick to raise. Then Wendy clambered up, got a leg over the sill and quietly slipped to the floor. Just then a blood-curdling scream rent the air! Wendy crouched shivering in one corner, just missing the violent swing of a broom as it was aimed at her. There, not exactly pale, but with her teeth chattering audibly, stood Mandy Lou, Wendy's buxom, brave cullud gal!

"An' ef Ah'd had a gun, Ah would've shot t'kill," she affirmed, when she could get the words through her clattering teeth.

■ ■ ■

Constance Collier, who slipped quietly into Hollywood a short time ago, found herself a rage after her first picture. Miss Collier has that certain sumpin' which movie audiences go for in a big way. But still the lady isn't happy! "I expected Hollywood to be a mad, hectic town," she complained, "and I came all prepared for a nervous breakdown from overwork. But instead my first picture was completed calmly in three weeks and I was told that I could rest and vacation for another month at least before starting my next."

That's a brand new complaint from an actress. Why, even the lady's recreations would prove hard work to most of us. She goes in strenuously for writing, composing music, motor-boating and is a constant spectator at racing matches, polo, tennis and aquatic events, to say nothing of indulging her fondness for cooking large spreads for friends at any hour of the day or night. Seems likely she'll have that breakdown—from too much recreation.

■ ■ ■

Here's something new in fan devotion. Fay Wray and her husband, John Monk Saunders, write that they are entranced with the English way of showing admiration for stars. Fay has been in England doing a GB picture. "I have an escort of boys on bicycles every evening when I go out," she says. "They follow my taxi to the theatre, restaurant or wherever we may be going. And when we arrive, they stand and smile until we've gone in—and that's all. They're extremely polite about the whole matter and have nothing at all to say."

■ ■ ■

Frank Capra was just starting work on the difficult script for "Lost Horizon" when he won the Academy Award for the best directorial work of the year on "One Night of Love." Chances to work after that were as scarce as hen's teeth—so Mr. Capra in desperation packed his suitcase and himself off to Palm Springs, the desert hide-out. But his public proved just as smart; he couldn't outwit them, it seemed, until he struck the happy thought of playing hide-and-seek. He immediately left for Hollywood, stayed a day and left for the desert. That night he returned to the Hollywoods—and continued taking important phone calls at Palm Springs! Had 'em re-routed, y'see. Well, neither did we, at first. Anyhow, only Mr. Frank Capra knows where he is now.

■ ■ ■

Peggy Fears has devoted her time to startling staid Hollywoodites since her arrival here some time ago. Between outlandish garb, sable bedspreads and nine greyhounds on a leash, the gal's succeeded nobly, too. But her latest idea of midnight airplane jaunts to Palm Springs and other points of interest in the state have not made such a hit with her friends. Last week her party narrowly escaped disaster when the plane made a forced landing in the desert, with a landing wheel knocked awry on a ledge of rock as they came down. It wasn't the first forced landing for Peggy and pals, but it was the first time that the entire group of them were found shivering in a disabled plane, listening to coyote obligatos until the cold, gray dawn.

■ ■ ■

Peter Lorre, that wild-eyed Hungarian who sent the shivers pell mell up your spine in "M," was asked by Farenz Waxman, musical director at Paramount, if he had any power of scaring people off the screen. Lorre said that of course he could—he was born scary. Waxman bet him twenty-five dollars that *he* was unscarable—but in less than three minutes he was rushing madly out of the room, after Peter had "turned on" his hypnotic, lurid leer. Nor was the check presented personally—Mr. Waxman mailed it.

■ ■ ■

Carol Ann, Wallace Beery's adopted daughter, is about as cute as they come in the line of little girls. Wallace finally had to make good his promise to her, given in a rash moment, that she could appear in a picture with him. So the three-year-old was given a part in "China Seas"—just a little part, which was soon completed. But Miss Carol Ann, once "in the movies" was not to be ousted so quickly. Every day she appeared at the studio, insisted on donning grease-paint and sailor suit, and staying on the set—confident that her genius was indispensable to the picture.

■ ■ ■

Francis Lister, from latest reports, is considering changing his name. The dignified Englishman says it is no gag, but a matter of considerable moment.

It seems that since publicity was sent out revealing the fact that his uncle was Lord Lister, the man in whose honor Listerine was named, Francis has been bombarded with letters from fans asking if he can use his influence and get them free samples.

"My fans seem more interested in their gargling than in my acting," said Francis mournfully.

■ ■ ■

Binnie Barnes, England's newest import of feminine charms, has fallen in love over here. Maybe you've heard that it's with Buck Jones—but 'tain't so! She's enamoured over a little gosling which Buck picked up half starved and nursed back to health at his ranch. When he brought it to the studio, Binnie became so fond of it, that Buck presented the bird to her. She promptly sent it to her mother who has a country place in England. Buck is a bit surprised, to say the least. "I never expected my ward to have such advantages," he said, "foreign travel and an English eddication is more'n *I* ever got!"



Children's day at the circus—the Dick Arlens and son with Helen Twelvetrees and her young son, Frank Woody, Jr.

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